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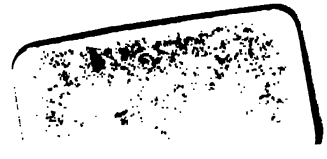

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Mission Life;

OR,

Home and Foreign Church Work.

VOL. XIII. PART I. NEW SERIES.

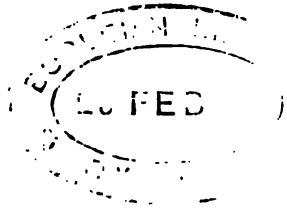

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

JANUARY.

	PAGE
Burmah	1
The Heart of the Dials	7
Mohammedan Scholars	13
Our Prisons	15
The "Id-ul-Azha"	21
Amongst our Fishermen	24
A Sad Story	27
India's Conversion	30
A Japanese Magazine.	32
Notes of the Month :—	
Tour of the Bishop of Calcutta.	
At Cawnpore	34
Journey to Karachi	35
The Indus Valley	36
The Nawab of Bhawulpur..	37
Fireworks	37
Kiarkabed	38
India.	
Proposed Conference	39
Indian Impressions of the Revised Version	39
Bombay.	
The Ahmednuggur Mission	40
A Strong Case	40
The Conference	41
The Question of Divorce	41
The Funeral of a Little Christian Girl	41
Pictures	42
"Opium-babies	42
Medical Mission Work	42
Lahore.	
Revision of the Prayer Book	43
Serious Rioting between Hindus and Mohammedans	43
An Interesting Letter	43
Religion, the Intellect, and the Passions	44
A Lecture by the Rev. N. Goreh	44
The Nazareth District	45
"El Kindy"	45
Central India.	
The Chanda Mission	45
Native Converts	46
Services	46
Calcutta.	
A Strange Professor	46
The "Humble Petition of Swami Jagatguru"	46
Ceylon.	
The Religious Status of the Island	47
Buddhism	48
Rangoon.	
The Burmese	48
The Prayer Book	48

FEBRUARY.

	PAGE
The Makua Tribe	49
A Fortnight with the Bishop of Ballaarat	54
Work in Ahmednuggur	58
Waifs and Strays	67
Our Oldest Missionary Society	71
Dust Ho	78
Notes of the Month :—	
Calcutta.	
The Brahmos	89
"Some People call me Antichrist"	90
"Natural" and "Artificial Communion with God	90
Two Kinds of Water	90
The "Inner" Light	90
Sense and Sentiment	91
Additional Clergy	91
Tricksters	92
A Proposal	92
Burmah.	
A Foundation-stone	92
Interesting Ceremony	92
Guiana.	
On the Upper Essequibo	93
South Africa.	
A Variety of Races	93

PAGE

South Africa.
A House of Mercy 94
The Bishop of Zululand 95
A Notable Scheme 95
Maritzburg 95
Australia.
A Scene at Sydney 95
Honolulu.
First Experiences 96
In Memoriam.—Priscilla Winter 96

MARCH.

A Village Community in East Africa ... 97
A Fortnight with the Bishop of Ballaarat 104
For Love's Sake 108
Roughing it in Nova Scotia 111
Zululand 116
An Interesting Conference 121
Nocturnal Idolatry in China 129
An Extraordinary Career 132
The Lighthouse and its Keeper 135
Notes of the Month :—
India.
Christmas Entertainments at Culcutta 136
Meeting at the Town Hall 137
Missions, no Failure 137
The Brahmo Somaj 137
"Surrounded by the Halo and Glory of Performances yet to be Achieved" 138
A Zenana Excursion 138
Theism 138
Hindu Allegories made Christian Teaching 139
Industrial Missions 139
"A Nation of Printers!" 139
The Dádú Pantha 139
A Woman of Untiring Energy 140
Twenty Years Work 140
Rangoon.
Influx of Chinese 140
Chinese Converts 140
A Hopeful Prospect 141
Ceylon.
"Look at Jaffna!" 141
Masquerading 141
The Bible Misused 141
The Apocrypha 141
American Buddhists 142
South Africa.
Colenscism 142

PAGE

South Africa.
"No Wonder" 142
Where the Military Ought to Go... 143
Laxity of Discipline and its Consequences 143
Poor Missionaries 143
Central Africa.
At Zanzibar 144
The Church of the Slave Market... 144
A Vigorous Bishop 144
Work on the Mainland 144

APRIL.

England and India 145
Through British Columbia 152
A Village Community in East Africa ... 157
A Model Diocese 165
England's Responsibility 170
Count Enrico di Campello 173
A Remarkable Book 179
A New Indian See 181
Notes of the Month :—
India.
An Able and Devoted Missionary ... 183
In Memoriam 183
Reception of the Metropolitan at Peshawur 183
A Sign of the Times 184
Rivalry 184
Mr. Hughes and his Guests 184
His Work 185
The Sacred City of the Sikhs 185
Sikh Gentlemen 185
The Golden Temple 185
A. L. O. E. and her Labours 186
One of the most Impressive Sights in the World 186
Indian Guilds 187
A Clean Sweep 187
In Tinnevelly 187
Resolutions of Bombay Missionary Conference 188
How these Heathen Serve their Gods 189
Central Africa.
The Village of Mbweni 190
Christian Road-makers 190
Practical Wisdom 190
Biblical Time 190
West Indies.
Among the Cays 190
Sponging 191
"A very Attractive Place" 191

PAGE

West Indies.
On the Grand Bahama 192
A Parish with Sixteen Churches ... 192

MAY.

Popular Amusements and the Church ... 193
Who Believes in Missions? 201
Money and the Church 208
Through Siberia 210
Power and Progress 215
Tristan D'Acunha 218
Cosas Espagñolas 220
"It is all Light" 222
What Sabadou saw in England 223
Notes of the Month :—
India.
Is Theism an Offshoot of Christianity in India? 227
The "Oxford Mission" 227
The Native Mind 228
Lectures in the Town Hall of Calcutta 228
Tour of the Bishop of Bombay 229
A very Sad Scene; or very Legal and equally Scandalous 229
The Poona Mission 229
A Sensible Plan 229
Zenana Work 230
"Caste" and "Common Sense" ... 230
Thank you, Mr. Black! 230
The Sisters at Poona 231
An Interesting Lecture 232
At Ahmednuggur 232
The "Prakashak" 233
Mr. Johnstone's Statement 233
Laying a Foundation Stone 234
In Tinnevelly 235
Melanesia.
Disturbances 236
Rules and Restrictions 236
Ten or Fifteen Languages 236
South Africa.
Unsettled 237
"Defunctus adhuc loquitur" 237
Under Canvas 237
The "Majuba" and its "Shadows" 237
The "Ingogo" 238
An Interesting Account 239
In Zululand 239
John Dunn and his Daughters 240

PAGE

South Africa.
Catechumens 240
The Results of the War 240
Audi Alteram Partem 241

JUNE.

Shamanism and the Bouriats 241
Three Days with the Bishop of Guiana amongst the Coolies and Chinese of the "Non Pariel" Coolie Mission 246
Ahmednuggur and Peithan 250
A Journey in the Ice-land 263
In Tounghoo 268
Notes of the Month :—
British Guiana.
The Upper Essequibo 271
Chinese and Coolie Baptisms 271
A "Great Man" 272
A Long "Palaver" 272
'I 'm God myself!" 273
An Interesting Discussion 273
The Collapse of "His Godship" ... 273
Facts, and Fools that spurn them ... 273
Honolulu.
An Instructive and Painful Contrast 274
Tinnevelly.
Theosophism 274
Wild Rumours 274
A Mighty Result 275
"Oil and Water" 275
Wholesale Impalement 275
The Life-blood of Hinduism 275
"Hurri, Hurri!" "Siva, Siva!" ... 276
"My Wife has been my Guru" ... 276
Lahore.
"Imad-ud-deen" 276
Translations 276
"Moulvie Syed" 277
The Pathans 277
Calcutta.
In Dacca and Comilla 277
Enduring "Hardness" 278
India.
The Condition of the "Cultivators" 278
The "British Raj" 279
The Cotton Fields 279
Opening of the C.M.S. Mission Church at Lahore 280
Varying opinions on "Caste" 280

MISSION LIFE.

BURMAH.

By Lady Stuart Hogg.

IT is nearly two hundred years since a first instalment of Indian territory passed into English occupation, and more than a century since Clive's victories secured for the English crown the possession of the important province of Bengal. In the earlier periods of those less enlightened times little was planned or even dreamt of in the way of bringing spiritual knowledge within reach of the thousands of the heathen who had become our fellow-subjects through conquest, annexation, or from any other cause. But the earlier years of this century saw the most irreflective and partly educated minds in England brought face to face with India and her resources, and compelled to perceive the advantages she afforded as a field for commercial enterprise, or for honourable employment, and the hope which she held out, to so many, of achieving military or administrative renown. Then gradually her history became more closely studied, as her fortunes became more closely linked with those of Britain, and as her interests grew identified with our own.

In our day, and as regards social relations alone, how many, or, rather, how few families are there amongst us who have not at some time or other sent forth their near and dear ones to India, and thus almost unconsciously acquired an interest in its welfare and in all that concerns it? In one home it is the honoured grandsire who has fought at Ghuznee and Sobraon, and whose sword is still pointed out with pride by his children. In another it is the jealously guarded memory of the fair-haired boy who, bravely and cheerily, left his Scottish home, amidst the heather braes, for his regiment in the distant East only to fall, when barely eighteen, by the treachery of the

troopers of his own corps in the wholesale carnage of the Mutiny; or it is the daughter whose home is, now, beneath the Indian starlit skies, and whose constant letters and graphic descriptions lessen the sense of separation and distance for those she has left behind. Besides all these personal ties there are many others, connected with India, of great and general interest for every thoughtful mind, such as the knowledge, for instance, only opened out within the last thirty years, of much of the geography of this vast empire, the many fresh instructive facts that have come to light respecting her ethnology, her historical and religious traditions, the revelations contained in her ancient architecture, as well as the unconscious, but real, influence exercised by her native designs and manufactures in many branches of English and European art. If, with all this influx of knowledge and enlightenment, only a languid interest is still displayed in the spiritual welfare and possible conversion to the Christian faith of the three hundred millions who inhabit Hindostan, it seems almost hopeless to expect any definite sympathy with the Mission work that is being actively carried on by our own Church within the much smaller territory of Burmah, adjacent indeed to India, and comprised within its government, but separated from it by race and language. The history of this portion of the East, as part of the British empire, only dates, at the earliest, from 1825, and within our limits was not then comprised the important province of Pegu, ceded to Great Britain after the second Burmese war in 1852.

Burmah, or the country extending down the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, and bounded on the north and east by Thibet and China, was not so very long since regarded in Europe as a *terra incognita*, almost as fabled as the kingdom of Cathay or the halls of Kubla Khan. From time to time, varied, and, it is now thought, greatly exaggerated accounts of its riches and vast internal resources were brought to Europe by Jesuit Missionaries and travellers from Italy and Spain, who found their way to Pegu and Arracan. The famous traveller and London merchant, Mr. Ralph Fitch, visited Pegu at the end of the 16th century, and was the first Englishman known to have done so. At the beginning of the 17th century some trading intercourse began between England and Burmah, and traces of English settlements of that period have been found at Prome and Ava, and are found to have even extended as far as Bhamo, on the Chinese frontier. The great military successes and accession of territory gained by the Burmese, under the dynasty of Alompra, so filled them with self-confidence that towards 1815 they began to defy their now powerful neighbours, the British Government in India, by

demanding as their right that the whole of Eastern Bengal should be given up to them! In 1822, owing to continued threats and arrogantly worded despatches from the Burmese, and constant cases of oppression and wrong to British subjects, it was at length decided by Lord Amherst to send an invading force to avenge once and for all the insults offered to British honour. This, the first Burmese war, was not concluded for two years, but it resulted in a signal victory for the English, and in the cession to the British power of the three provinces of Yandaboo, Tenasserim, and Arracan. The second Burmese war, originating from a very similar cause in 1852, also ended in success for the British troops, and, this time, in the annexation of Pegu, whose capital, Rangoon, had long been of considerable commercial importance as the principal port on the Irawaddy.

The first Burmese war will ever be associated, in Mission annals, with one who, though not of our own Church, was yet most truly a martyr for the truth in Christ, Judson, whose sufferings, during his captivity at the time that we speak of, are still read with pathetic interest. To his labours and ministrations of nearly forty years in this wilderness of heathenism are due in a great extent the foundation of the Mission to the Karen tribes, which Bishop Cotton counted as one of the three distinct successes of Christian Missions in India. Even Judson, though amidst much disappointment and sorrow, lived to see the time when he could joyfully exclaim, "Heathenism has fled from these banks. I eat the fruits cultivated by Christian hands. I look on the fields of Christian men. I see no dwellings around me but those of Christian families." Sixteen years ago, a distinguished Indian officer,* sent on a mission to Ava, then the capital of native Burmah, remarked upon the emotion that he felt on having pointed out to him the obscure little village of Oung-Ben-lé, and, in it, the site of the filthy hut, half full of grain, occupied by the saintly and heroic Ann Judson, who, after she had been, for many weary months, a ministering angel, not only to her husband, but to all his fellow-prisoners, nearly sank there under the accumulated hardships and oppressions endured at the hands of the rudest and most degraded of the Burmese. Hence it was that on his release from the disused lion's cage, her husband, "the Apostle of the Burmese nations," had during her illness to wander forth, with his sickly babe in his arms, begging from any pitying native mothers a little nourishment to sustain its life.

In more modern times the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Mason among the Karens are well known by the published accounts of their work there.

* Col. Yule, C.B.

Of yet deeper interest to those of our own Church was the voluntary request made by a large portion of this people in 1871 to be admitted as members of the Church of England. This was agreed to by Bishop Milman, after much hesitation and reluctance to interfere with the work of the American Baptist Mission; but, as it seemed unavoidable, the S.P.G. took charge of the Mission, which has its present head-quarters at Tounghoo. It was interesting in the spring of this very year to read of a religious conference being held of various Karen congregations, who met together from different districts. As the evening closed in over wood and vale the villagers assembled in groups around the cheerful camp fires in the jungle, and from the midst of their happy gatherings came wafted through the still night air sounds, not, as of yore, of riotous feast and lascivious dance, or barbarous songs of strife, but the sweet, peaceful notes of the psalms and hymns they had learnt from their Christian teachers. Well, indeed, might an English layman exclaim on this occasion, "Here indeed is a sight worth all our Missionary meetings put together!"

But from this digression respecting Mission work among the Karens it must not be supposed that they are either the most numerous of the population in Burmah or that our English Church Missions have been organised and directed for their benefit alone. They are only one among the many races that inhabit Burmah. Of these the principal and the most numerous are the Burmese. Next come the Tamil, Telugu, Chinese, and Shan races. The predominant religion, it need scarcely be said, is that which numbers among its adherents about one-fourth of the human race, or five hundred millions of human souls, *i.e.*, Buddhism. Though varying in certain forms throughout Thibet, China, and Burmah, Buddhism is in all these countries the same ancient and identical system of belief. Its origin and peculiar tenets have been already so ably explained in the pages of MISSION LIFE that in a paper like this it would be presumptuous to attempt to throw any further light upon the subject. Yet it may not be out of place to mention that very different views have been taken of it by different writers and thinkers. Some have seen only the purest and most poetic aspect of the Buddhist's faith and aspirations after human perfection, and, ignoring its puerilities and gross superstitions, have represented it as worthy of comparison with Christianity itself. It has even been said that its moral code, "for pureness, wisdom, and general excellence, is only second to that of the Divine Lawgiver Himself." From a Missionary point of view, however, this faith is seen in a very different aspect even by those who have been most desirous to dwell on all that is best and noblest in it. "Buddhism," said Bishop Milman,

"is the hugest and fairest nothing that was ever passed on man. In spite of its outward manifestations . . . its end is nothingness." Dr. Strachan, of Madras, writes that "though its standard is high its teaching has no effect on the practical daily life of the people." This is also confirmed by an official who, after an acquaintance of many years with the Burmese, writes that, as a rule, religion, if it can be called such, has apparently little influence on the Burman's mode of thought and life. To take one instance alone of this divergence of belief and practice, one of the leading precepts of the Buddhist code is that which enjoins kindness to all sentient beings, and extreme care in the preservation of human life. Yet in what country can there be found established as institutions* such systematic and fearful cruelties inflicted on human beings, or a more total disregard of human agony, than those accounts of which have so often reached us from independent Burmah?

But though the indifference exhibited by Buddhists on religious matters is an undoubted obstacle in the way of winning them over to accept the higher teachings of Christianity, still there are other points which indicate that Mission work among them has not so many discouragements as it encounters elsewhere. The creed of Buddha does not assert that religious privileges are at all restricted to caste or race, for Gautama, the Great Teacher himself, declared that "his doctrine was like the sky, there was room under it for all without exception." The meaning and principle of the higher virtues of self-denial, self-sacrifice for others, and even of a life consecrated to devotion should be no new and mysterious doctrines; but such as find their counterpart in laws and traditions received for centuries. Nor with regard to the teaching of the women is there the same difficulty as with Mahomedans or Hindus. Buddhism does not prescribe their seclusion and inaccessibility. Their position even socially is more favourable than in India, and indeed is said to be "in some respects higher than among any civilised race in the East." Their indirect influence in the family is very great, and that influence would be more powerful were it not that they are usually allowed to grow up utterly uneducated. Since the occupation of a considerable portion of Burmah by the English, numerous schools have been established in the principal towns for boys as well as girls; but the contrast as regards the respective numbers of the two sexes receiving instruction proves how little as yet the Burmese appreciate the benefits of

* See Judson's captivity, and also some of the punishments of prisoners mentioned in Col. Yule's (C.B.) *Mission to Ava*—such as beating the prisoners for hours with an iron mall and leaving them in the burning sun.

education for women. In the latest administrative report from Burmah, the figures given are seventy-six thousand boys to only four thousand girls!

From the marked difference between India and Burmah in the condition of the women it will be seen that there is more opening in the latter country for the work of a Society like the Ladies' Association. Accordingly the establishment and management of day and boarding-schools for girls have formed a conspicuous portion of the Society's work here, such schools being now maintained in Rangoon, Prome, and Thayet-Myo; besides which, assistance is given to a school in Tounghoo for the Karens. Those who are engaged in this work of love have, of course, moments of discouragement and depression respecting the outcome and ultimate success of their efforts. But at other times the brightest assurances seem theirs that their work is valued, and that their exertions are blessed. One lady writes of the crowd of expectant little faces that greet her arrival with eager delight, and of the bright, intelligent answers that are commonly given in reply to her questions. She adds that Burmah offers to women perhaps the fairest and happiest field for Mission work which it would be possible to find. The climate, notwithstanding the excessive damp during the rainy season, which lasts during a greater number of months than in India, is on the whole healthy for Europeans. The present Bishop of Rangoon states that with ordinary precautions it is as fairly salubrious as any tropical country can be. In the event of the work of the Ladies' Association being extended in Burmah, should increased funds admit of it, any one offering herself for the work of tuition amongst the young Burmese may be certain, therefore, that she will not have, as in India, very trying conditions of climate to contend with. For those who have no very near home ties, or clearly marked duties, in this country, we can hardly conceive a more blessed work, or the practical certainty of a life more filled with usefulness, than this interesting land presents to them. And for those whose lives are otherwise ordered, and who cannot go forth themselves, the appeal of these dark-eyed little ones need not be altogether in vain. In spite of many calls at home for aid, something might still be spared to enable a Society like this to extend its work, and to send forth more teachers and set up additional schools. All who can should assist in furthering this important branch of the Mission work of our Church.

The Buddhist faith is essentially one of sadness; it is the pessimist's view of life, and of the unreality and unsatisfactory nature of all things visible. One only hope, after possible cycles of misery,

remains to the disciples of Buddha: the mysterious Nirvāna, or utter annihilation of all self-consciousness. The women and young children in Burmah are and have been for generations brought up under the shadow of this belief, and therefore practically "without hope in the world," without God, and without prayer of any kind. Let it be our part to send them the Gospel message of joy and forgiveness, to tell them of Him whose very name and existence they now ignore.

Much information respecting the Ladies' Association, as well as letters from correspondents, &c., may be obtained in the Magazine of the Association, *The Grain of Mustard Seed*, published monthly by Gardner, Darton, & Co. Price 1*d*.

THE HEART OF THE DIALS.

By the Rev. H. W. Reynolds.

THE district which forms the subject of this paper is doubtless well known to many of the readers of MISSION LIFE from the account contained of it in the pages of *Work about the Five Dials*, portions of which first appeared in this Magazine several years ago. A further sketch of the locality, and a statement of some conclusions as to its wants and needs, formed after nearly two years' residence in the midst of its teeming population, may not be unacceptable to those who feel an interest in the Missionary work of the Church at home.

The Parish of St. Mary's, Soho, lies in the very heart of West Central London, extending almost in a straight line from a point opposite the bottom of the Tottenham Court Road to the confines of Leicester Square. It contains within its precincts Newport Market and the adjoining streets. Outwardly the neighbourhood presents the usual features familiar to all who are acquainted with London slums; some eight or ten long dark and unlovely streets, intersected here and there by darker and unlovelier courts and passages, lined with lofty houses that once upon a time knew better days, the ground fronts of which are occupied as shops of every conceivable description, while the back floors and the upper portions are tenanted by families coming, for the most part, under the category of one-room people. At one end of the parish is a small square, known as Prince's Row. In the middle is situated the well-known Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School, together with some unsavoury butchers' shambles, the dwelling-

houses round the sides being tumbledown shanties packed from garret to basement with inhabitants, chiefly Irish. Though the actual area of the district is small, the population numbers about eight thousand. Many of the bread-winners are employed at the factory of Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell hard by. The rest earn their living in a variety of ways: some as tailors and bootmakers, working for the large West-end shops, some as waiters at cafés and restaurants, many others are costermongers, and not a few are without any ostensible occupation whatever, living upon the community at large.

The characteristics of the London poor are, in a great degree, the outcome of their circumstances and surroundings. Leaving out of the question the Irish Roman Catholic element, which preserves its idiosyncrasies wherever it may be found, the genuine London artizan certainly presents a striking contrast when compared with his equals in the manufacturing towns of midland and northern counties. He is, as a rule, less independent and manful in his bearing; his views of life are gloomier; and in nine cases out of ten, if not an absolute unbeliever, he is indifferent to religion. The reason of this is not very difficult to discover. In provincial towns your respectable mechanic is in a very different position to his London *confrère*. He has it in his power to obtain a comfortable home, with sufficient accommodation for his family. His house is his castle, and he can feel himself a unit of some importance amongst his equals. He works probably in a large mill, or manufactory, where "company comforteth and emulation quickeneth." Instead of living in an atmosphere of cosmopolitanism, he finds much to interest him in purely local questions and local events; and this of itself goes far to stimulate his activity of mind, and to bring home to him the fact of his membership in a body politic. The parochial system, again, is more workable and more effectually carried into operation in the provinces than it can be in the metropolis; and local newspapers give more prominence to the affairs of the Church and of the sects, so that he generally has some decided opinion regarding their respective merits, whatever his practice may be. A Londoner in the same sphere of life is placed in a condition which is the very reverse of this. He loses, so to say, his individuality, and is simply a waif and stray amid a huge unwieldy overgrown population bound together by no corporate ties. The population being so vast, and bearing such a resemblance to a fortuitous concourse of atoms, the result is that the moral tone around him is lower, and there are fewer incentives to honest pride and self-respect. Home, at all events in the quarter to which I refer, and in similar ones, means only the dingy room on a second, third, or top floor, for

which he pays an exorbitant rent, and where all the family herd together. Perhaps he himself works there all day long, and it serves thus as his workshop, whilst being the common sitting-room, dining-room, and bed-room of the entire family. Rents for single rooms are so high, running from four and sixpence to seven shillings a week, that it is impossible for an operative earning (say) twenty-five or thirty shillings, and obliged to maintain a wife and family, to take a whole floor. To the inconveniences arising from overcrowding and the utter want of privacy, must be added the annoyances often experienced from neighbours in the same house, from drunken rows at all hours of the night, and from scenes which can be better imagined than described. How can we wonder if all this has an injurious effect upon the character and disposition, and produces what Sydney Smith called a "down-droppishness of spirit"? Can we be surprised if, to many whose lot is cast amid such squalid and dismal surroundings, our boasts of civilisation and the results of the Gospel seem only an idle tale?

Infidelity does no doubt flourish extensively amongst this class. But much of what goes by the name of infidelity is rather indifferentism, than absolute hostility to the Christian faith. There are very few, even of those who profess themselves unbelievers, who are not keenly alive to any sympathy displayed towards them, and who are not ready and willing to discuss their difficulties. The idea uppermost in their minds seems to be that the Church, if they are to accept its doctrines and believe in it, must prove its claim to their allegiance by being of use to them, by practical efforts to benefit their bodies, as well as their souls, to better and improve their social no less than their moral and spiritual condition—an argument in which there is no small amount of truth. Of course there are cases where scepticism is merely a cloak and excuse for immorality, but the above remarks refer to the intelligent and well-conducted members of that section of the working men who hold aloof from attendance at church. Three typical instances suggest themselves to the writer's recollection. The first had been baptized, as he said, three times: in the Roman and Anglican Churches successively, and finally by the Baptists. At the time when he gave this account of himself he believed in none of the three denominations, but practised a religion of his own which he styled the essence of the Gospel. The second professed to be a philosopher rather than a religionist, and claimed to bear no particular ill-will against the Church, regarding it as one amongst many varying schools of thought. The third had been for some years bell-ringer at one of the fashionable churches in London, but alleged that he had

been so disgusted by the jealousies and frivolities of fashionable congregations, that Christianity seemed to him to be all "moonshine." As far as one could judge from a fairly wide acquaintance with this class of minds, the feeling that the clergy are more or less identified with the opponents of popular reforms, and a want of tangible evidence of the Church's utility as a social organisation, are at the bottom of a great deal of the freethinking that prevails. What these men need are kindly words and kindly actions to draw them out of their sullen isolation. For differences between High Church and Low Church they care little or nothing.

How soon evil communications may corrupt good manners is witnessed in the case of families coming up from the country to settle in the poor neighbourhoods of London. It often happens that when trade is depressed in the provinces, a man resolves on going up to London and taking his belongings with him in the hope of getting work there; and, as often as not, he has to wait for weeks or months before his expectations are realised. It is astonishing with what rapidity the infection of the degradation pervading the district where the new home is situated is caught, and how easily the new-comers sink down into a condition resembling that of their neighbours. They find themselves in a place where the common decencies of life are scarcely regarded, where there is no healthy and enlightened public opinion to act as a restraint, and the appearance of respectability can only be kept up by a very determined and resolute effort. The destruction of home life and deprivation of all domestic comfort is the one inevitable consequence of these migrations, and the changed conditions of life speedily produce a mental attitude of apathetic helplessness and despair. "What are we among so many: only fresh additions to this wretched toiling multitude living from hand to mouth, and dragging along its monotonous journey to the grave?" People of this description form a very considerable proportion of the non-churchgoing population. One could point to many who were formerly regular attendants in their old parishes, and even communicants, who after their removal simply "dropt out of the way," as they term it, and have never had either the courage or the resolution to break through the sluggish habits which they have since contracted.

"*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*" And for strangers who have previously been accustomed to the quiet of a country village, or the orderly appearance presented by a provincial town on Sundays, Sunday in the Dials must be at first not only a novel experience, but a great shock. The remark is constantly made by such persons, "All days are alike here; you don't know which is a week-day and which

is a Sunday." In the early part of the morning costermongers and hawkers are carrying on a thriving trade. Most of the shops are open, and do not close before one or two, frequently not till later in the afternoon. Sitting at or looking out of their windows occupants of the upper floors may be seen, surveying the streets below, which are thronged with people, a few in their best attire, but the majority unkempt and unwashed; young men and women "larking" noisily at the corners; slatterns sitting and gossiping on door-steps; while occasionally a general excitement is raised by a free fight, or by a procession of Ranters, Irish Leaguers, or a detachment of the salvation army. During the intervals when the gin-palaces and public-houses are at liberty to throw open their hospitable doors a crowd of thirsty souls besieges them, and from eight to eleven at night they are simply crammed, young and old considering it necessary to wind up the evening's amusement with a general potation. On Saturday and Sunday nights street fights are far more common than at other times, and shrieks of "murder" from neighbouring alleys or adjoining houses often banish sleep till far into the small hours of the following morning.

Sunday, again, is the day for the meetings of the Republican or Radical clubs and societies, branches of which are dotted all over the poorer districts, owing, of course, to the fact that the members are then disengaged. Soho abounds with these institutions, some of them being connected with foreign nationalities, and composed of Frenchmen, Germans, or Italians, as the case may be. The somewhat notorious print, the *Freiheit*, which not long ago terminated a brief and ignoble existence, after getting its editor into no small trouble, was published in St. Mary's parish. The office from which it emanated was a murky little den in a back street, the headquarters of a Communist society, consisting of three divisions—German, Hungarian, English. Others of these clubs are exclusively English, and one of the largest of them meets every Sunday evening during the autumn and winter in a long room over the bar of a public-house. Papers are read or lectures given, and these are followed by a discussion which lasts till closing time. Tables extend down the length of the room, along each side of which the members take their places, and drinking and smoking are freely indulged in by those who wish during the proceedings. The subjects canvassed are mostly political, and some of the speaking is very fair, although principally of the declamatory sort, and betraying great deficiency in appreciating the force of abstract or historical arguments. On one occasion a lady working in the parish procured a lecture for the club from a distinguished

Indian officer, who was listened to with eager interest. At another time one of our Bishops was kind enough to preach for us at St. Mary's, and a number of the men belonging to the League were persuaded to come out to church for once in a way to hear him. His sermon, which had special reference to their theories, and was delivered in the forcible and incisive manner which always characterises his utterances, gave much pleasure to his democratic hearers. So pleased were they that they were anxious to enlist him as a lecturer at one of their meetings, and would have sent him a request to that effect, only they were afraid that a great dignitary would be unwilling to condescend to meet them in the assembly-room of a public-house.

Now, here is an opportunity of which thoughtful and cultured laymen might well avail themselves for doing good service to the cause of Christianity. We want some to come forward and lend their aid in promoting a true spirit of Christian fraternity amongst these people. Offers of lectures on Sunday evenings would be gladly accepted by the secretaries of one or two of these societies in the district, provided the subject seemed likely to be taking and instructive, and not of a distinctly religious kind. But going amongst them, and gaining a friendly footing with them, paves the way for further acquaintanceship; and the present writer can testify to the kindliness and cordiality with which they are ready to receive a visitor, and to the generous anxiety which they display (while using utmost liberty of speech) that no offence shall be given or taken.

Intemperance and immorality are, unhappily, sins which are not by any means peculiar to the Dials, though they flourish there as in a congenial soil. But what overwhelms one is the enormous mass of poverty concentrated into such a narrow space. It would puzzle the staunchest advocates of thrift to point out a remedy. In the best of times life is but a struggle for existence, and a very hard struggle too; while a severe winter or a temporary depression of trade throws household after household into a condition bordering upon absolute penury. The sights witnessed in the cold weather that preceded and followed the heavy snow-storm of last January were heartrending. And what makes the distress more appalling is that the district lies in close proximity to the great thoroughfares through which the wealth and fashion of London daily passes. One may turn out of Oxford Street, go into the first court or up the first staircase that comes to hand, and find there children famishing for want of food, or a labourer who has been on the tramp for hours in search of employment, and has returned home in despair, or a sick person turned out

of the hospital as incurable, and waiting for death on a heap of rags in the corner of an apartment no bigger than a closet, and destitute of furniture, the last stick of which has gone to buy a loaf of bread. These things are not extraordinary, but almost every-day occurrences. With regard to some of the really deserving people, who are comparatively young and able-bodied, one feels that in order to give them a fair chance they need to be taken clean out of their surroundings. In a certain parish at the East-end a scheme for encouraging emigration to the colonies has been set on foot, a large number of families have been assisted with a passage and outfit, and there is reason to believe that the plan has so far succeeded remarkably well. Possibly some similar attempt might be made with equal advantage here.

Of various agencies for the benefit of the inhabitants, which have been in operation for the last few years, an account may be found in the volume alluded to at the commencement of this paper. Since its publication those agencies have been supplemented by the establishment of a girls' club, which promises to be a means of great usefulness amongst those for whom it is intended. Of the efforts of the principal promoters of these works of charity, and of others who labour in the same field and for the same end, it is needless to speak in terms of praise. They have their reward in seeing the fruit that springs up from the good that they have so diligently and anxiously sown.

The Vicar and Curate will gladly welcome, at the Clergy House, Crown Street, Soho, volunteers willing to offer their services, and will thankfully acknowledge gifts of money or of clothing forwarded to them for distribution.

MOHAMMEDAN SCHOLARS.

By Cyrus Hamlin.

THERE are learned men among the Mohammedans. But they have little in common with European savants. They are learned in their own way, and it would require more space than can be afforded here to give anything beyond a clear outline of the curriculum of study by which a Mohammedan in fifteen or twenty years of hard labour becomes an "*alim*," or "savant." A learned Turkish gentleman once described the whole course of study to me as follows :—

The training of the learned, he said, may be compared to an

ascent of twelve successive stories, to each of which access is only to be gained by a written certificate, or diploma, attesting that the bearer has passed through all the inferior stages, and is fitted for the next degree. The lowest stage consists in learning to read; the second in learning to write, but only in one simple style. The five additional styles of penmanship, called the Tolik, the Liakah, the Divoni, the Sulus, and the Nerki, having as high a place with the Moslems as the fine arts with us, are attained gradually by persevering effort under able masters. The third stage is occupied by arithmetic. If these three stages are gained before the age of fourteen the learned career is considered to be well commenced. In the fourth stage three or four years are devoted to grammar, Arabic chiefly, with something of Persian, and this with the constant reading of the Koran and attendance at learned lectures, will favourably introduce the student to the beauties of Arabic as a language. Fifthly comes the mathematics, in Arabic text-books, and sixthly logic, that of Aristotle translated into Arabic by the Saracens. When the seventh story is attained the student is introduced to metaphysics and theology. And here he finds much that is pure and elevated, as well as much which is the reverse. In his next advance, the eighth, he enters upon the law, and studies the "Six Divine Books" containing the authoritative part of tradition, the religious law, the articles of faith, the laws of administration, the laws of marriage, the laws of war, and so forth, and, if in four years he has waded through this "Confluence of the Seas," he arrives at the Promised Land, the study of the Koran. This crowns the edifice of his learning. In the meantime should he have committed the Koran to memory so that he can repeat every line and word, in all its rhythmic grace and glory, his crowning study, under learned professors and commentators, will be completed with great honour and with the felicitations of all the *Ulema*—The Learned.

In all this long course of persevering study there is mental discipline. Great acuteness of analysis and definition are often acquired. The learned Moslem is a sharp, skilful logician. He is generally a polished gentleman in his manners. But he is a man of the Middle Ages. His views are lamentably narrow. His poverty of knowledge in regard to the sciences; his ignorance of the religions, and want of acquaintance with the progress of the world he is himself half conscious of. With few exceptions, he avoids learned foreigners and chooses to live in his own world. He is learned, but not in the learning of the age. He is a companion for the Medieval Schoolmen. He would discuss the positive and negative of every question in the

Summa Theologiæ, with St. Thomas Aquinas himself, and would stoutly hold his own upon such knotty questions as "whether an angel can pass from one point in space to another point in space without passing through the intervening space."

OUR PRISONS.

By H. A. Forde.

[Papers for Mothers' Meetings.]

XLI.

NOTHING in this world stands still; the dullest among us must remark this law of perpetual movement. Everything changes, for better or for worse. Let us to-day look into a matter which has certainly changed for the better as years have passed. I refer to the prison rule and the prison discipline of our own country.

Time was when our gaols were mere nests of vice, forgotten corners where the wicked and the unfortunate lay groaning together, shackled and fever-stricken in their airless cells, while without the building one of the gaunt company was exhibited to the passing crowd, like some strange wild beast in a barred cage; unlike the beast only in that from time to time he rattled a money-box, and cried out in human ones to "pity the poor prisoner."

Woefully did the prisoner need pity in those days. In some cases, those of "debtors," no allowance of food was made to them, so that if the poor wretches happened to be friendless, starvation literally stared them in the face. Hardly less to be pitied were those whom the gaoler had contracted with the county authorities to provide food for; the supply being invariably scanty and bad, and the efforts of the gaoler solely directed to enriching himself.

Those were the days when gaol fever raged, dogging the prisoners' steps into the very court of justice, and there greedily leaping on new prey. Judge and jury, advocate and bystander, sickened and died in that fearful outbreak at Oxford in the sixteenth century. As a curious illustration of the alarm this fever aroused at that period, the gaol surgeon was by law exempt from attending such cases, the unhappy victims being allowed to die untended! There is no gaol fever now. No gaoler contracts for providing, and in reality starves his wretched charge. No prisoner asks alms from the passing throng.

Cleanliness and light are introduced into all our prisons. The cells are often made more comfortable than the poor homes in which their inmates were living yesterday, and the soul of the poor prisoner is cared for as well as his body.

The pity that he now stands in need of is that which awaits, or should await, him when, his punishment over, he finds himself standing without the sheltering walls of the gaol that has been his home for weeks, or months, or years, as the case may be; when his old friends look coldly on him; when he feels that his character is gone, and with it his means of support, and all hope of ever regaining his old life of respectability. Let him wish ever so much for honest work, in only too many cases he cannot succeed in getting it, and if he has a few shillings he is forced to spend them in the vain search for a master who will overlook the fact that he has "been in trouble." And so he despairingly ends at last in returning to his former ways.

It is sad to think of this in the cases of men; but it is even worse with the women, poor souls! The servant girl detected in an act of dishonesty must not hope to find a place or a mistress again; she must take to the cruelly-paid slop work, the coarse shirts and the coarser sack-making, which cannot find her in daily bread. Who can wonder if she sinks in the mire of this terrible battle-field of life, or turns up again at the prison gates on a charge of attempted suicide? There are more of such cases than you imagine. Into one London prison alone 360 would-be suicides were brought in a single year! They consisted of men, women, and girls who were almost children, and who had been driven wild by misery and sin. Eighty-one thousand people were apprehended in London last year. If this number goes in at the prison gates there must indeed be a pitiful crowd coming out again by-and-by.

And now while the motley crowd is being safely housed within the walls of a great London prison, let us enter and look at some of the individuals to be met with. This will give us a better idea of the difficulties encountered in trying to lift the discharged criminal out of his wretched life into something better and higher.

Here is a woman who seemingly cannot keep out of gaol, and who yet conducts herself fairly when she is in. Her name first appears on the prison roll as a child of thirteen; that must have been some few years ago, as she has been already nearly 300 times convicted, and has on several occasions attempted suicide. With infinite toil and trouble this poor woman, by means of a pin bent into the proper shape, managed to complete a crochet antimacassar, thrusting it aside whenever a warder entered her cell, as the work was not strictly

permissible. On the foundation thus made she embroidered, with hair taken from her own head, the verse of the hymn beginning, "*My God and Father while I stray*"; and this work of labour and love was in due time handed as a present to the chaplain, whose interest in the poor wrong-doer had awakened her affection.

A band of Chinese, with their odd "*Ling*" and "*Lo*" names, next claim attention. What have they done to find themselves in an English prison only a few days after landing on our shores? An interpreter unravels the mystery, while the men comb out their long pigtails of dark hair. "Ling" came to England a year since, and, being friendless and unable to speak the language, he fell into the hands of crimps, as the low keepers of lodging-houses near the docks are called. They soon despoiled him of all his possessions. "Ling" was disgusted; but it was of no use to storm at them in Chinese, and the odds, too, were seriously against him if he attempted it. So he apparently gave all up, and went back to China, a crushed and ruined man. Once again amongst his own people, "Ling" speedily recovered his animation, and the result was that he induced eight of his particular friends to take ship with him for England in the next vessel. The nine pigtails, as soon as they arrived in London, made straight for the crimp's dwelling, and drawing their knives, signified their intention of dealing out justice in their own hasty and very decisive manner. They were, however, secured before much harm was done, and safely shut up in Clerkenwell prison. There it was found best to dismiss them with a caution never to do the same again, and a plain hint to stay at home for the future, which took the practical form of a return ticket for them to the "Flowery Land." It is to be feared that these nine men will carry away with them a bad opinion of English hospitality, unless the comfort of the prison cells may have erased the remembrance of lodging-house dishonesty.

Two Turkish ladies are discovered, who have found their way into prison on a charge of shop-lifting. Their long sleeves and loose garments admirably concealed the ill-gotten goods. An Abyssinian girl, a snake-charmer, also appears among the prisoners, for what misdemeanour we now fail to recollect. Another foreigner, an old Hindoo, was carried before the magistrate, and thence to gaol, no less than ninety-six times! He was charged with begging in the streets. This was an incurable case; beg the grey-headed old fellow would, and beg in London streets too. It was of no use for the Asiatic Society to send him back to his own sunny land. He returned by the very next ship, and made for his old street corner.

His perseverance gained the day. He died in the country and the prison he had honoured by adopting, and his bones rest with us.

Here is a young, quite young, girl; she has been brought up on a charge of vagrancy, but there is a sadder story in the background. Found guilty by her own parents of light conduct, and forbidden, while barely in her teens, to return to her home, the child had been sleeping in a shed in the garden, a poor neglected creature. Her face was still fair and open, despite this grievous beginning of life. She must be helped to start afresh, either through the means of some charitable society or assisted by private benevolence. Let us hope the best for her. A costermonger next confronts us. Poor fellow! Utterly without resources, though his discharge is close at hand, his prospect only seems to present a choice between starvation and renewed crime. But see, here 's the chaplain. Let us ask him what capital would start his poor friend. "Well, a couple of shillings would make a man of him at once." He could then lay in a stock of sawdust, and go round to the various taverns, and other places where people smoke, and sell what was wanted to fill the spittoons. This, perhaps, is not a pleasant trade to our thinking, but at least it is an honest one. So the poor fellow, when the time comes, shall be sent away rejoicing, with the means for leading a respectable life placed at small cost in his pocket.

There are hundreds, nay, thousands, of such cases on the books of every prison. But before going any further with them let me put you face to face with two striking facts. One is that criminals, prison frequenters, are, in the majority of cases, young. Crime is most busy with those between the age of twenty and thirty. And, within those limits, educated people, moreover, are less likely to break the laws of the country than others. One more fact. Three-fourths of all crimes are committed in some way through the agency of drink. In other words, and to put the matter shortly, bad homes and drink are the most fruitful causes of the crime that deluges our land. Our prisons are mainly filled by the children of careless and drunken parents.

Thousands and thousands of London street children only recognise by the word "mother" a drunken, slatternly creature, who, the moment they could stand alone, drove them out into the streets, and, when they grew bigger, forced them to beg and steal to relieve her of the cost of their maintenance. One girl of seventeen told a prison visitor that since she could remember she had *never* seen her mother sober! Who can wonder that the children of such a house learn to drink, and beg, and steal themselves, and so become the forerunners of another criminal generation? There are parents (I have known them myself)

who put the glass to baby-lips, and laugh when the little creature's face flushes, and its unsteady limbs imitate its wretched father's or mother's movements! These parents are simply trying to murder the souls as well as the bodies of their children.

There is a class of people who, to do them justice, would honestly like to relieve want, to prevent crime, and to help a fellow-creature with the means which God has entrusted to their stewardship. Yet to many even of these a discharged prisoner is simply an evil-doer, let loose upon the world whose laws he has broken. Why all this fuss about helping him? Why not rather strive to relieve the decent poor? By all means relieve the decent poor; but let me tell you that it is a sound policy to care also for the discharged prisoner. Crime falls very heavily on the rates. We have to keep up a police force at a cost of over £3,000,000 yearly. Ten shillings spent on helping to put a poor disgraced creature into a way of earning his own living will save the ratepayers the £10 that every man will cost if left to fall again and drift once more into prison. And who are we to refuse our pity to a sinful fellow-creature? Who are we to pass such by on the other side? Who shall say which is most guilty in God's sight, the detected or the undetected sin?

But are these poor culprits quite friendless? some may ask. Does not Government help the discharged prisoner? Is there not a system of marks by which he may earn something to provide against the day of his release? Yes, there are marks, and a prisoner with a long sentence may earn something by carefully attending to prison rules. But the short-sentence prisoner has no such chance; at most he can only earn a few pence, and if it is the first time he has been within the prison walls, it is ten to one he fails to observe some necessary regulation out of ignorance or forgetfulness, and so loses even that little help which an older and more practised hand manages to secure. Thus whilst it is the criminal who best observes the prison rules that gets the most money, it is not always the best man, you see, and the Government money often goes in a very different way to what it was intended to do. One prisoner, on leaving Clerkenwell, actually complained to the chaplain that his ten shillings was given him in silver and not in gold. "I 'd meant to have it set in a breast-pin as a memento of my stay here," said this very complacent gentleman. There is another use, or misuse, to which Government leave-money is very frequently put. The chaplain of another London prison caused all the money given to prisoners on one especial day to be marked. He shortly afterwards sent to the nearest public-

house for change for a sovereign, when his marked silver was returned to him.

Money is very valuable to discharged prisoners if it can be so tied up as not to be misapplied by the thoughtless and weak. And the method by which this can be satisfactorily effected is by its passing through the hands of a "Prisoners' Aid Society," of which there is one connected with every great prison. The following is the plan of work of one of these societies, and the remainder work on much the same lines:—The gaol authorities ask the shortly to be discharged prisoner what is his calling, and whether he has friends likely to help him on his going out. If he is so fortunate, they write to these friends and assist him to return to them. Sometimes an old employer is kind enough to take the man on again. Should he, however, have no friends, the agent of the Society helps him to tools, clothing, and employment; if necessary, feeding and lodging him till he is able to provide for himself. If he wishes to go to sea, a berth is obtained for him on board ship, and many lads are now drafted off to the fisheries on the east coast, to which occupation they settle down very happily. Some are assisted to find ordinary labourer's work, and a few gain a livelihood by the trade they have learned in the prison itself.

All this reads very well, and is no doubt satisfactory; but it only goes a short way, and only covers a certain amount of ground. Cases are continually cropping up just outside the pale of these societies. Must then the prisoner—perhaps young, perhaps well-meaning and hopeful—be allowed to drift back amongst his former bad companions for want of a little money to help him to make a fresh start? Let us hope not. In one prison at least, Clerkenwell—perhaps in many more—the chaplain comes forward at this crisis with a private fund, raised amongst his own friends, and a most welcome supplement it proves to more public sources of assistance. Ten thousand prisoners pass under this chaplain's eyes in a year, so no less than ten thousand times he has to think how he can benefit these unhappy creatures. There are very many Societies, Homes, and other Institutions in England from which aid for discharged prisoners may possibly be obtained in one way or another; and when a special case needing relief comes before the chaplain he has all these agencies at his finger ends, and knows after five minutes' thought to which he had best apply. But now and again the ashamed and better-born wrong-doer, or the peculiar and unclassable criminal, just about to be loosed on the wide world, cannot be fitted in to the rules and regulations of any helpful society. They are done for unless the chaplain's fund is available, and provides the emigration money which shall enable the downcast eyes to

brighten at the chance of a new and honest life beyond the miserable past.

Emigration is often the most excellent of all roads to a better life. For example, a female prisoner, who would have found it utterly impossible to obtain employment in England, was sent, some time since, by means of the chaplain's fund, to America, where she immediately obtained a situation as chambermaid in an hotel, with her board and £40 a year wages. It is no light work this caring for the prisoner after the prison has done with him; it costs thought, and time, and money; but, though not binding upon the chaplain, as part of his engagement, it has to be done if his heart is in the right place and thoroughly devoted to his work. Who will help him in so good an enterprise? If people only knew how many sad hearts would be lightened by sending the trifle they would barely miss in this direction, many a registered letter would find its way to "Rev. J. W. Horsley, H. M. Prison, Clerkenwell."

But besides money, helpers are wanted outside "to interest themselves, according to their opportunities, in obtaining homes or employment for discharged prisoners," so as to keep them from falling back into their old ways. Not a few, who now do nothing, might render good service in this way, and to such, as well as to their wealthier brethren, we earnestly repeat—

"PITY THE POOR PRISONER."

THE "ID-UL-AZHA."

BY THE REV. T. P. HUGHES.

SOME few years ago I was encamped in a village on the Cabul river, and visited the mosque of a learned moulvie, who had spent years in Hindustan, and had returned to his village with a considerable reputation. I sat down on the floor of the mosque and engaged in conversation with the moulvie and his students. It was a few days before the Feast of the Sacrifice. Whilst we were talking, a farmer brought into the inner court of the mosque a full-grown sheep and said he had come to ask the learned man if the sheep, which had a certain blemish, could be offered as an acceptable sacrifice on the coming festival. The moulvie seemed highly delighted that this appeal to his learning had been made whilst a Christian Missionary was in his mosque, and he went into the small chamber of the mosque,

and brought forth several ponderous volumes of Muslim divinity, and then, after some parade of learned research, quoted a tradition from the Sahib Muslim: "Ali-ibu-ul-Abutalib says, the prophet of God ordered me to remember that no animal should be sacrificed which had a blemish." The farmer then sat down with our little company, and I was able to speak to them of ONE who was offered as a lamb without blemish and without spot, giving quotations from the New Testament. They, of course, denied the historical fact of Christ's crucifixion, but this I endeavoured to prove, not merely by the express words of the Gospel, but also by appealing to the testimony of the common creed of Christendom, and the universality of the institution of the Lord's Supper. The little company were deeply interested. They had never heard of the doctrine of Christ's Atonement, they had never heard of the institution of the Lord's Supper, and they knew nothing of the Apostles' Creed. I was then able to take them back to the Old Testament, the books of Moses, which every Muslim believes to be inspired, and show that God's Word, even under the old covenant of works, spoke of an atonement for sin, and of the sinner's need of the spotless offering.

A few days afterwards I moved up the Khattak Hills, and encamped in a well-known village, where there is a celebrated shrine. It was the day of sacrifice. Early in the morning nearly the whole village turned out, and in one united company prostrated themselves in solemn adoration to their God. There could not have been fewer than four thousand turbaned heads in that vast assembly. The prayers being over, and the Khutbah being recited, in which the Imam reminded his hearers that the sacrifices about to be offered would carry them safely over the bridge Sirat in the Day of Judgment, the people returned to their respective houses, and at the threshold of each dwelling a sheep was slain. The sacrificed animal may be either a camel, a bullock, or a sheep, but on the present occasion the animals chosen were in every case, as far as I could learn, sheep. I sat down at the door of the dwelling of my host, whilst his servants brought up quietly a fine sheep, which was given over to the head of the family for the required sacrifice. Allaho Akbar, God is great, was ejaculated by my host, and the unresisting victim fell dead at our feet. The people were too excited to listen to any exposition or preaching on my part. So I soon left, and passed through the village to my tent. The streets and lanes of the place were literally streaming with the blood of the victims. In the evening, when the people had become less excited, I invited several Afghans to my tent, and asked them seriously, "What meaneth this sacrifice?" I was, of course, told it was in commemora-

tion of Abraham's willingness to offer one of his sons—according to some authorities, Ishmael, according to others, Isaac. I listened attentively to their explanations. But the little company was by no means unanimous as to the meaning of the sacrifice, and its more spiritual import. Now, I said, would you like to hear my own explanation of to-day's sacrifice? They all said they would. I begged they would not be angry if my views seemed strange, or even heterodox; and they all said they would keep their tempers. Well then, I continued, my own impression is that those bleeding lambs, and those blood-stained thresholds, and those streaming lanes, have a deeper and far more mystic meaning than you imagine. They said, "What do you mean?" I continued: "You know that Mohammed said, 'Let there be no Fara nor Atirah,' and thereby he abolished the heathen sacrifices. (Fara was the first-born, either of camels, sheep, or goats, which the Pagans used to slay for their idols; and Atirah, the sacrifice offered by the idolatrous Arabs to their idols in the month of Rajah.) But whilst he abolished the heathen sacrifices, he instituted the sacrifice on the Id-ul-azha, and said, 'I am ordered to sacrifice on this day, which is a festival ordained of God.' The sacrifices you have made this day, therefore, are not any part of the old idolatry of the Arabs, but I believe this to be one of the sacred institutions of the Jews, as established in the Torat, or books of Moses. You know there is no very clear account of the special object of the sacrifice in either the Koran or the traditions, and therefore I think you must look into those other books which you acknowledge—the Torat and the Injil—for a true explanation." Then referring to Lev. xvi. I explained the ceremonies of the great day of Atonement; and afterwards quoting passages from the Epistle to the Hebrews, I endeavoured to show how such sacrifices as we had witnessed that day could but point to the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Some of the moulvies got angry, of course, and maintained that the ceremony was but part of the Divine institution of the Meccan pilgrimage. But I grew bolder, and asserted that it was my firm belief that Mohammed found it impossible to establish a religious system without a sacrifice, and, whilst abolishing idolatrous sacrifices, he had instituted a sacrifice to satisfy the Jews, which still bears testimony to the fact that without shedding of blood there is no remission. Then I passed on to the threefold testimony to the historical fact of the crucifixion, in (1) the Gospel narrative, (2) the Apostles' Creed, universal in Christendom long before the time of Mohammed, and (3) the institution of the Lord's Supper. The people were deeply interested, and on that occasion I learned a lesson which I am not likely to forget; namely, that in the

religion of Mohammed, notwithstanding its manifest imposture, there are elements of truth, which may, by the thoughtful evangelist, be used as stepping stones to the higher and more spiritual truths of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. No Missionary, that I am aware of, has yet met with sufficient success amongst Muslims to warrant his despising even the crude methods of others. But we have each and all met with sufficient failure to make us inquire whether there are not other and better ways of presenting God's truth to the Muslim minds than those which have already obtained.

AMONGST OUR FISHERMEN.

By J. Batty.

SCATTERED around our English coast are the numerous sea-ports, watering-places, and fishing-towns, in which reside a population very different from the artisan class of our manufacturing centres, or the pitmen of our mines, in their appearance and habits, as well as in their abodes and mode of life. To the majority of English people the sea-coast is chiefly known as a place of occasional resort for health or pleasure. It is associated in their minds with pleasant walks on the smooth sands, with the gathering of shells and sea-weeds, with an invigorating breeze on the cliffs, with the continuous splash of the waves on the sand, and with the blue surface of the ocean, rippling and sparkling in the summer sun, and dotted with the white sails of passing vessels.

But with another aspect of the sea comparatively few are personally familiar: when the angry waves are dashed into white foam by the violence of an equinoctial gale, or when its billows toss and roar under the force of a winter's wind; when amidst the surging waters brave hearts and hands are ready to man the life-boat, and plunge through the foaming waves to rescue, if possible, the few survivors who may be clinging to the distant wreck. To behold the sea under this aspect is altogether a different thing. To stand amongst a group of watchers, heart-sick with anxiety and fear, hoping against hope for the safe return of "those in peril on the sea," and then to hear the lament of the widow and the orphan for the loved husband and father who will return no more; this, indeed, awakens us to some sense of the perils to which thousands of lives are constantly exposed, and in which thousands perish every year. A very stirring narrative of

peril and adventure, a deeply interesting tale of real life might be told us by almost any of our deep-sea fishermen. Of the adventures of our vast North Sea fishing fleets from Great Grimsby, or Great Yarmouth, the generality of English people probably know little more than if the story to be told related to another land or another age. The purpose of our present Paper is to help to remedy this, and we cannot, perhaps, do better than begin with Great Yarmouth, the metropolis, as it has been called, of the herring fishery.

With something like 40,000 inhabitants, Great Yarmouth counts about one-sixth of its population as occupied in fishing, or in work connected with the sea. The importance of the industry thus represented may be judged from the statement that in one "season" the total number of fish landed at the wharf was 193,000 lasts, or 254,760,000 fish. The late Mr. Frank Buckland might well remark that England had great cause to be thankful for this splendid reaping of the harvest of the sea. The quaint old town, with its five rivers, is remarkable in many respects. Remarkable for its oddly-built streets and rows; remarkable for its grand old church, within whose noble walls each year the fishermen assemble for Service before sailing in the fishing fleet; but more remarkable still for the great work which is and has for some years been going on within it.

Long years ago an accident occurred through which many lives were lost. The Rev. Henry Mackenzie, then Vicar of Great Yarmouth, and later Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, took advantage of the awakened feelings of the people, touched by that which had happened, and from that day forward Great Yarmouth became in a very marked degree a field of active Church work. One result of this was the restoration of the magnificent church; another was the formation of a system of Home Missionary work, which has ever since been in active operation. The Parish is worked in a different manner in matters ecclesiastical from the generality of our large towns. It is not broken up into different parishes, but still remains undivided. Its grand old church holds the position of a minster or cathedral, with a large staff of clergy, who each have their own sphere of Missionary work in the various districts of the town, but to whom the Parish Church is the common centre of their work, and its frequent Services their common meeting ground for worship.

"True as steel," and "brave as true," are terms that may fairly be used of many among the seafaring population, cared for and watched over by the Mother Church, and the various Missions carried on under her supervision. The rough exterior may often cover a worth that it cannot always conceal, and many an instance might be given of

noble conduct and of undaunted courage which no words could too generously commemorate. Take the following example :—

One stormy night a number of fishermen were preparing to launch their lugger to the rescue of some sailors, faintly seen through the mist and spray, clinging to the rigging of their stranded ship. As the boat was being launched, a young fisherman hastily ran up, and suddenly snatched the oar of one of the crew, exclaiming as he took the man's place, "No, no, Tom, not *this* time! You 've been out for me three times already 'cos I 'm just married. Fair's fair! This can't always be, so I 'll take my spell now." The boat was launched, and was clearing the surf, when a huge rolling wave lifted her up and flung out the crew into the foaming water. Three were at once drowned, among them being the newly-married man who had refused to allow his brother again to take his place in the hour of danger. Undaunted by the fearful mishap, the fishermen silently manned another lugger, in which might be seen the very man who had been stopped by his brother a few moments before from taking his place in the first attempt. Once more they pushed off through the surf. Alas! without success; for meanwhile the vessel had gone to pieces, all hands on board had perished, and the fishermen, sad and disheartened, returned from their brave but useless effort. What might not be done amongst such men as these?*

Years have passed away since the time when the various Missions at Great Yarmouth commenced their work of love; years during which the Church has been deepening its hold upon the people, and gathering them in increasing numbers within its fold; years never to be forgotten by those who have lived and worked amongst these brave people. Many a sad story of peril and loss have those years to tell us, though none perhaps greater or more distressing than the loss of the herring-fishing fleet in 1877.

The starting of the fleet is a familiar sight at Yarmouth. The smacks are drawn up in line along the shore; the sturdy fishermen, with their tanned and weather-beaten faces, are all busy; the cheery voices of the fisher boys, whose faces are bronzed already with exposure to sun and sea; the gradual putting up of sail after sail; the launch of the boats into the sparkling water; the mile and a half of quay along which they were drawn up a moment since, deserted; on board the smacks themselves, the sound of voices shouting to one another; the gradual spread of the little fleet as the boats dance over the waves; and, at length, the line of little dots on the distant horizon gradually disappearing, till, one after another, all have passed

* *Home Mission Field*, January, 1878.

out of sight; such is the spectacle presented by the starting of the herring fleet into the Northern Sea. And wives and mothers, who have bidden farewell to their husbands and sons on the beach, return to their quiet homes to await their return. One day the fleet set forth as usual for the autumn fishing, and husbands and fathers, brothers and sons, with no more thought of danger than usual, bade farewell to those at home. Days passed by, and at length the people began to watch for the first appearance of the little brown sails on the distant horizon, but they watched in vain. There had been a great storm in the interval, and this would partly account for their non-appearance. The fleet might be driven by stress of weather to some distance from their usual fishing grounds. At length the gale passed, and anxious hearts began to beat faster for the return of their dear ones. We, in our comfortable homes, had heard the roar and moaning of the storm, but little did we surmise what was hanging over the little fishing fleet that had sailed away so merrily. Presently anxiety deepened into suspense, and at last sank almost into despair. Had the vessels drifted to the coast of Norway? Or were they tossing, dismantled and helpless, in the North Sea? Two gun-boats were sent out to seek for them; only, however, to return at length with the sad story that *all were lost!* Not a trace of any vessel could be discovered, and of the 228 brave-hearted men and boys, who had started full of life and vigour, not even one came back to tell the mournful story of those who were never to return. None ever knew how they had perished. No human ear heard the last cry of a single one as his voice was hushed for ever beneath the waters that became his tomb.

A SAD STORY.

By Robert Needham Cust.

THE Archbishop of Algiers, in his communication to the "Missions Catholiques" of the past month, places beyond doubt the fact, that three Roman Catholic Missionaries, Père Deniaud, the Provisional Superior, Père Auger, and M. d'Hoop, one of the old Pontifical Zouaves, have been killed on the western shore of Lake Tanganyika. No dates are given, the information having only just been received.

The story, which is as follows, we give as nearly as possible in the Archbishop's own words, reserving all comments till the facts are

stated. The name of the place where this sad affair occurred is Urundi. It was occupied by five Missionaries. They had commenced their "Apostolic work by the purchase of young slaves for the purpose of education," and they had erected extensive buildings. The tribe, in whose midst they were settled, were the Rumungi, who were in perpetual hostility with their neighbours the Wabikári. These last had repeatedly solicited the Missionaries to settle among them; but their request had been declined owing to the insalubrity of their neighbourhood. This had led to a state of coldness, and half-concealed hostility, displaying itself in attempts to entice the young purchased slaves from the orphanage, and even to kidnap them. On one occasion they kidnapped a young negro, and refused to restore him to liberty. The Missionaries, "having exhausted all attempts of a conciliatory character to recover this poor child," announced their intention to obtain forcible possession of him by means of the tribe which stood on their side. No sooner had this intelligence reached the Wabikári than, headed by their chief, they invaded the territory of the Rumungi, and directed their steps to the Mission premises. The three Missionaries at once stepped out to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. The Pontifical Zouave carried arms. Without any provocation they were met by a shower of arrows. Père Auger was mortally wounded. The Zouave fell by his side. Père Deniaud, though wounded, was able to administer absolution to his friends, but eventually succumbed under eight wounds.

The two Missionaries, who had not hurried out, were witnesses of this distressing scene. The Wabikári, as if frightened at what they had done, took to flight. Père Deniaud received at the hands of his two remaining brethren the extreme offices, and "died, offering his life as a sacrifice without reserve for the salvation of the people of Africa." The bodies of the fallen were buried under a large tree. No further attack was made by the Wabikári; but the Rumungi begged the survivors at once to recross the Lake, and leave their territory; and two days after what we have related the Mission station of Urundi was abandoned, and the remnant of the staff, together with the orphans, passed over to Mazangué, on the eastern side of the Lake.

Such are the facts attested by eye-witnesses. The supposition is hazarded, that the Mahometan slave-dealers were at the bottom of this attack, and the suggestion is put forward, that the great European Powers should at once interfere by pressure upon the Sultan of Zanzibar, who is presumed to be, *de facto* and *de jure*, the sovereign of

these Mahometan land pirates, and therefore responsible for their crimes.

If we read between the lines of this sad story, we find, as it seems to us, a solution which has escaped the Archbishop. When Christian Missionaries purchase slave children for purposes, good or evil, they take the first step into a quagmire. Slave children are captured in war. No doubt this negro boy was a child captured by the Rumungi from a neighbouring tribe, possibly from the Wabikári themselves, or some tribe in their alliance. What appeared to the Missionaries to be kidnapping, may have been an attempt on the part of friends to recover a child carried off into slavery. It is shocking to think of a Christian Missionary falling in a doubtful struggle about the possession of a child whom both parties contended to be a slave. It is idle to say, that when that child arrived at years of maturity, it would be manumitted. We know as a fact that the Missionaries assert a legal claim to the bodies of the children that they purchase. The presence of an Ex-Pontifical Zouave, with arms in his hands, in all human probability, led to the unpremeditated and fatal discharge of arrows, which commenced and ended this lamentable affair. When will Missionaries of all denominations arrive at the conviction that their weapons are not carnal ones; that if they carry arms, it should only be for the purpose of providing food, and that each of them must be satisfied to carry his life in his hands, and not at the muzzle of his rifle? If unequal to such warfare, they should withdraw from the field of Central Africa.

The imputation on the Arabs and Mahometans is quite groundless. Those astute traders have shown by their treatment of Europeans in numberless instances, that they know their game too well to make any attempt, direct or indirect, against European life. As to the suggestion of the interference of European Powers in the affairs of Central Africa, it would not be worthy of notice, but that it indicates the notorious tendency of the Roman Catholic system to lean upon the arm of the flesh, and, where there is any chance of obtaining them, never to be satisfied without the assistance of a gunboat or a consul.

INDIA'S CONVERSION.

By Rev. H. Mansell.

THERE are about forty Missionary societies in India labouring for her conversion. These societies are supported by men and women throughout the Christian world, who are praying to God that the heathen may be turned from his idolatry. Over six hundred foreign Missionaries in India hold a variety of views in regard to doctrines, ecclesiastical usages, manner of dealing with the heathen, and so forth. But they are unanimously of the same opinion upon two points: (1) the ultimate success of Missionary effort, and (2) the improbability of accomplishing great results in this generation. As to the results of the last sixty years' work secular papers declare it a failure, and certain Missionaries re-echo the cry. The quarter of a million of Natives won to Christ are looked upon as nothing compared with the two hundred and forty millions of Hindus and Mohammedans remaining. The fact, moreover, that these Christians are chiefly from the lower castes, and from aboriginal tribes who have little influence, gives emphasis to the popular prejudice that Christianity has not produced more than a mere ripple upon the great sea of Hinduism in this nineteenth century. Others, looking beneath the surface, see great changes, and report that the bands of caste are slackening, and that idolatry is loosening its hold on the educated natives. Some think that "all is well," and that in God's good time the harvest will be plentiful; but they are not troubled as to when that time may be. All must have seen Native Christians rising in education, position, and power; yet few seem to have caught any inspiration from the fact, or to discern it as an intimation that we shall see great things in the near future. To my mind the results of labour in India are the reverse of failure. The ratio of converts to the money expended is greater than in Christian countries. I am counting only the number and the character of the actual converts to Christianity, and not the educated Hindus and Brahmos who are supposed by some to be almost converted. Nearly all Missionaries have faith in their own methods, and suppose the results might have been more satisfactory if their methods had been universally adopted. But probably all methods are advantageous. Bazaar-preaching, mela-preaching, mohulla-meetings, talks by the wayside, orphanages, theological schools, printing presses, workshops, magic lantern

exhibitions, itinerating, Zenana visiting, and dispensaries have their especial importance, and as their object is a common one, each should be encouraged.

It is not wrong methods that have been employed, nor has there been a lack of talent or energy or piety, but it is the want of present faith that has paralysed our efforts, and brought such small results. Indian Missionaries have trained themselves to disbelieve in present results. We read the biographies of the great men and masters who have given their lives for India's salvation, and fancy it would be presumption to expect to baptize more converts than they did. We look at the great systems of idolatry, and caste, and patriarchal government, hoary with age and strong with resisting the forces of Buddhism, and Jainism and Mohammedanism, and we say it is useless to expect to do much in the face of such obstacles in the present generation, and hope our successors may be able to do more. We say now is the seed time. It seems to me that the reaping time has come. It is said, "one man soweth and another reapeth," but this does not mean ages after the sower is dead. This may and often does happen among contemporaries.

It is the common belief that great changes are going on all over India, that the railway, and the bridging of the Ganges are destroying caste. But what are the facts? The Brahmins have decided that to sit in a railway carriage beside a Sudra does *not* break caste. Very seldom do intermarriages occur, nor do low caste people claim to be equal to Brahmins. Hindus in crossing the Ganges in the train shout: "Gangaji ki jai," although they have done "puja" to the engine before taking their tickets. One more god is added to the Hindu Pantheon, that is all. It is claimed that there are thousands of English-educated Hindus, who do not believe in idolatry, and yet there are scores of such dying annually with a cow's tail in their hands and a piece of gold in their mouths, bequeathing nothing but idolatry to their children. A most intelligent young Hindu, educated in a Mission school, and so anglicised in his ideas as to be good company for Europeans, and fit for the Civil Service under the new rules, was found to be entirely under the influence of an illiterate *guru* who had made him heir to a fortune. This intelligent young man believed implicitly in the old guru's predictions concerning him. Some time ago I was conversing with a Hindu master in a Government School. He was able to discourse very fluently in English upon the subject of biology and could talk of "differentiation" and "environments" and the "survival of the fittest," as well as I could, and yet he believed fully in the superhuman power and knowledge of "jogis" and "fakhirs." Another

Mission scholar, speaking English perfectly and holding Government service, called a regularly qualified physician to treat his little boy who was suffering from debility. The boy was nearly recovered, when a "jogi," happening to pass along, performed incantations and applied a plaster to the crown of the child's head and assured the father that the child was cured. This educated Hindu father believes that the jogi cured the boy. The head master of a high school in Oude in plain and grammatical English told me that he believed all the tales concerning Krishna, and that they were entirely consistent as told of an Incarnation of the Deity. Those who have been longest in India can show us the third generation of children in our Mission schools, who are to-day as thoroughly Hindu as were their parents. Let us not put too much confidence in the great changes that are transpiring in India. Let us not be too sanguine respecting the "grand success" of Christianising India. Let us not give too much significance to the influence our schools exert upon the youthful Hindu mind. Let us rather have faith to believe in the immediate efficacy of our work, and if we sow thus in faith, and water it with prayer, God will give the increase.

A JAPANESE MAGAZINE.

By M. Learned.

A CURIOUS magazine has been published here, in Kioto, six times a month since last November. It is called the *Two-religion Magazine.* The two religions are Buddhism and Shintoism, and the purpose of the magazine is to unite the two in putting down Christianity. The editor begins by saying that Christianity is the worst of all the foreign things brought to Japan, but that it is spreading everywhere throughout the land, and becoming exceedingly prosperous, so that unless the friends of the old religions rally at once, it will be too late. He says that the priests have many important duties to perform, but the one pressing duty of the present time is to fight against Christianity, and all disputes between Buddhists and Shintoists ought to be laid aside till the common enemy is destroyed. He thinks it exceedingly fortunate, in fact the greatest of blessings, that the government does not yet publicly tolerate Christianity; but if the priests trust to this, they will be like a man seeing a fire on the other side of the river, and fancying his house in danger till the fire jumps over the river and burns him out.

In one of the numbers there is a conversation between a priest and a Christian. The Christian repeats the Ten Commandments to show the excellence of his religion, but the priest shuts him up by saying that these commandments all apply to one's relations to others, towards God or one's fellow-men, while Buddhism teaches what man should be in himself, apart from all relations to others. This is the most, in the shape of an argument against Christianity, that I have yet found in this magazine. It is chiefly filled with appeals to the priests to defend their religion, and with accounts of the spread of Christianity. A brief sketch is given of a great meeting of priests, held here last February, and presided over by one of the royal princes, to devise means to stop the spread of the Gospel. Also we are told of this prince's distress at the public teaching of the Christian religion in this city, and his desire that something might be done to counteract it.

The editor does not flatter the priests; he shows up their ignorance and wickedness, and declares that a great reformation is necessary. He ridicules their teaching that prayers and ceremonies can cure bodily disease, saying that it is no better than the "Delphi oracle" of Greece, and that every one in civilised countries knows better now. In another number a priest replies to one of the Tokio papers which had argued that the government ought not any longer to keep up a connection with Buddhism and Shintoism. The priest says that that would do for western religions, which are of no use to government; but that the Japanese religions are a great help to government, and furthermore, that government and religion are like the two wheels of a cart, or the two wings of a bird, one is of no use without the other.

A Buddhist and a Christian met at an inn, and in the course of conversation the Buddhist said he had just contributed 500 yen towards the new Honguanji temple here. The Christian laughed, and said that if he were a Christian he would not waste his money so foolishly, and besides, of the 500 yen, only half would really get to the priests, the rest being absorbed by the officials through whose hands it passed. The Buddhist replied that if this were so, he would give 1,000 yen, in order to make sure that 500 should get to the priest. Hereupon the "amen-man" had no more to say. The editor hopes that all good Buddhists will take this as an example.

This magazine seems to have discovered the secret of the rapid progress of Christianity. It is that in foreign countries people give one-fifth of their incomes to the Missionary societies, and with the help of so much foreign money it is not strange that churches are multiplying so rapidly.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By the Rev. Canon Churton.

TOUR OF THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

At Cawnpore: Journey to Karachi: The Indus Valley: The Nawab of Bhawulpur: Fireworks: Klarkabad.

The Bishop of Calcutta started for his tour in the North-West on September 22nd. He reached Cawnpore soon after midnight on September 23rd, after having had interviews on the way with the clergy of Dinapur, Arrah, Benares, and Allahabad. There was a Confirmation and other Services in the Cawnpore Memorial Church of All Souls. A tablet recording the names of all who perished in the Mutiny is shortly to be added to the apse. The Bishop addressed a meeting of the Guild of the Holy Standard, which was held in the chaplain's house. Services and Confirmations in Hindustani were held at Christ Church. The ladies of the S.P.G. Zenana Mission also attended upon the Bishop, and gave a description of their work. He visited the boys' and girls' schools of the S.P.G. Mission. The girls, who are drawn from Behar, as well as from all parts of the North-West Provinces, are fifty-three in number. The Cawnpore Mission cannot show any great results at present, but there are evidences of steady, conscientious work. In the evening of September 26th the Bishop gave an address to educated natives on "Duty." The Chair was taken by Mr. Claremont Daniell, Officiating Commissioner of Allahabad, who had come over to Cawnpore to meet the Bishop. Many of the European residents also attended, and the Mission school-room was well filled by an interested audience of native gentlemen, although the funeral ceremonies of a leading Hindu of the city, who had died that morning, kept away many who would otherwise have been present. From Cawnpore the Bishop went to Simla, travelling by rail as far as Ambala, and thence by dâk garis and tongas over the remaining ninety-six miles of the journey. Here he was met by the Bishop of Lahore and Archdeacon Matthew. Amongst the clergy then in Simla there was Mr. Winter of Delhi, Mr. Clark of Umritsur, Mr. Hughes of Peshawur, and Mr. Weitbrecht. There was a well-attended meeting of the Christ Church Society to

discuss the needs of Simla—more clergy, and more church accommodation. Great interest was shown by the laity, and it was hoped that a permanent assistant curate would be shortly provided. The Bishop of Lahore held a Confirmation, and the Bishop of Calcutta distributed prizes at Bishop Cotton's School. On October 5th the two Bishops were at Dugshai, a station distant about forty miles from Simla, at an elevation of about 6,000 feet, on a ridge of the Himalayas. Here there were Services at the School Church for the garrison, and a large congregation attended in the evening. The Lawrence Military Asylum at Sanawar was next visited, consisting of a considerable pile of handsome stone buildings, connected throughout by covered ways. A spacious chapel stands conspicuously on the ridge. There are about 250 boys and 250 girls. The cost is greater than at Ootacamund, and there is no industrial element. There was an inspection of the boys on parade, and a Service in the chapel, at which the Bishop of Calcutta was the preacher. This was followed by a distribution of prizes, the reading of the Principal's Annual Report, and a short address from the Lieutenant-Governor.

Kasauli, with its depôt of 500 convalescents, was next visited. Just above the station is "Tapp's Nose," a fine precipitous crag, from which a magnificent view is obtained, looking over Sanawar and Dugshai, Simla to the snows, while to the southward the plains lie like a map at one's feet, the Siwaliks having the appearance of mere molehills immediately below. There is a little church at Kasauli, at which the Bishop of Calcutta celebrated and preached. He afterwards visited the Military Schools, and addressed a temperance meeting. Early in the morning of October 8th the steep and rough descent of nine miles was accomplished, and after breakfasting at Kalka the Bishop's party reached Umballa by 3.30 P.M. Here the Bishop of Calcutta spent Sunday the 9th and Monday the 10th preaching at the Parade Services, visiting the hospitals, and addressing a temperance meeting. On Monday evening he left Umballa by night mail for a journey of over 1,000 miles to Karachi, occupying some sixty-three hours. The scenery of the route is monotonous, consisting of little but sand and stones and scrubby brushwood. Lahore and Mooltan were passed on the way, and on Wednesday the Indus was crossed from Rohri to Gukkur. The train arrived at Karachi at noon on Thursday, October 13th. Karachi is not a beautiful city, beauty being scarcely compatible with an entire absence of green foliage or with any elevation to vary the monotony of a level waste of sand. It has, however, a thriving and busy appearance, and boasts of many handsome buildings and of a fresh sea-breeze, which was a great relief after the dust and

sand of the long journey. On October 14th the Bishop of Calcutta visited the C.M.S. Mission. The Mission-house is a spacious building, well situated in a large compound on the outskirts of the city. In a godown on the premises five Christian boys are lodged. The High School has 150 boys under twelve masters. The entrance and preparatory classes are small, most of the boys leaving early to find occupation; but as a Missionary agency the school is well worked, and has supplied several recent converts. There are ten Christian boys, the remainder being mostly Hindus of high caste. Many races are represented; and vernacular literature is studied in Persian, Hindustani, Sindhi, Gujerati, Mahratti, and Punjabi. A good library is attached to the school. The shifting character of the population of Karachi and the admixture of races increase the difficulties of Mission work. There are about sixty Christians, some of whom have come from other Missions, while many converts made here have dispersed to other parts of India. The Bishop also visited a Vernacular School in the city, where 369 boys were receiving instruction in Sindhi and Gujerati. Some of these pupils are afterwards drafted to the High School. There is another Gujerati School connected with the Mission, and two Girls' Schools conducted by the Zenana ladies. There are also Grammar Schools near the cantonments, and three handsome stone buildings—the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and the Frere Hall. Manora, on the harbour, was visited on Saturday, October 15th, where there is a neat cemetery, the Hurnby Vernacular School, a Light-House, and a Station Church, with a good memorial window to Sir Charles Napier. The Bishop of Calcutta remained at Karachi on Sunday, the 16th, took part in the Services, and visited the Sunday-schools, &c. From Karachi he went to Kotri, and thence crossed the Indus to Hydrabad. Here he visited the military cantonments and the C.M.S. Mission and its schools, and then returned to Kotri, and proceeded by train to Sukkar. The part of the Indus Valley Railway which lies between Kotri and Sukkar has some picturesque features. At Laki the Biluch Hills send down a spur to the Indus, and the train, as it creeps and winds along their sides, commands a succession of pretty views. At Larkana there is a plentiful supply of water, which clothes the settlement with verdure, and the eye is refreshed by the sight of fine trees and green gardens. Sukkar itself, with its palm-groves, and the rocky fortified island which breaks the current of the Indus, is sufficiently picturesque; and its flat-roofed mud-houses, frequently surmounted by a wind sail, also of mud, fixed to catch the breeze which blows steadily from one quarter through the greater part of the year, are thoroughly Oriental.

The Bishop held Services at St. Saviour's Church, and visited the Railway School. In the evening of October 20th he crossed the Indus to Rohri, and took the night train to Bhawulpur, the capital of the large native state of that name, whose Nawab, after a long minority, has recently been seated on the gaddi. The Bishop of Lahore was at the station to meet the Bishop of Calcutta, and with him the Multan Missionaries, and the Nawab's Mushir. The party were conveyed in carriages two miles to the fine palace built in European style, in which, however, the Nawab does not now care to reside. Here they were entertained for the remainder of the day. At 4.30 they went to the C.M.S. School, where a picturesque scene awaited them. The court-yard was filled with some 240 bright-eyed and brightly-dressed lads, the large dais at the upper end was arranged with gilt thrones for the Nawab and the Bishops, and with simpler seats for the guests of lower degree—notables of the state, parents of the boys, &c. The Nawab, who was received with a salute, is the picture of a Biluch chieftain, swarthy and burly, wearing the baggy Sindhi trousers, a tunic entirely covered with gold, over which his black ringlets fell below the shoulders, and a green and orange pagri fully a foot high and two feet in diameter. He was surrounded by a number of wild-looking armed retainers. The School Report was read, and prizes presented to six boys who had passed the Middle School Examination. Both Bishops then gave addresses. The Bishop of Lahore repeated in Hindustani the substance of the Metropolitan's address before he began his own speech. After the proceedings the boys were amused by a display of fireworks. Multan was reached early on Saturday, October 22nd. It is said to be the hottest place in India, since the day when a Fakir, to whom the uncharitable Multanis had refused alms, successfully prayed the sun to approach near enough to cook his rice without fire. There are numerous mosques and other buildings, all faced with the blue Multan tiles, which in this rainless climate preserve their freshness for centuries. Many of the smaller mosques and Hindu shrines about the city bear tokens of the violence with which the recent riots were waged, and it was feared by some that the Dewali Festival, which happened to coincide with the Bishop's visit, might serve as the occasion for fresh disturbances. All, however, passed off very quietly, and the illuminations at night were pretty and effective. After arriving at Multan the Bishop visited the Fort and the monuments to Vans Agnew and Anderson, and gave an address to some of the soldiers in their prayer-room. On Sunday there were the usual Parade Services, in which both the Bishops took part; and there were also Services in the

Mission School Church. The Mission School, containing about 300 boys, was visited on Monday. In the evening of the same day the two Bishops proceeded by train to Radha Kishen Kote. From this point the baggage was sent on to Lahore, whilst the Bishops left the railway for a visit by road to the Christian settlement of Klarkabad, organised by Mr. Bateman, who was then absent in England. The land acquired from Government, and invested in native trustees, is about 2,000 acres, one-half of which being plentifully irrigated, yields a good return. The conditions of the grant involve the cultivation of the whole of the land, so that the number of Christians being at first insufficient, Mussulman tenants are also admitted, and the settlement therefore is not yet entirely Christian, and lacks some of the features of a purely Christian village. The Mussulmans have even erected a small mud mosque in the village; but the Missionaries anticipate no difficulty in ejecting them and replacing them with Christian tenants as the latter are forthcoming. An allotment of eighteen acres is made to each family at a yearly rent of three rupees an acre. The Rev. D. Singh, a fine old Sikh clergyman, is their pastor, and there is a neat little church in native style. Mr. Beutel, of Umritsur, is shortly to occupy a bungalow provided for him, and the boys of the Umritsur Orphanage are to be transferred thither, with a view to their receiving an industrial education in this healthy locality. Some twelve of the orphans, who had been transferred to Klarkabad in consequence of illness, read and sang bajans in the audience of the Bishops. The village has some 400 inhabitants, of whom about one-half are Christians. The Bishop of Calcutta preached at a Service held in the church, after which the party returned to the railway, and reached Lahore in two hours. From Lahore they went a journey of fifty miles by dâk gari to Ferozepur, crossing the Sutlej on the way.

The Bishops arrived at Ferozepur in the morning of Wednesday, October 26th. Here they were received by the chaplain, the Rev. A. Rebsch, and a full choral Service was held at 5 P.M. at St. Andrew's Memorial Church, at which the Bishop of Calcutta preached to a large attendance of soldiers. The cemetery contains many interesting monuments to officers killed at Moodki, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon. After returning to Lahore by night, the Metropolitan went by train to Jhelum, which was reached early on October 28th.

INDIA.

Proposed Conference: Indian Impressions of the Revised Version.

It is proposed to assemble a Missionary Conference for all India, similar to that held in 1872-3 at Allahabad. The volume containing the papers and discussions at the Allahabad Conference has become a standard work on Missions, and has been frequently quoted by English, American, and Continental writers on the subject. Every effort should be made to secure the best representative of the Missionary Societies in India for the coming Conference. The former one, though of a mixed character, invited Bishop Milman to preside at its first meeting, but he was, unfortunately, engaged elsewhere. The meetings were held in a Presbyterian church.

The Rev. W. H. Bray in a letter to the *Indian Churchman* describes an impression said to prevail among the Hindus with regard to the Revised Version of the New Testament:—

"I was talking with a Hindu, a Brahmin of good position, who would be technically described by his countrymen as 'enlightened.' I have had several discussions with him, and he is not unfavourably disposed towards Christianity. He has no desire to become a Christian himself, but he regards the opposition of his class to those becoming Christians who desire to do so as senseless and wrong. He would, he tells me, put no obstacle in the way of even his own son if he desired to become a Christian. His favourite theory, however, is that the day is coming when Christianity will have been modified to suit modern ideas, and that it will then cease to be aggressive, and be content to exist side by side with other religions—Hinduism, Buddhism, &c.; in other words, that it will be content to be recognised as one of the religions of the world, and give up its claim to be *the* religion which should be followed by all. The last time I saw him he was full of the importance of the Revised Version, as one great step forward in the direction to which he hoped things are tending. He looked upon this Version as an attempt to modify the original records of Christianity, so as to bring them into accordance with what would be acceptable to the modern mind, and he told me that this was the view taken of it by his educated countrymen. I have no doubt that he and those with whom he associated really believed this. This surprise at my indignant denial and explanation that it was a great attempt to give an exact translation of the New Testament as originally written, was too evidently genuine to admit of doubt. Of course a patient comparison of the Authorised and Revised Versions

would have prevented any such mistake, but it is too much to expect that ordinary men will take so much trouble. They take their views at second hand from those who are supposed to have come to a conclusion after making such a comparison. If the view that he had is as prevalent as he represented it to be, would it not be well for us to take some step (by popular lecture or leaflet) to put the matter in its true light before the people? Such ideas are apt to take deep root, and to add new obstacles and hindrances to Missionary effort."

BOMBAY.

The Ahmednuggur Mission: A Strong Case: The Conference: The Question of Divorce: The Funeral of a Little Christian Girl: Pictures: "Opium-babies": Medical Mission Work.

A Conference of Missionaries was held at Bombay, October 3rd to 5th, under the presidency of the Bishop, who hospitably entertained those who came from a distance in his own house on Malabar Hill. The Eucharist was celebrated daily in the Bishop's private chapel. A paper by Mr. Williams on "Vernacular Services for the Native Church" was read, and also one by Mr. Taylor, on "Preaching and Evangelising." The most valuable paper was that by the Bishop on "Divorce." There was much interesting discussion on discipline and the proper ritual for India. It is hoped that the Conference may be organised to sit annually.

The Rev. C. F. Johnston has issued an urgent appeal for increased support to the Ahmednuggur Mission, with the following statement:—

"In 1878, when there was no Missionary in charge of Ahmednuggur, Mr. Taylor was sent from Kohlapur to protect the native Christians, about 500 in number, from the danger of being led away by the Roman Catholic Bishop. While Mr. Taylor was doing this, there was a sudden influx of natives begging to be baptized, who came in such a manner that he could not refuse them. The number then received into the Church was nearly 2,000. This necessitated a very great increase of expenditure. In 1878, 10,000 rupees, in 1879, 14,000 rupees, and in 1880, 14,000 rupees—38,000 in the three years—were spent solely in native teachers and work. On hearing of the events in 1878, the Home Committee at once made a grant of £450, and the result of a special appeal in England was £300 in 1879, and £90 in 1880, meeting about one-fourth of the expenses of the native workers. During the same three years the whole amount of assistance

given by the Diocese through subscriptions and offertories to every branch of the S.P.G. just reached 11,000 rupees, and there was a great falling off in the receipts in 1879 and 1880. The consequences of this have been most serious. As in 1878 it seemed impossible to Mr. Taylor to reject the applicants for baptism, so it seemed impossible to refuse to support the necessary teachers; yet the deficiency of funds grew so great that at last, in 1880, the Diocesan Committee of S.P.G. were compelled most reluctantly to order a reduction either of men or pay to the extent of 20 per cent. Thus Christian Committees have been deprived of religious worship and teaching, except when visited by a Missionary once or twice during the year, and souls have been turned adrift which God had entrusted to our care. Even this terrible step has been insufficient, and a second act of the kind is imminent, if Church people, at home and in India, are allowed to remain passive, because uninformed." Mr. Johnston adds that he had made a successful appeal to the Missionary Association in his own station. On the circumstances being made known, a sum of 112 rupees was raised on the spot, many of the contributors being soldiers.

At the recent Conference in Bombay it is to be regretted that the C.M.S. clergy did not take part in the discussion, as the points raised were of general interest. Considerable modifications were proposed in the Church Services to adapt them to native congregations. There was considerable divergence of opinion on the question of the remarriage of the divorced, or of Christian wives repudiated by heathen husbands. The question included the case of the dissolution of a marriage contracted in childhood, where the parties had never lived together as man and wife. It was argued by some that the Bishop would be justified in withdrawing his licence from any clergyman who officiated at the marriage of any divorced persons, either husband or wife, whether innocent or guilty. Three of the Cowley Fathers took part in the discussion, and one of them has submitted a case for resolution to experts in casuistry at home. Mr. Williams was of opinion that the Conference was not sufficiently representative to command confidence in the Diocese.

The Rev. W. Black, writing from Ahmednuggur, thus describes the funeral of a little Christian girl: The coffin was covered with white, and dressed with a cross and wreath of red roses. Her little sister followed, wrapped in her white sadi, and with a basket of flowers in her hand to cast as a last gift into the grave. Both her parents were dead. The other girls of the school were at the grave, and sang a bright hymn at the end of the Service. "As one looked from the bright faces of these children to those of the Hindus and Mussulmans,

who were looking on, one could not but see as well as feel the power of the Resurrection Life. If we could live more truly in it, we should draw the heathen round about us with its power." Mr. Black adds that he has made sufficient progress in Marathi to go out and preach among the converts in the surrounding villages. The first place he visited was Belapur, thirty-six miles distant, where the collector had granted him the use of a room in the Government House. He intended to ride thence to the neighbouring villages, the rivers being too deep to ford with a cart in the rains.

The Native Dispensary in connection with St. John's Mission, Bombay, has been opened. It has an average attendance of about sixty or seventy patients daily. The Dispensary is a bright, cheerful room, light and airy, with one door opening into the garden, and another at the side on to a large verandah, in which forms are arranged for the patients to sit upon whilst waiting. Many of them, however, prefer squatting down in groups upon the floor in true native fashion. Around the walls several prettily-coloured Bible pictures are hung, such as "Christ Blessing Little Children," and "Our Lord Healing the Sick," &c. The natives are very fond of looking at them, and sometimes ask questions about them. It was quite touching the other day to hear a Mohammedan lad telling the parable of the Prodigal Son to two other boys, who were gazing intently at the picture. Most of those who avail themselves of the Dispensary are Hindus, but several Parsees and Mussulmans come also, and sometimes Jews and Africans are to be found amongst them. The miserable opium-babies that are often brought would call up pity in the hardest of hearts. A glance at their haggard, pinched features and wasted bodies tells one directly the sad truth that the poor little beings are drugged daily to prevent their crying and being troublesome.

Miss Ottaway does the surgical part, such as dressing the wounds, &c., but the native helper, Balubai, is a very valuable interpreter. The people are read to every day for a short time. The patients pay one or two pice as they can afford it, and a few of the very poor have free tickets. Contributions are required to meet the necessary outlay; and it is hoped that by aiding this work much may be done to overcome the prejudices of the natives, and to prepare the way for Christianity to be brought home to the people.

LAHORE.

Revision of the Prayer Book: Serious Rioting between Hindus and Mohammedans: An Interesting Letter: Religion, the Intellect, and the Passions: A Lecture by the Rev. N. Goreh: The Nazareth District: "El Kindy."

During a second visitation of his Diocese, including Murree and the adjoining camps, and whilst occupying a house in the Hills, the Bishop of Lahore summoned a Committee of Missionaries to revise, as carefully and exactly as possible, the Hindustani Prayer Book. In spite of the acknowledged excellence of the late Rev. W. Smith's translation, it was thought that, the old edition being completely exhausted, a careful revision and emendation should precede the issue of a new edition. Mr. Slater of Simla, Mr. Hill of Banda, and other Missionaries of S.P.G. and C.M.S., have lent their aid to the work. The Bishop was Chairman of the Committee, and Mr. Hooper and Mr. Shirreff of Lahore, the Rev. Imad-uddeen, the well-known convert from Islam, and Tara Chand of Delhi, attended regularly. The revision occupied about eight weeks, six hours a day being devoted to it.

Very serious rioting has taken place at Mooltan between Hindus and Mussulmans, owing to the attempt of the former to prevent beef being brought into the city. On the 19th instant the Hindus closed their shops and carried on no business, and on the morning of the 20th a large body attacked and wounded a butcher who was bringing beef into the town. On the police interfering they were attacked, and in a short time large and tumultuous crowds proceeded to wreck the principal mosques. Korans, and other holy books of the Mohammedans, were burnt or otherwise destroyed. The deputy-commissioner, in endeavouring to restore order, was beaten, and a police inspector seriously injured. They were with difficulty rescued by the military. The Mohammedans now rose and, in retaliation, burnt and wrecked the Hindu temples. A number of shops and houses were broken into and plundered, and the excitement was not quelled until the troops occupied the main thoroughfares, the artillery taking up a commanding position in the Hoosaingbahai. A large number of persons were injured, and more than a hundred of the rioters have been arrested. The excitement lasted for some time, but has now abated. The value of the property destroyed by the rioters is estimated to be a lakh of rupees.

The Rev. E. Bickersteth, in a letter of great interest addressed to Professor Westcott, says:—

"The small progress of English education accounts for the almost

entire absence of the *reformed* element from the Delhi population. An attempt which was made in 1878, by Pundit Dayanand Sarasuti, the founder of the Arya Samaj in the Panjáb, to form a branch of his society in Delhi, produced, I believe, no results. Nor have I met with more than one Mussulman who has avowedly approved of the liberalism of Syed Ahmud Khan. Allowing for exceptions, such as will be found now, I suppose, in all great centres in India, the people among whom we have been called to work are either orthodox believers in the stern faith of Islam, or given to idolatry. As yet, too, there seems no widespread fear among them of Christianity, as in some other parts of India. As a system, Mussulmans despise it, Hindus disregard it. To neither the one nor the other, I think, has it yet occurred that it could possibly overthrow or displace their traditional creeds."

The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh has published a lecture "On the Duties of the Natives of India with regard to Religion." He begins by asserting that the usual result of English education is to shake the faith of those who receive it in the religions which they once professed. Those religions cannot stand the light of modern European learning. To believe in a religion is not merely to accept some of its statements, but to acknowledge the Divine authority which propounds it. "This our educated countrymen can no longer do, and are thus becoming men without any religion at all. I do not call Brahmoism a religion; the Brahmos have not accepted it as from God, but have framed it for themselves by their own reason. The Arya Samaj is the weakest of all, misleading people by putting an utterly false interpretation on the Suktas, as though they contained prayer to the true God. The training of the intellect is not enough; men have passions which need restraint and cannot therefore dispense with religion. The attempt to do this in France in the last century proved what the result of such an experiment must be, leading to scenes of bloodshed, injustice, and of every kind of disorder. Lives were sacrificed by thousands, and the marriage bond was disregarded. Religion is at the root of all the institutions which men have established for the safety and well-being of society. Do not think that it can be dispensed with, or that fidelity and justice can be maintained without it. There is a common danger to Theists and Atheists; the danger of rejecting an authority for one's religious belief which is higher than one's self. Do not then think that intellectual improvement and reason will save our educated countrymen from running into excesses of conduct. Some of the good qualities acquired apparently through English education are really due to religion, and are derived from Christianity. Sympathy with the worst vices was found combined with high intellectual culture

among the Greeks. Stoics and Epicureans alike justified suicide. Educated natives pretend to believe in one God and to condemn idolatry; yet through fear of men they habitually consent to perform all those ceremonies of the Hindu religion which involve the worship of idols, whenever the custom of their caste requires them to do so."

He then exhorted to study the evidences of Christianity, at the same time warning them that faith cannot be acquired by natural reason and arguments, since it is a supernatural gift of God.

The Church Missionary Society has decided to occupy the Nazareth district on the North-West frontier permanently. A native catechist is stationed at Abbottabad, and a European Missionary will be posted at Haripur, the chief native city of the district.

The *Indian Churchman*, with reference to Bishop Steere's article in MISSION LIFE, says: "There is so much truth in the Bishop's remarks that we commend them to the perusal of the European residents in India. The common idea of judging Missionary work from the character of native Christian servants is a very common phase of 'mischief making' with regard to the Saviour's work in India."

The *Indian Female Evangelist* has published a valuable summary of the contents of "El Kindy," the eloquent Arabic apology for Christianity against Islam. The work has been printed by the Turkish Mission Aid Society.

CENTRAL INDIA.

The Chanda Mission: Native Converts: Services.

The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh, in letters from Indore, speaks in the highest terms of the work of the Rev. Israel Jacob, the Deacon in charge of the Chanda Mission. After an absence of six years from Chanda, Mr. Goreh went there in May, 1880, and has twice visited it since. Everything is improved—the Chapel, the Congregation, and the Mission compound. The Chanda Mission is a very interesting and important one, from its central position in a large district hitherto almost untouched by Missionary effort. It is a Mission whose influence will rapidly spread in hundreds of villages round about it, which are not visited by any other Missionary. The people of this district, though not wild like Bheels or Gonds, still retain their primitive simplicity and their simple notions, and are less corrupted than the people of other parts, through contact with English civilisation, luxury, irreligion, and infidelity. The district of Chanda at present lies out of the way of this contagion. It may take a long time to

create a powerful movement in Chanda itself. The impediments in the way of Mission work in India are many and great. Christianity has come to India under circumstances which are in some respects extremely unfavourable to its propagation, though the same circumstances have their advantages in other ways. Christianity has been introduced by a nation which has first taken the country. Hence great suspicions are entertained about the motives of English Missionaries, and native converts are accused of having changed their religion for worldly gain. Mr. Goreh refers to the paper on this subject which he read at the Missionary Conferences at Oxford and Grantham. Great faith and patience is thus required in those who undertake to help Mission work in India. Mr. Israel Jacob's work in Chanda is of a character well calculated to impress the minds of the people who are constant observers of it. The work in Chanda is also entirely carried on by native agents, and this is another great advantage; a native can understand natives' minds much better than a foreigner, and this has produced happy relations between Mr. Jacob and his flock. Mr. Jacob is assisted by his sister, Miss Leah Jacob, in the management of the little Mission. Mr. Goreh was surprised to find how much they had done to beautify and decorate the little chapel, and at the careful and reverent way in which the Services were arranged and conducted, and at the introduction of chanting and singing, and of suitable Services on festivals and other occasions. He has three Services daily, at morning, at midday, and at evening. These are just the things to impress the minds of Hindus, who are fond of outward ceremonial. This is the best way to convince them that the Christian community has a real religion, with rites and observances far better than their own.

CALCUTTA.

A Strange Professor: The "Humble Petition of Swami Jagatguru."

Great excitement was caused in Calcutta, in October, by the appearance of a stranger, professing to possess a supernatural power, enabling him to cure all diseases by means of a quantity of river water, to be drunk by the sufferers. Whilst this commotion was at its height, a guru, well known in Calcutta as a man of extraordinary genius, presented a petition to the Commissioner of Police. It ran as follows:—

"The humble petition of Swami Brahmananda Saraswati Sankarachi Jagatguru showeth—

"That your petitioner being, by profession, Jagatguru, is generally

looked up to as the sole protector of the Hindu religion, and as such is bound in duty to see that that religion is preserved intact. That obedient to the call of this duty, he approaches you with this petition, setting forth certain events which have of late been, and are even now, occurring every day, which he considers to be an indirect encroachment upon the Hindu religion. That your Worship's petitioner has come to learn that a certain Mahomedan Moulvie, Moulava, son of Karamut Ali of Jaunpore, is now on a visit to the city, intent on making converts of the Hindus, and that this his intention he is carrying out by certain means which to your petitioner appear to be extremely foul. That the unlettered masses of this vast city are deluded into the belief that great sanctity is attached to his personality, and that a vessel of water containing a quantity of jira (a kind of spice) when blown over by him, becomes an infallible remedy for all sorts of diseases, however dangerous. That your petitioner is informed that this blowing over is accompanied by certain incantations peculiar to the Moslems, and your petitioner makes no hesitation to affirm that a person drinking this water unconsciously becomes a Mahomedan. That your petitioner is convinced, that, whatever people may say to be the profession of this Moulvie, his ultimate object, if not anything political, is certainly to make converts by these underhand means. That your petitioner further states that the educated members of the Hindu community may well take care of themselves and their religion, but he cannot say the same thing of the untutored mass who are likely to be led away by a designing person, and that this contingency can only be prevented by Government allowing the Moulvie to have dealings with his co-religionists only. That your petitioner submits that if the Moulvie is really possessed of any supernatural power which he feigns, he may be asked to cross the river with wooden sandals, or he may be required to fly in the air, or to drink a quantity of molten lead, or in the event of his not undertaking to perform any of these feats, he may be asked to cure a blind man and a leper, that the public, the uneducated portion of Hindu Society specially, may be able to see through the veil, and to judge of the truth or falsity of his pretensions."

CEYLON.

The Religious Status of the Island: Buddhism.

The English Church in Ceylon, in spite of the difficulties of disestablishment, is making good progress, and there is reason to think that

the Church will not lose by it in the end. The formation of a synod for the Government of the Church, is now the great work of the Bishop, Clergy, and Laity in Ceylon. The religious state of the island is interesting. The proportion of Christians to the whole population is 10 per cent. There are 264,000 Christians, of whom 242,000 are natives; there are 189,000 Mahomedans, 1,673,000 Buddhists and Demon-worshippers, and 512,000 Hindus. About 1 in 40 of the population are receiving instruction in English and the vernaculars.

Through the indirect help of the Government, and more recently of some Theosophists, who have formulated a catechism of its doctrines, Buddhism is rearing its head again. Temples have been restored, and the priests have begun to teach and preach, and to open schools. Under the Dutch it was dying out. Devil-worship, though not formally recognised, is practised by many of those who are professed disciples of Buddha. Devil dancers are called to the aid of the sick. They make an effigy of the sick man and bring him to it, then dance in a frantic manner, with loud music, screams, and contortions of body, about him. The devil is supposed to be enticed out of the sick person into his effigy, and carried off.

RANGOON.

The Burmese: The Prayer Book.

The Bishop of Rangoon, before sailing for England, suggested that a meeting of Missionaries skilled in the language should be held to complete the Burmese version of the Prayer Book. They were to meet in Rangoon in December, under the presidency of the Archdeacon. There is at this moment not a single Burmese in Holy Orders; not one Burmese Church; no Burmese Prayer Book; and no Training Institution for Burmese Catechists. Perhaps the slow growth of the native Church may thus in some degree be accounted for. The large schools in Burmah have been more happy in providing clerks for various official and commercial purposes, than converts, catechists, or teachers of the faith. A place for distinctive education for this special purpose has become a necessity. If the S.P.G. could see their way to carry out this object, there would soon be no difficulty in providing trained catechists in Burmah.

ON SOME CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS OF THE MAKUA TRIBE.

By the Rev. Chauncy Maples, M.A.

THE people who are the subject of the following remarks are probably, both in number and geographical extent, amongst the most important in East Central Africa. Roughly speaking they cover some 5 degrees of latitude and 4 of longitude, extending from the Rovuma in the north almost to the Zambesi, and from the coast to about longitude 37.0. For many years past the tribe has been decimated by the slave trade, which has been the means of transferring large numbers of Makuas to Madagascar, Zanzibar, and even to more northerly places. This traffic still scatters them far and wide, and one of the most frequented of the slave roads passes through their centre from the far interior to the coast.

The Makua people have none of the briskness and intelligent vivacity which characterise their Yao neighbours; they are singularly unreceptive, and quite contented for the most part with their own dead level of dull stupidity. To all teaching from outside they oppose an obstinate indifference, and plainly say they don't want to be disturbed in their old beliefs, nor wish so much as to hear of new ones. When the Gospel is preached to them, they are fond of saying, "We are Makua; we don't know anything about God, and we don't care for you to tell us of Him." A sense of politeness will prevent them saying this openly and to us, though a habit of hiding themselves when we go to preach to them shows the truth of the words they are, for fear of giving offence, sometimes unwilling to utter.

Like most people who believe very little, they are singularly tenacious of that little, and doggedly refuse to hear it brought into question. "We know what we know from our elders, and they have handed down to us all that can be known of God." This is their ground for refusing news of a revelation, coupled with an argument which is but an expansion of the foregoing, intended to silence all attempts to convert them to a new faith, and couched as follows:—"Had there been anything to know such as you now tell us, we should have heard it before you came by tradition from our own people. We trust to them for all truth about God, not to strangers like you, who may be, for aught we know, of a race other than human." Indeed

some of them do not scruple to say that they consider us a species of spirit; but this monstrous conception is probably the result of the innate laziness of all Makuas, laziness more especially of mind, it being an intolerable nuisance to them to have to think at all. They prefer postulating a mystery as an easier method of deciding a question, to giving themselves the trouble of a rational inquiry into any matter that puzzles them. Their beliefs, therefore, are for the most part a string of negations with the very barest residuum of what is positive, though to that residuum they jealously cling as to an inheritance coming down to them through countless generations of Makua ancestors.

A vague belief in an all-powerful Creator of the world, and in Him as its Preserver, mixed up with a very moderate veneration for the spirits of their departed elders, are the main dogmas, so far as I have been able to ascertain them, on which their practical religion rests. Their sacrificial system, almost their only form of worship, connects itself with God, with evil spirits, and with the spirits of their elders, those of them only, as it would seem, whom they have known in life. Nothing but special distress and fear prompts their sacrifices. When rain fails, they carry food to the graves of their dead, and there praying to God for help, they beg the spirits of the departed not to withhold from them the rain which God has given them. Similarly in other straits they seem to regard the spirits of their dead relatives and elders as the media through whom God's gifts come down to them. These are to be propitiated as fickle, easily offended, and capricious, bearing in fact much the same character that they did on earth. Others believe that the food offered is actually taken and eaten by the departed, although they have the evidence of their senses to the contrary. Yet here it may be urged that they would say that the spirits partake of the food in a spiritual manner.

It does not appear that any positive belief is held as to two states, one of happiness and one of sorrow, after death. All that is held is a general vague belief that life goes on after death pretty much as it has done on earth, with the same admixture of material good and evil. Punishment for sin or reward for blameless lives hereafter do not seem to have occurred to them. Of the attributes of God, only that of power meets with any practical recognition. Moral responsibility in the sight of God is not discernible on the Makua horizon. But just as all the evil in the world around is ascribed to God's working equally with the good, so in men's heart the evil and the good are alike attributed to God, and thus his actions are never accounted in the light of transgressions against God's law, but when detrimental to

the society in which he lives are punished as such. It is easy to see from this that he who comes preaching God's judgments against sinners and the wrath to come, is met by a deep-seated fatalism which it is very hard to root out, entering as it does into all their habits and ways of life, and influencing all their modes of thought.

It cannot, I think, be denied that the belief in evil spirits and their working regards God as not only giving them their power but also their commission to work evil. This one gathers from the unwillingness of the Makua mind to deny any evil as coming from God in the first instance. God's actions are not regarded as working necessarily for the benefit of mankind. At one time He is against us, at another on our side. When things go ill with us, He is to be appeased and conciliated by sacrifice. It is not our transgressions that turn Him against us, but His own caprice. Because He is all-powerful He can do what He wills and it is futile to complain, but no sense of His perfect justice enters in to exhibit Him as working only what is absolutely and in itself good; far less is He seen as the Holy One. Their ideas of Him are certainly not wholly anthropomorphic, and so we have no fables about Him in any way resembling those of Greece and Rome in the ages of Polytheism. He is a Spirit, and conceived of as omnipresent. He works out the destiny of each man as the Ruler of everything that goes on in the world, not as the Lover of souls, nor as a Father pitying and yearning for His children. In a word, we are nothing to Him as images of Himself, or as beings possessing spirits capable of holding communion with Him. As a part of His creation we come under His Providence in the sense that our fate is in His hands. He has created us, He knows what He will do with us. We do not; and, moreover, it is no concern of ours to try and find out. The question can be left altogether, it can have no import for us. It is enough that we are fed and clothed by Him, and that if a famine come, that we try to propitiate Him. Beyond this it is not necessary to go. If we are helped out of straits and difficulties, or healed of sicknesses, it is God who has done this. But in obtaining these benefits at His hands, we are to congratulate ourselves on a piece of good luck, not to think of Him as a merciful reliever of distress, or to feel compunction at His goodness. Sympathy, tenderness, compassion, are virtues scarcely showing amongst themselves; thus the Makua conception of God furnishes them with no belief in such attributes as belonging to Him. It is difficult to say whether they ever entertain one single worthy idea of God, fond as they are of mentioning Him frequently in their talk, and attributing everything that happens to the working of His power.

It is obvious from what has been said that their conception of God leaves no room for any feeling of veneration or respect. Their worship, such as it is, is the fitful offering of cowards who fear, never that of men who recognise adoration and homage at all times as God's due. If it be not almost a blasphemy to mention it, God is regarded by them much as the European stranger—a Being not to be trifled with, but to be approached cautiously, not for what He is, but for what He has the power to do. As to any duty towards God, the very idea seems wholly absent from their minds. To sum up, God is nothing to them in any other light than in that of His power. In this attribute He becomes a Person to be propitiated and gained over to our side if possible. In no other way do they ever appear to think of Him.

The conception of God being of so very negative a character, it is no wonder that their religious observances are so few. We have remarked, indeed, no others than what come under the head of propitiatory offerings. Charms are worn and believed in as specifics against various forms of disease and protections against the attacks of wild beasts. Circumcision is universally practised throughout the tribe, and is connected with a time of festivity during which the lads who undergo the ceremony live apart in booths. The ceremony, and the feasting and dancing connected with it, is called *onyago*, and lasts many days. Young girls before they marry have their *onyago*, undergoing a different rite, and like the boys living apart the while. During the time that a young lad's lady love is engaged at her *onyago*, the youth is not allowed to speak to any one, and literally keeps himself perfectly dumb for the season. But as soon as the *onyago* is over, the marriage takes place. The word *onyago* naturally gets transferred to the dances which are often danced at other times than those of the yearly circumcision. No custom is so rigidly kept up, or so strongly marked, as this of the *onyago*, which seems to have been observed by both Yaos and Makuas from time immemorial. It is wholly unconnected with the Mohammedan practice of circumcision, and cannot for one moment be supposed to have spread from the coast to the interior.

Marriages are always contracted very early. As soon as a girl is old enough to sweep a house out and draw water from the well she becomes a wife, leaves her mother's house and goes to live with her husband, who, in his turn, may be only just old enough to handle a hoe and cultivate the ground. Although they thus live together as man and wife, no premature intercourse takes place between them.

On the whole, the morality of the Makuas, as we know them, seems to be of a rather high standard. Fine healthy families are reared, and the practice of early marriages contributes to prevent promiscuous intercourse between the sexes. Cases of infanticide are of very rare occurrence, this crime being tabooed by the Makuas themselves, and offenders herein scouted. Marriage of first cousins is also condemned, and even marriage between members of the same subdivision of the tribe is thought improper. Cases of incest are not unknown, and the issue of the crime in each case are said to have been leprous.

The law of inheritance forbids a son to succeed his father as village chief, the reason being that he who succeeds to the headship takes *all* the wives and concubines of the deceased chief. As this would involve incest were his own son to succeed him, the inheritance passes through the female line to the nephew of the deceased. If the heir be a mere child, he is still reckoned the chief, others advising him during the period of his minority.

Makuas are emphatically stay-at-homes, so that it is very rare to find them tainted with Islamism. They eat greedily the pork so scornfully discarded by their Yao neighbours. They are singularly unimpressionable, and care nothing for the "*novi quid*" which Yaos are ever seeking. They are not, as Africans go, a cowardly race, but are rarely to be found engaged in an aggressive warfare. They are quite indifferent to what others think of them, and care for nothing outside of "the Makua sort."

The subdivisions of the tribe are very numerous, and the tribal marks or tattoos are of every variety, some of them decidedly becoming. One is inclined to think of the Makua race as a heavy mass, a thick and impenetrable clod, remaining compact in spite of the disintegration of the soil going on all round it, and in spite of the various forces now at work to loosen and break it up. Nothing can grow in this clod; plant the seed and it cannot germinate, air cannot reach it. But clod it need not always remain. It may be broken up, and then in its loosened particles it may become fitting soil for a tree taking root downwards and bearing fruit upwards. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is God's appointed means for breaking up the Makua clod and rendering it fertile, and we seek others to help us in preaching it to the scattered communities of this large East African tribe.

A FORTNIGHT WITH THE BISHOP OF BALLAARAT.

By the Right Rev. the Bishop.

THE heat is so severe here to-day that I can hardly write for languor, and my table is heaped with noisome insects, swarming through the window, the closing of which would be quite unendurable. The country, alas! thus early in the summer is already white and waterless, the crops scorched up, and the prospects of another season seemingly ruined. My poor farmers! Some of them have already packed their "little all" in a "swag," and deserted their holdings altogether, to tramp on foot to some other colony. This is sad hearing to me, for I have run up to these parts specially to see what can be done in the way of church building. Taking Maryborough *en route*, where I arranged for the baptism by myself of two Chinese, we proceeded by train to St. Arnaud, about 100 miles north of Ballaarat, sending my horses and travelling carriage by road. I had been detained longer than I intended in Ballaarat, having to preside over a Church Missionary meeting in behalf of India, at which a Missionary and his wife (Rev. John and Mrs. Cain, from the Upper Godavery) attended. It was very successful.

At St. Arnaud we stayed six days for eleven Services and meetings, all extremely well attended. On 3rd I lectured at St. Arnaud; on 4th, at Carapooee; on 6th, I confirmed, addressed the young, and preached at St. Arnaud in the morning, afternoon, and evening respectively, with splendid congregations; on 7th, I preached at a very "bushy" place called Kooroe, some fifteen miles away; on 8th, at Kooreh, in another direction. It was a busy week-day for most bush people, fearfully sultry and fly-blown, and a wedding had drawn many of the neighbours to a distance; yet there was a capital attendance at 3.30 P.M., and a cordial welcome. What these farmers *can't* give is *ready money;* they seldom see it. Barter and credit is, to a great extent, what they live upon, in hope of success hereafter, when their land has been improved and made their own. Meanwhile, the Church must either leave them unshepherded, or solicit outside help to support her work amongst them. On 9th, I held a general meeting at St. Arnaud for prayer and scriptural "instructions." The Presbyterian and Wesleyan ministers attended, and gave nice addresses. The large room was full, and it was a good time. But I will speak specially of the Services of the 5th and 9th.

On Saturday, the 5th, I went to the Chinese camp for an address to Celestials, heathen and Christian. The catechist, Paul Ah Fat, had died suddenly only a month before; a good and worthy agent. I wished to see his provisional successor, and generally inspect the work; and I was careful to go in official dress, and to take E., and Mr. Stair, the clergyman of St. Arnaud, with me. My reason will not surprise those who are aware that a Chinese camp is the resort and dwelling-place of a very low class of Europeans of both sexes, in fact a moral chamber of horrors. One year, the day proving hot, and my desire being to see the catechist at his usual work without giving formal notice of my visit, I had my horse saddled and rode to the camp without my groom, in an undress felt hat, far more comfortable than the regulation head-piece allotted by an inscrutable and remorseless dispensation to Bishops. I learned indirectly afterwards that in my innocence I had not sufficiently considered the risk of misinterpretation, by a heathen and corrupt community, of a non-official visit.

This time it was fully expected. Doubting the new catechist's power as an interpreter, I took him aside before Service, and rehearsed my intended address to him, with explanations, in order to make him thoroughly comprehend its drift beforehand. "Me well understand," he said; a boast scarcely confirmed in the event! The little church, decorated with quaint lanterns and text-inscribed banners, was full. Forty or fifty Chinese, chiefly heathen, with a very few Europeans, were before me, and the Christians began by raising one of their indescribable hymns. They write these in irregular lines, placing the characters high or low to correspond to the higher or lower sounds, but without any notes or "lines and spaces." From this rude notation they sing in a way resembling nothing else known to me in experience, but as I should imagine a choir of baby gorillas might, if suffering from a severe cold. Yet they are fond of hymn-singing, and as the angel said to Bishop Benno when he silenced the frogs disturbing his devotions, "Why should thy brothers be forbidden to raise their *Te Deum* to God, because He has endowed them with a voice different from thine?" I found the best preservative of one's countenance was to join in stentorian tones oneself. The prayers fell to the catechist, Ang Gook; for to pray in public through an interpreter is singularly unsatisfactory. More hymns; and then I sought to "grasp" my open-mouthed Mongol flock by a clear recital, and pointed application, of the parable of the man finding hid treasure, and parting with all to make it his. I soon perceived, however, that there was some "rift within the lute," slowly widening and threatening to silence all. In fact, my interpreter was

quite astray! * In vain I sought, in the plainest monosyllables, to clear up my meaning; he became flurried, dumb, and red; at last tears gathered in his eyes; while an animated conversation (of course in Chinese) commenced in the congregation, some of whom appeared to suspect him of misapprehending what I had said altogether. This made matters worse, and singling out the (seemingly) most apprehensive among them, I called him to my side; and with his aid, and by dint of much dumb show and simple sentences, began to regain attention, as I inferred from vigorous nodding on every hand. You would have smiled to see me elucidating the finding of salvation by a vigorous pantomime of a digger rocking his cradle, and plying his shovel and pans, picking out the gold, to say nothing of warnings in gesture against opium-smoking and gambling. My address ended otherwise than triumphantly, and the exertion of straining after rudimentary expressions, accompanied by appropriate action fitted to convey the precious message I yearned to bring home to my hearers, in a temperature of 90°, was severe. I was encouraged afterwards, however, by learning that my meaning was by no means wholly missed; and Mr. Stair, the clergyman, who was used to "pigeon English," wound up the proceedings well, with a few earnest and appropriate words in that useful, but amazing language. E. gave one of the Chinese text-cards which you sent me to each Chinaman as they left.

A Service for Europeans followed, also well attended. I spoke from St. Luke xv. The sweet truths the Prodigal yields were plainly appropriate, but are they ever otherwise? I never remember meeting with more perfect attention.

Eighteen Chinese at this camp are ripening for baptism; many others have got good there, some of whom are now doing Christian work in China.

The Service on the 9th was at a wool-shed, twelve miles off, in the bush, in the midst of shearing time. The shearers had entered warmly into the proprietor's proposal to clear up the shed and surrender the half-day's piece-work, and when we drove up, the shed contained a fine congregation. As, however, they could only be ranged in a thin rank along one side of the building, in the middle of which rank I had to stand and speak, the difficulties of the preacher were not inconsiderable. I hesitated about robing, but fearing my motive might be misapprehended, did so, under shelter of a deep depression in the floor, beneath the wool press, reminding me of "the pit of the shearing house" mentioned in Kings,

* He had, notwithstanding a special caution from me, represented me as attributing to Paul Ah Fat astonishing things spoken by me of Paul the Apostle!

into which Ahaziah's brethren were conducted for a very different purpose. The worship was, I trust, reverent and real, but I cannot recommend shearing-sheds as lending themselves perfectly to all the requirements of Anglican Ritual. The pungent smell of sheep and tar pervading all was no serious drawback; the greasy fleeces piled within, and the bleatings from outside, were not altogether out of harmony with "We are His flock, He doth us feed," of the hymn, in which an old regimental bandsman led us proudly on his flageolet. The loud squeaking of the birds flying overhead rather reminded me of St. Francis and his troubles; but discomfort was forgotten over a glorious text from Revelation, on which from a full heart I bellowed to one half of my congregation, that the other half, on whom I had to turn my back completely, might be able to hear. How the latter behaved I cannot say from observation; those I faced were splendid listeners.

Very hasty "chow-chow," then off through the bush to this township (Charlton), eighteen miles away, which we reached, rather tired, at ten minutes to eight o'clock, the hour at which I was announced to deliver a public lecture requiring fifteen diagrams to be properly fixed up as a preliminary! The lecture was given, however, to a full audience; and next day a Confirmation held, and business meeting. Alas, with so bad a season, no church building can be attempted yet! The Presbyterians let us their church when not needed, but it is being devoured by white ants, and the size and requirements of our flock here really postulate a Church of England building. The people seem trying manfully to do their best, but pecuniary straitness is the universal difficulty in these regions, and almost palsies the Bishop's hands. In the St. Arnaud district alone I learned of no fewer than thirty-four places which should be served from that centre; but serving them is impossible, till the means of providing for an additional minister and two horses for him can be found.

Mr. Arnold is in charge here (Charlton), an energetic young clergyman, but his rides are terribly long. One of his regular stations (Donald) is twenty-eight miles off. I drove there yesterday, returning to-day, after preaching to a capital congregation, and meeting the leading laymen. I think they will begin to build a church there, towards which I have got a generous promise of £50 from S.P.C.K.; but drought means salt-water, if any, in wells and creeks, and this cannot be used for building operations. Fetching water from afar for such purposes adds terribly to the cost. We had trouble at Donald with horses, a fruitful source of it in Australian work. From fear of over-driving mine, I borrowed a fine pair for the fifty-six miles out and back from Charlton, from a kindly squatter's. They proved

very wild, but seemed to tame down on the outward journey. We rose at six, to get back before the sun was hot, but our pair commenced plunging furiously when put in, breaking my harness to pieces. After getting it repaired, we tried again, but a fearful scene ensued. This time one of the horses wounded himself severely, and had to be left behind, while the other was too excited to be harnessed, and I had to hire others at serious cost. A Chinaman, Tung Quin Hing, sought Mr. Arnold on our return. He had quite given up Joss, and wanted baptism for himself and Ah Tung the barber. It is no easy task to hold converse with such inquirers, but we tried. Their English idioms are peculiar. Quin Hing meant no irreverence when he referred to the Incarnate and Crucified One as "man whose mother not married when Him born, and welly bad men hang Him topside two sticks for us." His frequent references to "New York" sent our thoughts to America, till we found it was his *patois* for the "New Testament." Jews were "Yu-hai." There is promise in this man, but Mr. Arnold will have much work with his case, and Ah Tung knows far less English than he. Unfortunately E. had given away all her Chinese books and cards at St. Arnaud, but Quin Hing has a Chinese Bible (given him by good Ah Fat). He is a farmer, and lives some ten miles off across the bush.

(To be continued.)

WORK IN AHMEDNUGGUR

IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1881.

BY THE REV. T. WILLIAMS, S.P.G. MISSIONARY.

EARLY in October I started on a Missionary tour to the villages lying amongst the hills to the east of Nagar. *Jamb* is a small village where we have no Christians. After preaching here until dark, I was leaving, when I was sent after to go back, as additional people had collected and were eager to hear me. This has only occurred once before in my experience. A severe visitation of cholera about a month before had made the inhabitants of this village more accessible to religious instruction. Their belief in the miracle-power of Bhavâni Aiee seemed, however, as strong as ever. Each one had some instance to give of what one or other of their gods had done for them. The people begged earnestly that some one sho uld stay there and teach them. One man asked for Baptism.

Mekne is the largest village for some miles round. Here the

Brahmans are numerous, and have hitherto opposed me bitterly. On this occasion there was a marked change, and they were disposed to be friendly. This was owing to several of them having had Government employ given to them, and being thus left less dependent upon their religion for maintenance. This had also shown them that our Government was benevolent and impartial, and that it conferred upon them the advantages of a useful education. One Brahman youth attended the Nagar High School, and had joined the Persian class there, and this afforded me an excellent starting point. It happens that in Persian, Sanskrit, and English the word for "brother" is nearly the same. The boy recognised this with surprise, and it impressed the others present. I took occasion to point out the connection of Brahmans with ourselves, the lateness of caste, the groundlessness for the mode of computing the ages, the lateness of their settlement in the Dekhan, and the comparatively small share the Brahmans had in originating the Hinduism of the present day. There was some astonishment, but no anger shown, and I parted from them in a more friendly manner than on former visits to Mekne.

At *Ruttudgav*, nine years ago, I laid the foundation of a Christian congregation. Our agent here was dismissed a year and a half since, when we were required to cut down our expenditure. The village is difficult of access, the ground being too hilly for the use of wheeled vehicles. Hence this congregation has sadly deteriorated. I spent three days here, and I hope with good result, as a school is about to be built to which the Mission contributes only 10 rupees, the rest being supplied by the people. There are several Brahman families here, and it is gratifying to find that their opposition to Christianity, as well as that of the Kunbees, has disappeared to a wonderful extent. They have even joined with the Christians in a request for a Christian teacher to be stationed there. A marked change has come over their attitude, both here and elsewhere, as if they had made the discovery that Christianity does not necessarily involve their annihilation.

At *Mathnee* I pitched my tent, as a convenient centre for visiting *Rarynee*, where we have two Christian families. I had not visited them for twelve months, and was glad to find that one of the families still maintained its Christianity. They were sitting at the feast which was given at the marriage of a Mahar with a widow. Such a marriage was deemed an inferior one, and called Muhutur. I expressed my fears to one of the women present that Gyanoo had forsaken his religion. She earnestly assured me that it was not so, and that he said prayers daily with his family, and always asked a blessing on their food, however scanty it might be. The reason I had seen nothing of

reap the harvest? The reduced means of our Mission cramps us and our work seriously.

From Cheelekhan Wadi I visited Kukanè, which is a Jahagîr, or nobleman's estate. It is a large and prosperous village. A few days before my visit the Mamlutdar of the Taluka, whilst inspecting the Government school, had observed three Mahar boys, with slates and books, sitting outside the door of the school, peering in, and learning all they could of what the master said to the boys within. It was a touching sight—these poor despised children, patient under the dog-like treatment which they receive from the higher castes, and only anxious to gather some crumbs of knowledge, however meagre. One little fellow was squatting there when I went, and as I saw him down below the door-sill, looking up with head held sideways, trying eagerly to catch a word that might help him with his own slate and book, it went to my heart! I had been told that the Mamlutdar had taken these boys inside, and required the master to teach them with the rest. It appeared that the master had taken them for two days, and then the bigoted inhabitants of the village had interfered to prevent it, though the master, himself a Brahman, was willing to take them. Some of them followed me into the school, and said it was contrary to their Dharma that Mahars should sit where their children sate. I pointed out that they must not speak of their Dharma, for the Manu-suariti—the great Brahman caste law-book—clearly showed that there was now not a true Brahman to be found, and that the Dharma he spoke of had gone long ago. I read him slokas which proved this. He could not gainsay it, but he then took refuge in saying that Brahmans were such by birth, whatever had become of their Dharma. But the same book supplies a crushing reply to that plea, for it shows that of all the castes in India there is none, as a matter of fact, less impure by descent than the Brahman. The Brahmans in earlier times married women of all the castes, and the proportion of property each child was to receive depended upon the caste of the mother. But all the children received something, and went by the name of Brahmans. Hence it is found that some Brahmans are extremely dark, almost black. The lowest castes are the purest as far as descent goes. The Mang is therefore by many degrees purer than the Brahman. The Prakashak shall soon put this argument against Brahman arrogance into our masters' hands.

At Bhatkudgav the people had been lax in sending their children to school, and in their attendance at evening prayers. The master had been removed, and the pay of the Karbhari withheld. The master had abandoned his post when the cholera invaded the village, thus

losing a splendid opportunity for showing the people what Christianity was. The catechist also, on coming to the village, had camped out afar off. In his own village he had acted differently, and was the means of saving many families. Sad havoc was made in this village. The Patheel, a venerable old man, told me that about 150 died, though it is not a large place. Of the Christians only one boy died. Amongst the Mahars one man lost his wife and five children. The scourge had done good by thoroughly humbling the people, and softening much of the ill-feeling towards the Christians. A crowd of Mahars, Kunbees, and Mangs came to my tent, petitioning that the master should be restored to them. The man is poor as a teacher, but has succeeded in winning the regard of all about him. I thought it better that he should return in spite of his shortcomings and want of courage, as the congregation promised very penitently to behave better for the future. There were several applicants for baptism.

In the evening we had such a Service as was never witnessed there before. *Mujree Chincholee* is a centre for several villages in which we have Christians. There we encamped on Sunday, November 27th, and collected our people from the surrounding district for Service. Many of the Chincholee people also came to hear, especially the women, who formed groups of different castes to view Mrs. Williams's pictures and machine. The Patheels came with the chief people of their gav to hear my story. They are of the Wanjari caste, and are properly only goods-carriers, employing hundreds of bullocks for that purpose. The Mangs of the village supply the Maharki (police and other services) this year, and have the surname of Ghorpada, the same as that of a distinguished Maratha family, one of the proudest in the Dekhan, though as to caste they are the lowest out-caste! Yet in the matter of names the Mahars supply even greater riddles than the Mangs. Some even own the surname of the famous Rama, as Avatār of Vishnu! The Marathas and Mahars begged for a school, and the latter expressed in a body a desire to receive baptism. It would be easy to baptize any number of the very poor, for they have a notion that it benefits them temporarily. But it would not be right to baptize unless we can provide them with Christian teaching. But they are too poor to maintain teachers, and our means will not permit us to extend our work.

My eight rupee globe has done good service to the Mission since I purchased it last May. It has been my constant companion. Those who would not stand for a moment to listen to bare preaching have sate an hour to hear the tale the globe has to tell, though the informa-

tion thus given is a wrench to deep-seated prejudices. Hindustan becomes insignificant beside other countries. The position of Lanka, or Ceylon, famous in Indian story, is noted. The Buddhism, crushed out of India, is seen to have gained a hold upon myriads of people. The Hinduism of to-day is new, and sinks in estimation as to its vitality and extent. Christendom is reinforced by the accession of the great looming Russia. Mussulman Dharma fades. The world is Christian. India is now but on a level with the interior of Africa, inhabited by the black, woolly-headed negroes. Every Christian country can point to the time when it was equally idolatrous and much more wretched. All this comes as a matter of course from looking at the globe, and hearing its story. My story is heard with patience, and I am not contradicted. I have even seen tears in the eyes of a hard-faced Kunbee as I have told him how miserable and insignificant we were before becoming Christian, whilst still degraded by our heathen idolatry. The masters have also profited by the globe, and it has aided their studies in Bible and Church history. The globe story is well remembered, and those who have heard it once are willing to point out places and facts to others.

I am anxious to present our head catechists, Jankey and Raghoo, for ordination. Native pastors if placed under the control of a European may be of great use in bringing Christianity home in all its ordinances to our native Christians. We are just now suffering from great laxity as to marriage by Christian rites, and the moral character of some of our candidates for baptism. It is therefore important that the defects in our Nagar Mission should be soon supplied; and by this means one at least of my European colleagues might be set free for work elsewhere. The Bishop proposes to ordain the two catechists to Readerships in February, on his return from Rajputāna. The three candidates for the office of catechist, Daniel, Satwa, and Simeon, have been itinerating in the districts; all show evangelistic power, and have made satisfactory progress in their studies. I have also a class of five candidates for the office of schoolmaster. A Brahman teacher has been secured for them, who has taken them in all but Scripture. This is taken by the European stationed at head-quarters. Into this class will be drafted at once out of the school those boys who show no special qualifications for learning English. On the other hand catechists should know English for the sake of the stores of knowledge accessible through it, which Marathi cannot supply. The boys who give promise of becoming masters of English are sent to the City School, which is preparatory for the High School. *Here English* and Marathi are studied together. A boy named

Baji, a son of Christian parents who had been Mahars, has lately been admitted there through our intercession. At first the other boys gave him a wide berth, and would not sit at the same table with him. But on the third day they were obliged to forego this distinction, for Baji's attainments placed him at once in the middle of the class, and occasionally he has been amongst first three or four in merit. It is important that we should thus avail ourselves of the Government help to education as equally the right of Christians as of others, and to familiarise our Christians with the society of those who are of a higher caste, that they may be ready to take their stand as on a level with any of them. Baji is the first Christian of Mahar descent who has been admitted into the City School.

We have as yet no native pastors and no churches. We have schools, masters, catechists, upadeshaks, and karbharies. The native congregations have contributed school buildings in some instances, their efforts being subsidised by the Mission. At Make we had a school built of boughs interwoven and covered with bajri stalks. When I was there on November 25th I found that this had been abandoned, and a very respectable one built, whilst the master lived in a separate house. This Mission was only begun in 1873, and the Christians baptized in 1878 by Mr. Taylor were the most abjectly poor. It is a great thing that they should have done so much as to help in the building of these rude schools. The time when the congregations may be self-supporting is yet far distant; but no opportunity must be lost of advancing in this direction.

The building of the new church at the head-quarters of the Mission has been progressing slowly. Help has been very liberally afforded by the Bishop, and the whole cost of the building has been provided for. We have now to make an effort to erect schools. The girls' school will probably be undertaken first, as Miss Dyer has already secured a considerable sum towards it. Much may be done by Christian women for their heathen sisters at Kharmundî. A Maratha woman, a convert of the American Mission, has done much to uproot prejudice among women of her own caste in the village. Mrs. Williams heard this during our visit. She is now visited by women of all castes wherever we go. Her pictures in the *Illustrated* and *Graphic*, supplied by unknown friends at home, and her sewing machine, have excited much curiosity and interest, and her knowledge of Marathi enables her to say something directly for Christianity. If some agency like that of Bible-women could be organised, it would meet a very great need.

The Mission periodical, the *Prakashak*, has now been continued

for two years, and is a very important part of our organisation. The articles have been improved, and are now better suited for their object than they were at first. The Christian Knowledge Society has liberally provided the expenses of it during the past year. I have applied for a continuance of this support for another year.

At the Conference at Bombay I urged the importance of providing some forms of prayer for our native congregations. I asked our masters to conduct before me the prayers which they say when left to themselves. I was painfully impressed with the baldness of the whole thing. A simpler and shorter Service is needed, and the chanting and singing should receive more attention. I shall attempt to prepare such a form, and I have no doubt that the Bishop will give his assistance and approval. A carefully prepared form of prayer is better adapted to the temper of our native Christians than the style of service in the Presbyterian Mission. Its characteristic should be short and intelligible repetition.

Among the helpers whose contributions during the past year we have to acknowledge, there may be mentioned especially the Guild of St. Lawrence, Kingsbridge. This Guild maintains one of our catechists at Sangamnair, contributing 360 rupees for the purpose. Mrs. Nunn, of Kensington, has contributed the monthly salary of one of our schoolmasters. Father Black, of the Cowley Mission, has rendered similar help. I have also to mention the valuable gift of Max Muller's Oriental works, for which, as well as for other kind contributions, I am indebted to Miss Maclachlan, of Bath.*

[* The following appeal has been issued, from Oxford, for the work at Ahmednuggur, and is earnestly commended to the attention of the readers of MISSION LIFE :—

"This work is in close connection with the S.P.G. A great influx of natives desiring to become Christians occurred during 1878. Of these 2,000 have since been baptized. This is equal to the total number of native Church people in the Diocese in 1877. Many more might be enlightened, were it not that a deplorable want of money has necessitated constant reductions in the Mission staff, until at last this district, the size of Wales, is now being administered by one priest, two deacons, and a lay reader. Many Christian communities are without religious teaching except when visited once or twice a year. The Mission is now £750 in debt. We could spend, writes the Bishop in his appeal in the *Guardian* of November 2nd, another £1,000 a year in Ahmednuggur alone, and we want £350 a year to keep us at our present point of effectiveness, without reference to our liberation from debt. Subscriptions may be paid to the Ahmednuggur Special Fund; S.P.G., 19, Delahay Street, S.W.; to Miss Maclachlan, 2, Great Stanhope Street, Bath; the Rev. J. O. Johnston, St. Stephen's House, Park Street, Oxford; or the Rev. W. R. Churton, King's College, Cambridge.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

By S. C. Maitland.

WE have to place a new form of work before the readers of Mission Life. Yet;—"to provide Homes for Destitute and Orphaned Children, in whatever way may be found expedient," represents assuredly no new claim. All are aware that there exist amongst us but too many children of this description. To speak of one class only, it can hardly be denied that a steady and hard-working man is unable, as a rule, so to provide for his children as to secure them from want in the event of his own, or of his wife's death. Still less is he able to meet the emergency when the death of both parents sets before his eyes no other alternative than crime or "the streets." We fully and gladly acknowledge the self-denying efforts that are made by the poor to meet the necessity arising in such a case as we have instanced. But it is obvious that there are many others in which the education of the Workhouse School is the best fate to be expected for a boy or girl who has lost both parents. Much has been recently said against these schools, and much has also been done to improve them; but at the best the life they present is a most dreary one; and it is a blessed thing to help in placing a child in a happier home. Let it moreover be borne in mind that children leave these schools at the age of thirteen. Although perhaps able to earn their livelihood at that age, they still need advice and care. And no "Guardians" can be expected to exercise the influence that would unfailingly be possessed by those who have shown a personal interest in the poor "Waif" or "Stray" with whom we are now concerned.

An extract from a speech by Rev. R. C. Billing of Spitalfields will show that there are many who are not sent to a school of any kind. He says: "When I know children are left orphans, I try to get hold of them at once, out of the lodging-house, or wherever they may be. I find that although it is comparatively easy to get hold of a boy, it is difficult to get hold of a girl. Why? Because the girl is worth a great deal more money. She can be sooner trained to bring in, by a life of crime, the cost of her 'adoption.' She will sooner move the pity of the passer-by, as she is carried about, in the earliest stages of her miserable life, an emaciated and seemingly doomed 'little thing.' Surely it is a Christian work to befriend such as these.

"You tell me that *your Poor Law* is intended to meet cases such as

these. I answer, Bring these children within reach of it; they can neither claim protection for themselves, nor will the neighbours, who are making money out of them, give them up without a contest; rescue them; place them in the Workhouse School, or, leave them to be boarded out by the 'Guardians' and—take the consequences. If they choose for themselves some other course, who can be surprised?"

Far harder questions arise when the children are destitute, not through the death, but through the fault of their parents; and we have observed a considerable difference of opinion as to the amount of help that should be given in these cases. On the one hand there is the fear of putting a premium on idleness and drunkenness; on the other there is the certainty that the child has every encouragement to follow the evil example of those around him, unless he is withdrawn from their influence. We shall probably prefer to err on the charitable side. There are cases in which one cannot but think with the Bishop of Bedford that "not only our Christianity but our Civilisation is at fault, if the present state of things be allowed to continue." An extract from the newly published "Life of Charles Lowder,"* indicates the state of things that is constantly met with. Referring to a school which he had established for girls Mr. Lowder asks: How could the Clergy or Sisters go out on their daily visits among the poor without meeting with very many pressing cases? Young girls, perhaps still in the school, or just out of it, living in the greatest peril, with a drunken father who might at any moment cast his child adrift, or an idle, unfeeling step-mother who would send her out to nurse some other child she could perhaps scarcely carry, or to be the one drudge in a house to a large family. If such a child should come home worn out, or be sent away because her work was too much for her, what unhappily would be found more common than for her "father" or "mother" to say: "Then you may get your living on the streets." Some are placed, almost as soon as they can stand, in workshops, factories, and even dust-yards, where they shrink, it may be, but uselessly, from the contamination to which they are exposed and gladly seek a shelter under a wing of a religious house, where, if admitted, their pitiful story is found to be one invariably pointing to the danger and wretchedness by which they were surrounded at "home." One such, whose temper often made it very difficult to keep her even for a week, would say that if she were sent out she was sure to be tempted "on to the streets"; another, who had lost her mother, had to get their meals for her brothers, who were thieves, and for the companions they brought with them; a third was exposed to

* Page 152.

temptation which must be nameless; whilst others were kept starving at home or were driven from it by "aunts," or other relations, who had undertaken to keep them.

It is not only for girls that protection is needed. Who amongst us has not heard of the young English boys recently discovered at Constantinople? Who has not grown sick of hearing the pitiful story which told us how they had been sold by their parents to the master of a company of "gymnasts," who treated them in a manner which, had they been brutes, would have rendered him indictable to our English laws. These children have been received by Dr. Barnardo, during such time as inquiries are made about their parents; and the readiness with which he has come forward in this case and in many others may furnish a lesson to loyal members of the Church of England.

To turn from these considerations to the work that is being undertaken for the benefit of these Waifs and Strays, we may say at once that the present provision for them is utterly inadequate. Any of our streets are a witness of this. But perhaps the testimony of Rev. J. W. Horsley, Chaplain of Her Majesty's Prison at Clerkenwell, will be felt more weighty in this matter than any words of our own could be. In a speech recently delivered in favour of the "Church of England Central Home for Waifs and Strays," he said that "A great many children were placed under his care, as chaplain, through the kindly feeling of the magistrates, although not in such numbers as they formerly were. In the year 1868, 10,000 young persons were committed to the House of Detention, and 7,000 in 1878; 929 in the latter year being under the age of 12, and 3,000 under 14. They were, of course, shut up in a cell all day, with the exception of the times when they were in chapel or at exercise. He could not help thinking that some other place might be found to send these little ones to. Notwithstanding the number of reformatories and industrial schools, it was increasingly difficult to obtain places for friendless children. Very often he had but seven days wherein to find a home for a child when discharged from custody, and frequently it had to go back to the misery and destitution whence it came. He believed the contemplated 'Home' would be useful, not only to individual children only, but to the entire nation, for prevention was better than cure."

It is proposed to open two small "Receiving Houses," one for boys, the other for girls, as soon as the necessary funds can be obtained. To these destitute children may be referred by any clergyman. They will be kept until the necessary inquiries shall have been made; and then, if it be decided that the case is one which should be dealt with by the Committee, steps will be taken to obtain a

permanent home where the child shall be brought up in the principles of the Church of England. The difficulty indicated in Mr. Horsley's speech will be met by this arrangement.

All who have had any experience of Schools or Homes for this class of children will know that even where there are no votes to be obtained, there are many inquiries to be made before it is ascertained that the candidate's case comes within the rules of the institution and can be accepted. In some instances, certificates of the parents' marriage or death, of the child's birth or baptism, &c., will be required, and it will necessarily take some time to obtain these; in some Homes, where prevention rather than cure is the object, inquiries are made as to the child's own character; in others, the recommendation of some one who can be responsible for a weekly payment is necessary; and while all these points are being settled, the child is lost sight of unless some provision can be made for it. An answer frequently made to school managers, while deliberating about the reception of a child is, "The Roman Catholics would be glad to have her." It is surely to be regretted that there should be even an appearance of unreadiness on the part of the English Church to undertake so good a work, and it may be hoped that to establish a Home where the children can remain, while their cases are considered and the best mode of helping them ascertained, may be a wise middle course, avoiding the evil of indiscriminate almsgiving, and the refusal to give anything for fear of assisting an undeserving case.

But it is not only, or even chiefly, intended to transfer children from Central Homes to other institutions, though this may be done sometimes. The preference will always be given to the "Boarding-out" system, whenever the children can be received into families offering proper guarantees for their being brought up in the faith of the Church of England. We need scarcely remind our readers of the advantages which family life possesses, more especially for the younger children. A child can be received into a family in the country for £13 per annum; whilst the cost per head in an institution is often £20, sometimes £25, or £27.

Another feature in the present scheme is that the work will be carried on as part of the Church's system. It is hoped that there will be found agents in every diocese ready to co-operate with any clergyman who may wish for their assistance in providing for cases of destitution. The parochial system offers an organisation fully equipped for the carrying out of any charitable work all over England.

It is not sought to establish an "Institution," but simply to find

"homes" for abandoned and neglected children; and it is therefore hoped by the Committee that there may be no expenditure to speak of on houses and establishments. But the number of children to be received and provided for must of course depend on the amount annually subscribed for their maintenance. Should the funds permit it, grants will hereafter be made to Church "homes" already established, and the number of clergy at present interested in the work is so large that a very considerable measure of success may not unfairly be looked for. It is, however, of paramount importance that the movement should become general, and that, if possible, every parish should be included in the organisation.*

OUR OLDEST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

By Rev. Canon Churton.

THE work of the Christian Knowledge Society in aiding by liberal grants the efforts of the Colonial Church to provide for the religious needs of the Colonies, and to evangelise the heathen, merits a special notice in the pages of a periodical devoted to Church work at home and abroad. The Society has now for many years been the great Church and School Society for the Colonies, and the pages of its monthly reports show how deeply the labourers in the Mission field are indebted to it for timely aid in their arduous work.

Leaving any special mention of the grants of books, which are too numerous to classify, we proceed to examine the grants of money for building and other purposes, which may be arranged as follows:—

The North American Churches stand first in the *number* of grants received, though many of them are of small amount. The amount of perseverance and patient effort which the reports reveal is most encouraging, and should call forth the general sympathy of Churchmen at home.

Next to North America, Australia and New Zealand have been largely benefited. The Dioceses of North Queensland and Perth in Australia, and the Dioceses of Auckland, Wellington, and Waiapu in New Zealand, contribute many interesting details of work.

* Miss Maitland, 19, Southwell Gardens, S.W., or E. de M. Rudolf, Esq., 3, Granville Terrace, East Hill, Wandsworth, S.W., will thankfully receive subscriptions or donations, and gifts of furniture will be very acceptable at all times.

In the third place South Africa obtains its share, though in the actual number of grants far behind the two above mentioned. Then come the West Indian Dioceses, whilst the grants to India and Ceylon appear to be comparatively few and far between. These last, however, though less numerous, are by no means the least in amount or importance.

Thus a grant of £500, subsequently raised to £1,000, has been allotted to the new Cathedral at Lahore. The Committee were led to approve this large grant by the large size of the building which it was proposed to erect, and by the Bishop's deep sense of the importance of the object, as shown by his munificent gift of £700 a year for three years. There has been also a grant of £800 for a Training College at Naini Tal, half the amount required to meet the Government grant, an urgent need of the Diocese of Calcutta being that of providing education for the poorer and middle classes of Europeans and Eurasians, especially for railway operatives and other *employés* at out-stations.

Another important subsidy has been given to the female department of the S.P.G. Mission at Delhi. The sum of £360 granted some years ago was renewed in July, 1881, to provide four studentships of £18 a year each to be held by European or Eurasian young women in training for Zenana Mission work, and for the maintenance of twelve native Christian girls at the rate of £4 a year in the Mission Boarding-schools.

Amongst the agencies of Mission work the seminaries at Madras and at Sawyerpuram have long held two of the chief positions, and have now a widely extended influence. The Society has for some years been aiding this work at the rate of £300 a year, divided in two equal parts between the two chief Mission seminaries and eight female Boarding-schools. The seminary in Sullivan's Gardens, Madras, commonly called the Vepery College, is the S.P.G. Theological College for the Diocese, for the training of candidates for Holy Orders. The Sawyerpuram seminary trains candidates for inferior offices in the Mission field, the higher class of men being drafted to the Madras seminary. The whole number of students in the two seminaries was reported to be 211, of whom 162 were at Sawyerpuram. In 1881 a ninth girls' boarding-school—that of Ramnad—was added to the list benefited by the grant. For this last Mission the Society has more recently granted a sum of £50 towards the £300 required for a printing press and its accommodation, to be worked in connection with Mr. Billing's Orphanage.

In Calcutta there is the mention of an interesting work of Miss

Hoare's. At her request, in June, 1879, the Society made a grant of 500 sets of pictures to accompany a Bengali translation of the New Testament, part of the Society's Bible stories produced by the Calcutta S.P.C.K. Committee. In May, 1881, she preferred a similar request for 500 sets of Old Testament pictures to accompany a Bengali translation of the Old Testament section to be revised by Dr. Banerjea. Miss Hoare is engaged in Zenana and school and other Mission work in the neighbourhood of Calcutta as a voluntary agent of the S.P.G.

In Tinnevelly a grant has been obtained by Bishop Caldwell for the restoration of the Church at Mudalur, destroyed by the storms and rains of 1880. Mudalur was the first Christian village in Tinnevelly, formed in 1797, and the name signifies "First-town." In 1840 a church was erected, which was for a long time the largest in Tinnevelly; the people contributed £40 in materials and labour. At a special Service on one occasion more than 1,600 souls were accommodated within its walls. The building suffered from the floods of 1877, and was considered unsafe. In the monsoon of 1880 it entirely collapsed. The whole roof came down, and the condition of the walls and arches was such that it became necessary to rebuild the church. The people, though poor, raised £100 amongst themselves, and the Mission has made steady progress towards self-support. The Society has also given some aid to the publication of Bishop Caldwell's work on Tinnevelly.

To the work of the Mission-house at Poona the Society contributed in 1880 £540 for the maintenance of 12 boys in the upper school, and for 6 students in the College. More recently a small grant has been made for a printing press. There are now more than 50 Christian boys in training in the house, the course including some trade. The Mission premises contain carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops, and some of the boys are learning trades elsewhere. The printing press will add another trade, and will be useful for the production of vernacular Christian literature.

In the diocese of Colombo, Ceylon, the Society has aided the production of a new edition of the Singhalese Prayer Book.

Passing from India to other parts of the Mission field, we find mention of a grant of £1,000 for the endowment of the North China Bishopric; and in the previous year a grant of £109 15*s.* 10*d.* for a new edition of the Prayer Book in Chinese, which was preceded by an inquiry as to the changes which the Bishop of Victoria proposed to make in the old version, especially as to the rendering of the words "God," "Bishop," "Priest," and "Deacon," and the language used in

relation to the Sacraments. It appeared from the reply, that the new version did not differ from the old, as to any of the points indicated.

Another work in Calcutta which the Society has aided is that of the Rev. A. Clifford, lately C.M.S. Missionary at Krishnaghur. He has been organising weekly lectures on the evidences of Christianity addressed to native gentlemen in and around Calcutta. The Society made him a grant of books selected from those issued by their Christian Evidence Committee, as adapted for the purpose of counteracting the evil done by the sceptical writings so easily obtainable and so eagerly read by many. More recently a grant of £150 has been made for a library for the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, which has been engaged in a similar work. One of their courses of lectures was attended by 200 or 300 young men, and they have been receiving visits from 25 regular inquirers.

The aid given to the Chota Nagpore Mission next deserves attention. The Christians connected with this Mission are now scattered over 414 villages. There are 11,212 baptized persons, of whom 920 children and adult converts were baptized in 1880. There were at the end of that year 629 catechumens preparing for baptism. Three deacons, after five years' probation, had been ordained to the priesthood, and 7 students of the theological class have been ordained to the Diaconate. The Mission is worked from centres at which churches are to be erected, with humble prayer-rooms in the surrounding villages. The Society granted £50 for a church at Dorma, the centre for twenty villages. The church is to be built of burnt brick and mortar, upon a site at present only held by lease, and is to accommodate 600 worshippers. Another grant of the same amount was made to Chaibasa, the centre of twenty-four villages.

The Karen Mission at Tounghoo has been aided (1) by a grant of £100 towards printing a Karen translation of the Prayer Book, and (2) by an addition of £80 to the £70 which had not been claimed of the former grant, in order to provide a printing press for the Mission. The Karen Mission is said to be one of the most hopeful of all the East Indian Missions, and the Missionary, Mr. Windley, has been always more ready to draw upon his own resources than to seek external assistance. The Moulmein Mission, in the same Diocese, has been more recently benefited, £150 having been granted in June, 1881, towards the building of the church. The Bishop spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Colbeck's Missionary labours, and of the results that have followed since the revival of the Mission of the S.P.G. in Moulmein.

In Australia the Diocese of North Queensland has attracted especial

notice. The Bishop was present at the Board meeting in April, 1881, and urged the claims of the Diocese, and the remarkable opportunities now open to the Church in that part of the world. The vast western country is now dotted over with settlers where a few years ago no white man had penetrated. When the earliest settlers penetrated the district, the blacks were so startled at the sight of a white man that they ran up trees. They had never seen a man on horseback, and imagined horse and man an entire animal. Now there are British settlers scattered all over the country, and towns are springing up along the coast. Some are near rich sugar-lands, as Mackay and the Herbert; while others depend upon a favourable gold-field. No means must be spared to plant the Church strongly and widely in this Colony. Whilst land is cheap it should be secured for Church purposes. The English population is largely supplemented by South Sea Islanders and Chinese, besides a considerable number of aboriginals. A grant of £1,000 was proposed to meet £4,000 from other sources, and this vote was confirmed by the Board in May, the whole sum raised to be invested and the income applied for placing pioneer or Missionary clergy in remote or poor districts of the Diocese. The Society has also contributed to a church at Walkeston for 1,500 labourers on the plantations, some of whom are South Sea Islanders.

There is also an interesting notice of the Mission to the aborigines in the Diocese of Perth, West Australia. The Bishop proposed to follow the method of the Roman Catholic Missions, where large numbers of aborigines are formed into industrial settlements, and employed in agricultural work and sheep-farming. It is hopeless to deal with the natives whilst leading their ordinary wandering heathen life. They must be gathered into industrial communities, and their children gathered into schools, and then settled in villages round about the centre or Mission-station. The Bishop had secured a tract of land on the Upper Murchison River, and here he proposed to plant a Mission, the staff to consist of a clergyman at its head, a medical man, if possible in deacon's orders, as his assistant, and two or three experts to teach farming and other work. These might form a Missionary fraternity, supported out of a common fund, and wearing a uniform dress. It appeared from the Bishop's account that there existed an opening for a very valuable work, such as might arrest the rapid dying out of the native races of Australia. £500 was granted towards the erection of the necessary buildings.

A similar work is in progress in the Diocese of Ballaarat, on Lake Condah, under the superintendence of the Rev. J. C. P. Allnutt. The

natives here have been well trained, and have shown great industry. One of their works was the cutting of a wide and deep drain about a mile and a half in length, intersecting a swamp of about 700 acres. They had also been quarrying some blue-stone said to be as hard as granite, in a manner of which European workmen would not be ashamed. They also quarry limestone, and burn lime. These are the materials for the church and cottages on the station. The natives spend whole days in the work of quarrying and draining, commencing at 9 A.M. and finishing at 4 P.M. One of them was seen wielding a hammer of 22 lbs. weight with an astonishing strength and precision. Mr. Allnutt said: "Lake Condah Mission is the brightest spot in all my 1,500 square mile block of country. The school bell rings twice a day for Divine Service, and never in vain. The people deserve a proper church. The Mission to the aborigines is one of the most successful in the land, and all around in the forest depths families have settled and are settling. Many of them come to the station for religious instruction and comfort." The Society granted £50 for the Church at Condah, but on the Mission Committee failing to raise the sum of £500, the grant was reduced to £30; the total proposed outlay being £250.

In the notices of South African work there are many interesting details given. Canon Crisp, of *Bloemfontein*, has been aided in bringing out a Theological Text Book of Old Testament History in Secoana. This was to be followed by a "History of the Life of our Lord," and other works. The Bishop of *Pretoria*, to whom a grant of £750 was allotted for church building in the Transvaal, announces that the church in Pretoria is a grand building for South Africa, and that by the stimulus given to local efforts by the Society's liberality the churches at Potchefstroom and three other places have been freed from debt, and three or four more new churches have been projected. The Bishop of *Grahamstown* has been aided in the production of a new edition of the Kaffir Prayer Book. The Bishop of *St. John's, Kaffraria*, has obtained two grants of £400 each for the erection of a large boarding-school and college at Umtata, for the whole native and white population of his Diocese. There are about 600,000 of the former, and perhaps 2,000 of the latter. The school was to board from thirty to fifty white boys, and the most promising pupils in the elementary native schools were to be drafted into the school at Umtata. The building when completed was to accommodate 100 natives as well as thirty whites. In *Maritzburg* Dean Green has had a grant for building a church at Ohrtman's Drift, where his son, the Rev. F. J. Green, had collected a congregation, and held Services with

them in the open air. It was a place in much need of religious effort, to save the natives from giving way to habits of intemperance, and to counteract their constitutional indolence. In *Madagascar* the Society has aided an important effort to build a good representative church at Antananarivo, worthy of its position in the capital of the country. The need for this was the more evident as the Jesuits, Independents, and Norwegians had each their comely places of worship, whilst the Church of England was compelled to abide in temporary buildings. The Malagasy were nominally a Christian nation, the Government having decided that it should be so; but a large number had not attached themselves to any of the Christian communities engaged in Missionary work in the country. They stood aside and curiously watched the operations of those communities weighing the question to which of them their adhesion should finally be given. The Society made a grant of £1,000 for this object. A considerable part of Pearson on the Creed has been translated into the Malagasy language, and a translation of Bishop Browne on the Articles has been commenced. The printing press at St. Paul's College, Ambatoharanana has also produced a Malagasy hymn-book.

In the notices of work in the *West Indies* there is mention of the church at Camunie Creek, built by the Chinese coolies by their own spontaneous efforts, also of the work of the late Mr. Pierce on the Potaro River, and of his baptism of 1,398 Indians in a place to which he had been invited by the chief of the Paramuna tribe. The Society aided him in the erection of a Mission-house with accommodation for native students at Bartica Point, the junction of the Essequibo and Massaruni rivers. In May, 1881, there was a letter from the Rev. H. J. May, giving further particulars as to the desire of the Indian tribes for religious instruction and Church privileges. A band of thirty came down to Bartica, and a few to George Town, some of whom were confirmed during their visit, and then returned to clear a site for new Mission premises and to erect temporary buildings.

To the Diocese of *Antigua* the Society contributed £500 for the endowment of the Bishopric; whilst *Jamaica* obtained £3,000 in answer to the appeal to repair the losses by the hurricane. *Nassau* has received £50 towards the expense of the Mission schooner.

In *North America* the notices of the rapid growth and development of the North-West deserve especial attention. In *Manitoba* a population without means except the power of labour is pouring itself at the rate of more than 10,000 a year over a land of many tens of thousands of square miles, a land in which a few years ago there were no churches, no schools or colleges, no provision for the maintenance of

clergy, none of the machinery which the Church requires for its ministrations. The Society has at different times shown its sense of the requirements of the Diocese by the following among other grants: St. John's College, £2,400; endowment of professorships, £1,500; students, £910. During the past year a sum of £2,000 was granted for church building. In *Moosonee* the work of Missions has been benefited by the Society's undertaking to print the Gospel of St. Matthew and the Prayer Book in the Ojibway Indian dialect, and also portions of the Prayer Book and a book of hymns in the Chipewyan language. Similar aid has been given to the work among the Sioux and Cree Indians in the Diocese of *Saskatchewan.*

During the year the Society has aided from a special fund Missionaries proceeding to Zanzibar, South Africa, the West Indies, British Columbia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. A large sum has been given towards the maintenance of theological students in the various Colonial Dioceses, and lastly, aid has been given to the important work of the Emigrants' Chaplain at Liverpool.

These extracts will suffice to show the wide extent of the Society's influence for good, comprising every kind of Church work, schools of all grades, Sunday-schools, colleges and seminaries, churches and Mission chapels, libraries, sustentation and endowment funds, industrial settlements, aid to emigrants, and these under every variety of circumstances to be found in the inhabited world. Although its work is to a large extent subsidiary to that of other agencies, for varied interest it is inferior to none.

DUST HO!

By H. A. Forde.

[Papers for Mothers' Meetings.]

XLII.

"PLEASE 'M, the dustman 's come."

How often is this announcement made in the thousands of middle-class houses of London, the neat parlour-maid waiting while her mistress lifts her head for an instant from her needle or her book to say, "Oh, very well, I suppose he is wanted," and then, as far as "upstairs" is concerned, the matter is done with. Downstairs maid and cook hope that their rough visitor will soon have done his work "tramping through the passages and making a mess."

"It's a comfort though to get rid of the dust," says the cook, gazing after the retreating cart and its unpleasant burden. The grander servants of the upper classes feel much the same towards the dustman as do the maid and cook; so do the poor; he must come, but he is a necessary evil, that is every one's feeling regarding him. As to the dust, they think less still of that; it is just "matter out of place," and must be taken to its place. But where is that place? Ah! here we come to a social mystery into which comparatively few have penetrated, but which when looked into is not without interest, the more private life of dustmen and their carts.

When the cart moves leisurely away from, say, the neat terrace or square in Bayswater, it has not far to go, only to the Paddington dust-yards, the largest in London, which take in not merely the refuse of the immediate neighbourhood, but also the "dust" of Park Lane, Covent Garden, and other distant places, according to contract. You imagine, perhaps, that a dustman does not care much where he goes in the pursuit of his calling, dust being dust all the world over. But you are mistaken here. The dustman is amusingly proud of "emptying" for the aristocracy, and pulls up his rather heavy trap before "my lord's" area gate with the gratified feeling of one who, in his own way, is on calling terms with him. There is a dustman whose work lies in the Park Lane and Grosvenor Square district who is a complete Court Guide, and who speaks of the Marquis of Salisbury and other noblemen as of those with whom his profession brings him into intimate and pleasant relationship. "The Marquis, he has been quite gay lately. Such dinners and suppers as he has been giving! He has wanted me up every day this week."

Dustmen you see enjoy "the Season" as well as their great patrons; they are in good work then, making, at the rate of 4*d.* a load, their £2 or £2 10*s.* a week. Of course during the greater part of the year their wages are much less, still they can generally make from 22*s.* to 24*s.* a week, including the pence received at many houses. It is a pity all are not considerate enough to give this "tip" in coin. Unfortunately it too often takes the form of "a glass of beer for the dustman. Poor fellow, he must be thirsty!" Oh, tender-hearted housemaids, and kind mistresses, if you could only follow the dustman about for one day, you would be surprised to find how often he was expected to feel thirsty, and you would speedily begin to fear that all this beer could not be good for him. The man himself knows it is not. He would in most cases greedily accept the pence instead. He knows his weakness. "I could give up drink easy enough if I wasn't a dustman," is the common cry; "but if I don't take the beer I might give

offence, and perhaps I shouldn't get anything at all. Besides, I thinks to myself, I might be thirsty another time, and not have the chance of it then." And so the moderate man gets into the habit of drinking, and the drunkard is helped lower and lower down, just because a compassionate woman allows her pity to get ahead of her sense. There is no doubt that this practice of pressing drink on a dustman is a sad encouragement to vice; but none the less there are sober dustmen to be found, who work hard for their families and try to lay up something for the dull season, which must inevitably overtake them in August and September.

And now what of the dust-woman and her work? She does not appear in public life as does her husband. Oh, yes, I speak advisedly when I call the dustman her husband; for dustmen usually marry into their own set, and the wife works in the yard while he goes out with the cart. I do not think you will say that her work is any lighter or pleasanter than his. She stands in the open yard with a crowd of other women busily sorting at the great heap of dust. Linen and cotton rags, bones, corks (for which they get *1s. 6d.* a bushel), glass, cinders, iron and other metals, all have to be set apart separately. In Paddington machinery is employed which sifts the dust, and reduces the labour of sorting, so that only eight women are needed in the yard. In the other yards, however, from eighty to ninety women find work, according to the season of the year, standing in the open air unprotected alike from the scorching summer sun and the keen blasts of winter. Their hours are from *7* A.M. to 5 P.M., an hour being allowed for dinner and half-an-hour for tea. They receive *1s. 7d.* a day and a sack of cinders. This is not a large sum, especially when one remembers that mothers with young children must pay for these being taken care of in their absence; but there is a singular attraction in dust-yard labour, embracing as it does the possibility at any moment of making some great discovery among the ashes and refuse. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," says the poet, and our poor women are eternally thinking their turn of luck *must* come. For years afterwards a dust-woman's eyes will brighten, and her voice take a livelier tone, as she descants on that wonderful find she once made in the heap.

Not many months back the workers came suddenly across sixty sovereigns all in one spot; the money had evidently been wrapped in some covering which had dropped away. It was very possibly the spoil of some thief, who had chosen a dust-bin as his bank, and been forced to give up the idea of recovering his treasure. It is a rule of the yard that the women may have all they find after showing the

treasure trove to the foreman, and in this case the money was divided among the whole of the lucky party. Dust-women, like dustmen, are of all sorts, and it is grievous to relate that some of those referred to immediately handed over the greater part of their portion to the nearest publican. A few, however, laid out their money to the best advantage, one poor woman buying clothes for her children, and another entirely setting up in life some orphan nieces.

Nor was this the most remarkable discovery made in the yard. A few years ago a sifter came upon a small tin box, so carefully closed that the woman could not manage to open it. She applied to a dustman to help her, but his efforts were unavailing also, and it was necessary to take it to the office. Here proper tools were at hand, and no less a sum than £104 revealed itself to the astonished eyes of the lookers-on. This great sum needed a special law for its disposal. It could not hastily be given to any one; so as a beginning a £5 note was handed to the lucky finder, and another to the man who carried the box to the office. The remainder it was intended to present to the hospital, but in the nick of time a widow woman came forward, proving the box and the money to be hers. She had hidden it in her dust-bin, as the only place where the gold was likely to escape the eyes of a worthless son during her absence from home. She, of course, received her property, and the master of the yard made good to her the £10 he had already given away. Diligent search is now being made for a pair of diamond ear-rings, a jeweller in Bond Street having written to say that he believed a case containing these valuables had been conveyed away with his dust. The women say they should find many more treasures were it not that the men get the first chance of them by keeping a sharp look-out when they empty their baskets into the cart.

Besides these great finds, many a stray sovereign, half sovereign, or other coin is often disinterred from the great rubbish heap. Other matters too, which most people might deem worthless, are thankfully picked out and carried off by the dust people. One little home that I know is beautified throughout with dust-bin trophies, the mantelpiece and side-table shining with showy bits of glass and china and ornaments of various devices. There are cut-glass decanters, flower-vases, wine-glasses, tumblers, and even a delicate little bowl of the lately fashionable iridescent glass. On the walls are suspended plates and dishes of all shapes and patterns, some being really of good old china. Do not look too closely or critically at the collection, for of course every piece is cracked, chipped, or flawed in some way, but be content with remarking that on the whole they

give a cheerful air to the tiny room. The fragments must have some value, too, for a second-hand dealer in such wares happening to catch sight of the decorations, asked the good woman of the house what she would take for some of them. "Nothing," she answered, briskly, "for if they are worth your buying they are worth my keeping." The same woman proudly pointed out to a visitor some gold-rimmed china plates in a prominent position on her walls. "That is some of the Queen's china," she said; "my husband got those plates a while back when he was emptying for *her* at the palace." Many a broken toy, too, that has had its day in the nurseries of the rich, goes through a second life of pleasure-giving in the dustman's cottage, the little ones there not being over particular as to dolls having eyes or as to wooden horses having tails and manes.

The dust people's houses, however, are not often kept in the spick and span fashion of our friend the china fancier. Their work is too pressing and too dirty to leave them much time for home adornment. When a dust-woman leaves the yard, and has fetched her baby from a neighbour (who, if it be an infant, has already brought it to her in the yard once or twice in the day), and has got the evening meal ready, she has not energy for much else. If she has a leaning towards decent ways, she has already tied a large apron over her dust clothes before taking baby, and thus protected, she sets to work at the bit of cobbling necessary to keep her children from falling into rags.

Dustmen, as I have said, chiefly marry dust-women, and a colony of such people generally take possession of a certain street or court. It is not a very lucrative profession, and rent in the neighbourhood of a dust-yard is often high, a family paying 3*s.* or even 5*s.* a week for a room. As many as six families will sometimes occupy one house. There is one court entirely inhabited by dust people, which has on this side the dust-yard itself, with its great heaps of refuse, and on that a mews for sick cab-horses. Can you realise all the unpleasantnesses arising from these neighbouring settlements? The people live in this court gladly, because it is "so handy to the yard." But they tell you the smells are awful, and in hot weather all but unbearable. And then the flies! In summer they can be likened to nothing but the Egyptian plague of old. A poor sick child lying in one house had to be covered with a piece of coarse muslin, or it would literally have been teased to death by a swarm of these tormentors.

All courts are not so bad as this one, and there are some really clean and tidy dust people; but their homes are few and far between. How can one expect the poor creatures to devote themselves to washing and cleaning when they have been toiling among dirt and

dust all day long, exposed to sun, rain, wind, snow, or hail, as the case may be? In bad weather they are often drenched to the skin by heavy showers, and yet are forced to go on working all the same. It is not to be wondered at that the dust-woman hardly looks above her daily toil, almost gets to believe that the biggest and most important thing in this world is "the yard," and as for any other world beyond this, why that is a thing for rich people and preachers to consider. Work over, she has no time for anything but her husband and children, no thought to spare but how to make both ends meet for them. The great burden of the poor dust-women is not their hard and unsavoury work in this world, but their utter inability to raise their eyes above their daily labour. Dust is their livelihood, dust is their all. The best of them have a vague notion that God is good, and that they belong to Him; the more ignorant are content to live and die like the beasts that perish.

As a remedy for this state of things, it was determined in the spring of 1880 to establish very quietly a Mission among the dust-people of Paddington, to introduce if possible "a little leaven" among that great solid mass of ignorance and misery and sin. A lady already used to visiting the poor of the neighbourhood was asked to take the superintendence of this, and a Mission-woman, who had gone through a course of training among the Vauxhall dust-workers, was engaged. She went round to the dwellings of the dustmen, and talked to the wives in the first instance, explaining to them as simply as possible the object of the Mission, and asking them to come to a meeting, specially intended for them, to be held in the schools of St. Mary's, Paddington, lent by the Vicar for the purpose. Wednesday evening, May 4th, was fixed for the first meeting, and very anxiously did the friends of the dust-women assemble in the schools towards 6 P.M. Would any of the women accept the invitation given? Would there perhaps be two or three only, looking uncomfortable and wishing they had not come? Or, most alarming idea of all, would some come the worse for drink, and make a disturbance, or laugh at the whole proceeding?

Such perplexing ideas did not last long. The school door soon began to swing on its hinges, and by twos and threes the poor women crept in till the number swelled to forty-two. All looking so neat and tidy too, one could hardly believe these to be the poor weather-beaten creatures out of the yard. The meeting was fixed for six o'clock so as to give them time to wash themselves and have their tea after leaving off work. The lady who conducts the Mission gives this account of the proceedings:—

"The first half-hour of the evening is spent in selling ready made

clothes at cost price and half the cost of making, and we take care that the things supplied shall be such as will be needed by the poor women and their families. Sheets, blankets, and table-cloths are sold, as well as clothing, and anything not in stock may be ordered. It is pleasant to see how much this sale is appreciated, these women have so little time for sewing at home, even if their hands had not become too coarse for any neat sort of work. They are amusingly eager too over their purchases, trying on the aprons before buying, admiring themselves and their neighbours in them, and loudly proclaiming the various articles to be both beautiful and cheap.

"The savings of the women are collected each week, small sums of twopence or threepence being the usual contribution. These are entered on a card which the woman keeps, and a duplicate entry is made in a book kept by the Mission-woman and lady-superintendent. The money thus put aside used to be spent in drink or frittered away in some other fashion, so that the depositors say they really do not miss it, and feel quite as if a present had been given them when enough money accumulates on their card to procure some long-desired garment or piece of house linen. The children, too, are often the better for this arrangement. Those who were in rags accompanying their mothers to the meeting in neat little Mission frocks. At 6.30, in another division of the room, reading begins. It is generally a story in which the whole company is intensely interested. At 7 the names are called over, and a hymn is sung, followed by a short address; a few simple prayers are next read, and then there is another hymn, which closes the meeting. While the greater part of the women are leaving the room a few hang back; it is the time for telling their troubles to the Mission ladies; and many a sad tale of desertion, distress, and poverty comes to light now, to be relieved if possible, but at any rate to be met with sympathy and attention. That these meetings are appreciated may be gathered from the fact that in July the number of attendants had risen to 80, and further increased to over 100 in September, or as many as the room will hold. There are 150 names, however, on the books."

Meeting the women face to face in this way and gaining their confidence many a little plan can be tried for their benefit. Thus sick and pining children have been sent into the country in the past summer, a remedy far better than medicine. The parents always help to pay for this, sometimes more, sometimes less, according to their means. Money is never given to these dust people, but relief is supplied in the form of tickets for meat, and plain sewing is given out to such as are handy at their needle.

A great pleasure was provided for them in the summer by some kind friends in the country sending up a hamper of flowers on the Mission evening. These were distributed after the meeting, eager hands being everywhere stretched out for them, and as the quantity became reduced the cry for "Just one, please; only one," showed how much they were valued. The spring wild flowers are especially admired and coveted; possibly these poor dust-women in their young days may have picked primroses and violets in their own grassy haunts before they ever thought of dust and dust-yards. At Midsummer a tea was given to all attendants of the meeting, eighty-four in number. It was prophesied that order would be difficult to keep on this occasion, that the women would pocket cake, and bring rum with them to put in their tea; but all such alarms proved unfounded, the poor things were simply and honestly happy and well-behaved. The glees and pianoforte duets given after the tea enchanted them to that degree that they declared impressively that "They could stop all night to listen to the music."

During the temporary cessation of the meetings in the autumn, when the friends of the dust people were out of town, many and eager were the inquiries made as to when they would return and the evenings "begin again." So soon as the ladies were seen in the streets of the neighbourhood, heads were thrust out of windows, and loud whispers heard in doorways of, "There they are; they 're back again, the meetings must be started again now." And some more determined characters, anxious to know exactly how matters stood, followed the ladies with a "Please, ma'am, it seems so long since we had a meeting, we were afraid you might be beginning them without our knowing." This danger was, however, guarded against by a post-card being sent to each woman, with the result of obtaining the largest attendance of the year.

The Mission-woman working under the lady-superintendent is, it is pleasant to record, "a real treasure." It is not all talk with her, and the dust people have found that out, and are truly fond of her. They have been able, too, to give substantial proof of their affection during a severe illness from which she has suffered. Two of the dust-women then took her completely under their care, one doing her washing, the other cleaning her room and waiting on her; neither of them would receive a farthing in payment of their services. The Mission-woman pays on an average seventy-five visits a week, at all hours and under all circumstances, by which means she is able to gain a tolerably correct idea of the character and condition of the people. Again she repeats the old story. The great stumbling block among them is

drink. On Saturday night you would hardly recognise the fighting, quarrelling, evil-tongued women for the well-behaved attendants of the Wednesday meetings. A kind friend has given £10 to be spent for them as is thought best in the cause of temperance, and if something more could be collected to add to the sum it is greatly desired to set up a Coffee Stall at the entrance of the yards to intercept the poor creatures as they come out tired and thirsty from their day's labour.

The dust people are far from hopeless; they are ignorant and careless, it is true, often drunken and utterly without religion; still they have souls, and they do not refuse to listen to those whom they recognise as meaning well towards them. Of course a great deal of work must be done in faith. As in the case of one regular attendant at the weekly meetings, who listens to the reading, tries to join in the hymns, and takes the liveliest interest in all that goes on. This woman leads a drunken, immoral life, and encourages her children to do so. Possibly, poor thing, she has never known any other life, so she has to be dealt with in the gentlest manner. Indeed, strange as it may seem, the ladies of the Mission are already fond of her, for she is always so pleased to see them. They have faith to wait, and not try to push on even good things too quickly with her, and they have hope that by-and-by light will dawn upon her degraded life.

Such women are often met half drunk in the streets, coming home from work; then a few halfpence are asked from them to put on their card, it being well-known that if these are further waited for they will in all probability find their way into the public-house till.

At one of the dust people's houses lives a woman, a great drinker, who some time since was dangerously ill of typhoid fever. Her husband, as great a drunkard as herself, was her sole attendant, and as he came home night after night utterly incapable of doing anything for her or for himself, you may imagine the state of dirt and misery in which the Mission-woman found them. The room was utterly unfit for any human being to occupy, a nest of filth and fever. The woman was removed to the fever hospital as the only chance for her life; but the man still drinking heavily, continued to fling himself down night after night in the same fever-stricken room, as reckless, and more careless of decency than a brute beast.

There is another dust-woman who is very violent when in drink, so violent that people are always expecting some dreadful tragedy in the house. Her husband had a bad fall a year or two ago, which fractured his skull, laying open the brain, and since that time he has *become very sensitive* to noise. No one can tell what that poor man

suffers from his wife's unruly behaviour. One day in a fit of drunken fury she seized the teapot and struck him violently on the head with it, cutting it open and all but killing him. He was carried bleeding to the hospital, where both the doctors and his mates urged him to bring his wife before the magistrates. He could hardly muster strength to speak, but he whispered anxiously, "No, no, I forgive her, I will have nothing done to her."

Another woman adds to the sin of drunkenness that of ill-treating her children. She kicks them and bites them, and turns them out of doors, so that they do not know where to lay their heads. One poor girl had settled herself for the night on a heap of corks taken from the dust-yard, when a neighbour took her into her own room, making her up a rough bed on the floor. This kind woman kept her until the Mission ladies managed to get her into the Trewint Industrial School, where she is very happy, and earning an excellent character from the matron.

A great deal of kindness is shown by these dust people to each other when trouble or poverty seizes on a family. When a man is out of work for any length of time, his mates have "a gathering" for him, each man paying his sixpence or whatever he can afford. The whole often amounts to a considerable sum, especially if the sufferer be at all a favourite. Often, too, the broken meat given to the dustmen by servants in large houses is (instead of being eaten by themselves) carefully treasured up and passed on to some poor widow, or to the starving family of a mate in distress.

In the fearful winter of 1880—1881 a poor old widow, whose sole means of livelihood was her earnings in the dust-yard, was laid up for many weeks by a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs; her bits of furniture and all her little comforts were parted with one by one, till there was nothing left to pawn. At last in despair she took that last step the decent poor always shrink from, of applying to the parish for relief. She was met by the reply that no relief could be given to her outside, she must come into the House. This the sick woman would not do, and she would certainly have died, had it not been for a poor neighbour looking in on her, and taking pity on her condition. For the poor old soul had neither fire nor candle in the bleak bitter cold, and she had had but one attempt at a meal that day, "hot-water soup," flavoured with pepper and salt. Her kind neighbour ran home immediately to fetch a bit of firing, a candle, and a loaf of bread, and found her husband just come in from work. On hearing the bad account of the old woman he desired his wife to take with her the bit of meat meant for his supper, saying quietly, "I'd a deal rather old

Bridget had it." Yet these people were themselves badly off at the time, and had a large family, while the husband was scarcely himself recovered from a long illness.

Poor old Bridget struggled through this attack, thanks to her kind friends' care, but only, it is to be feared, to lead a suffering life, for her lungs are seriously affected, and as she says, "I must work till I die; for what have I to live on but my work?" This was her simple answer to the doctor, who prescribed for her absolute rest. Her fellow-workers say they are afraid she will fall down dead in the yard some day from sheer exhaustion, and when the basket of cinders gets heavy to move, even the boys will say, "Hold hard, Bridget, I 'll lift it for ye." This poor lone suffering woman is an example to all of us, for she is never heard to complain, and her gratitude for the smallest kindness shown to her is most touching.

One other anecdote of kindness among the dust people, and I have done :—

A poor woman with seven children, her husband away seeking harvest work, found herself utterly unable to procure even bread for her children out of her small earnings in the dust-yard. A fellow-lodger, pitying her distress, took her baby at once under her care, and also entirely fed one of the elder children, without a hope of reward. This good Samaritan has no children of her own, and her husband is a great drunkard. He, however, cannot be all bad, for he takes the deepest interest in the poor little baby; and when it was ill for a few days, he made it a practice to run in from work, just to ask after "the little 'un." "See, she knows me already, and stretches her little hand to me," he says, with the pride of a real father. Who knows but that the kindly deed of the wife, in taking the half-starved baby into her arms, may yet be repaid to her a hundred-fold by the better turn it may give to the husband's life? With a little one at home to love him, he may perhaps come to care less for public-house attractions.

There is a box placed in the dust-yard for donations to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and it is not put there in vain. These poor people are very grateful for all the kindness shown to them when sick in this hospital. A poor man, who had just been discharged after a severe illness, observed. "Part of my week's wages shall go into that box." He added also, "And I mean to go to see the nurse that looked after me, as soon as I can get about, for she not only waited on me, but ran to my bedside and read to me whenever she had a moment to spare."

We have now come to the end of our dust-story. Perhaps it may *reach the ears of some* living possibly in all the beauty of cleanliness

and refinement, not a quarter of a mile from the dust people's court. Some who never knew such people existed. Of course they know that there is always a man with the dust-cart; but that he has a home-life—a wife and little ones, all with natures capable of being raised to the likeness of God or lowered to the level of the brutes—such a consideration has never occurred to them before. It does trouble them now, however. Few of us are made of stone; we should all like to do a kindness to a brother, be he only a rough dustman. So let us hope that Hyde Park, and Grosvenor Square, and Westbourne Terrace, and a hundred other neighbourhoods where the kindly rich congregate, will not rest till they have helped to do something towards bettering the condition of the dust people.

No one will sleep the worse (even on down pillows) for sending a few shillings towards the succouring of "old Bridget," and there are many other such cases. Very recently, a simple but pitiful story was told in the daily papers. Only the death of a poor girl of fifteen, a dust-yard worker. The heavy baskets she carried on her head brought on injury to the spine, which, coupled with poor food, speedily killed her. A visit, a little help, a few days rest, might have saved the poor child, but she had not come within the small circle of the Mission, and she died destitute and neglected.

We are sure this notice will not have been written in vain. The dustman is constantly doing us a service; let us now see what we can do for him.

The work we have sketched needs further help. If any will send such to Miss M. E. Cope, 25, Cleveland Gardens, Hyde Park, W., it will be thankfully acknowledged, and applied to the benefit of the dust people. Miss Cope is the Superintendent of the Mission.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

CALCUTTA.

The Brahmos: "Some People call me Antichrist": "Natural" and "Artificial" Communion with God: Two Kinds of Water: The "Inner" Light: Sense and Sentiment: Additional Clergy: Tricksters: A Proposal.

The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh delivered at Calcutta, in the latter part of November, a course of lectures addressed to the Brahmos, showing that they owed the knowledge of these truths to the introduction of Christianity.

The Oxford Mission has been reinforced by the arrival of the Rev. M. F. Argles. In a letter written two days after his arrival, he says, "It is not a good time for giving lectures now, on account of the University Examinations, but we hope to begin in January." The Mission Press is doing good service, and may soon rival that of Bishop's College in its best days. Two more "Occasional Papers" have appeared. No. 1 was that of Dr. Banerjea, already received; No. 2 is by the Rev. S. W. O'Neill, and the subject of it is: "Brahmoism, is it for or against Christianity?" A preface, dealing with some of the features of Brahmoism as developed by Keshub Chunder Sen, is prefixed by Mr. Willis. The author explains that the lecture had its origin in a remark made by one of the Brahmo leaders, who said, "Some people call me Antichrist." This had led him to consider how far his teaching had an Antichristian tendency, through his claiming to have a commission from God to lay the foundations of a new faith, truer and purer than Christianity. In the lecture he compares Brahmoism with Christianity under the three heads of Dogmatic Theology, Moral Theology, and Ascetic Theology. Under the first head he points out what Brahmoism has in common with Christianity, and then goes on to show the evils of Guruism, and the faults and defects of Mohammed and other prophets whose claims were upheld in opposition to Christ. Under the second head it is admitted that there is no ground of complaint in the teaching of the Brahmos. As to Ascetic Theology, the Brahmo contended that the means of communion with God might be divided into two parts—one "natural" and the other "artificial." The natural means are prayer and fasting; the artificial include music, dancing, singing, the suspense of the breath—used in particular sorts of meditation—the fixedness of gaze upon one particular object, and all other practices resorted to either to produce abstraction of mind or to stimulate the sense of communion with God. This he illustrated by the example of a friend of his, now a Christian, formerly a Sufi. His pir, or preceptor, was a man who lived upon one pice a week. His only food was the meal purchased with that pice mixed with water, and drunk at intervals. His pupil imitated him, and practised zikr to such an extent that he could not hear the name of God without bursting into tears. He believed that he had attained to the vision of that interior light supposed by the Sufis to be the uncreated light of God. But this artificial means of communion with God is delusive, because it is based upon a wrong principle. He then showed how the communion of Christians with God is *through the Sacraments* of the Church. In conclusion, he said,

whether Brahmoism is for or against Christianity, is a question the answer to which belongs mainly to the future. It may be, like Judaism, a monotheism preparing the way for Christianity.

No. 3 is by the Rev. C. E. Kennet, D.D., on "The Catechetical School of Alexandria; its Lessons to the Missionary Clergy of India." From the example of the Alexandrian Fathers the Christian Missionary, or apologist, learns to meet the educated heathen on the common ground of their own philosophy and literature, not condemning and discarding the whole assemblage of heathen opinions and practices, but recovering and appropriating, with conciliating wisdom, whatever may be true and right in those opinions and practices. We must not, however, confound the Scriptural dispensations with the religions of the world in the false hope of effecting an identity between them. Some of Professor Max Muller's works tend thus to regard Christianity as a fellow religion to other religions of the world, springing equally from what he calls "the sacred soil of the human heart." A recent lecturer in Madras, on "God revealed," has combined a similar idea with false and misleading views of the Divine personality of our Lord. But the Alexandrian view of heathenism as containing gems of truth was free from any such tendencies. It is one which should be impressed on Missionaries at the present day. There was a time when Mr. Ward, of Serampore, depicted Hinduism as all so dark and repulsive, that there was no bright spot, no single streak of light, to be found in it. A reaction set in with Professor Maurice's love of Eclecticism, and rehabiliment of Hinduism as a religion of the world with a bright side as well as a dark. Hindus are now said, in accordance with the saying of Tertullian, to be by nature Christians. The study of Hindu philosophy and religion should not be neglected, and it should form a part of the training of our Missionary Colleges. In conclusion, Mr. Kennet urged the great importance of systematic instruction of our converts after baptism. Baptized converts too often sink into their places among the congregation, and are treated as old Christians.

The professors and students of the Cathedral Mission Divinity School have been gathering large and attentive audiences for open-air preaching in College Square, and a large number of inquirers have resorted to them for conversation and instruction.

The Committee of the Calcutta Additional Clergy Society unhappily report a deficiency in their funds, and a general lack of interest in their work. With the prospect of reduction in the number of the chaplains maintained by the State, the need to place the Society on a better basis will be apparent.

In December there was a public discussion in Calcutta between a Mohammedan Moulvie and Warris Hossein, an inquirer at one of the Scotch Missionary Institutions. It was opened by Warris Hossein, who quoted some of the New Testament. This was replied to by the Moulvie quoting in favour of the Prophet some stupendous and extraordinary miracles. This went on for some time, until the convert renounced Christianity, and openly declared himself a Mohammedan again. The whole business was evidently got up for the glorification of the Moulvie.

The Rev. J. Greatheed has addressed a letter to the Bishop of Calcutta on a scheme for Missionary agency in the Central Provinces. He recommends a Missionary community, including lay men and lay women, who might buy a village and develop native industries. Native customs should be respected, and the appearance of a European colony should be avoided. The Missionaries should identify themselves with the people, and exercise moral influence, and sympathise with them in their work. It is to the industrial and poorer classes rather than to the intellectual Babus of Bengal that we must look for the regeneration of India; as in the beginning of the Gospel it was not in intellectual Athens, but in busy industrious Corinth, that the Lord had a multitude of people. It would also be a positive gain to a Missionary to have some active occupation which would tend to keep him in health of body or mind, and would bring him into close contact with the natives, and enable him to imbibe native thoughts and traditions.

BURMAH.*

A Foundation-stone: Interesting Ceremony.

There was a large and interesting gathering at Moungan, in Burmah, on St. Michael's Day, for the laying of the foundation-stone of St. Augustine's Church. In the Services three languages were used—English, Burmese, and Tamil. At 4.30 P.M. there was a procession to the church site, the boys of the school, 120 in number, being followed by the choir. The choir and clergy sang a Burmese version of the anthem which St. Augustine and his forty monks sang while going to their first interview with Ethelbert, King of Kent: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all Thy mercy, that Thine anger and Thy fury may be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy House, though we

* We are glad to learn from the Bishop that Church progress in this Diocese was understated in our last, and is considered by his Lordship to be thoroughly satisfactory. The understatement was, we believe, made, as it certainly was published, from no unworthy motive.—(ED.)

have sinned against Thee. Alleluia. Amen." The procession having completed the circle, returned to the west end of the church, where the wall had been built up to the plinth, over which there was suspended from a tripod the foundation-stone. In a cavity beneath the stone there was placed a bottle containing the current coin of the realm, the *Moulmein Advertiser* of the previous Tuesday, the vernacular newspapers, a copy of the Special Service used, of the Burmese Communion Service; also a copy of the inscription on the stone, and a short account of the purpose and intention of the church, concluding with a complete list of the chief ecclesiastical and civil rulers of the Empire, Province, and Division. The Archdeacon said the Prayer of Benediction, which was repeated in Tamil by the Mission Priest, and by the Rev. A. Colbeck in Burmese. There were rumblings of thunder, and rain began to fall heavily during the Service, but there must have been fully 400 persons present. After the Service most of them took refuge in the school-house, where addresses were given by the Archdeacon and Mr. Colbeck. The latter, addressing the Christians in Burmese, said: "This is but the beginning, and not the end. They must continue in daily prayer for a blessing upon their church, so that when completed, it may witness the reception of numbers of Burmese, Tamils, and Chinese, into the true faith of Jesus Christ."

GUIANA.

On the Upper Essequibo.

The Bishop of Guiana held his Confirmations in the Upper Essequibo Mission on November 20th. Large numbers of Indians assembled. The gathering at Bartica in particular was a very solemn one, the sad trouble that so lately befel the Missions in the drowning of Mr. Pierce and his family was evidently uppermost in the minds of the large congregations that assembled to meet their Bishop.

SOUTH AFRICA.

A Variety of Races: A House of Mercy: The Bishop of Zululand: A Notable Scheme: Maritzburg.

The Rev. Canon Lightfoot, in a letter dated Easter, 1881, describes the different races who form the population of Cape Town.

"First we have the descendants of the aboriginal tribes of this part of South Africa. There are very few pure-blooded Hottentots or Bushmen here, but many of our half-castes exhibit the distinguishing facial characteristics of this remarkable people. Then we have the

descendants of liberated slaves, representatives of many different tribes on the West Coast of Africa, as well as from the East Coast, from the regions washed by the Zambesi, and from Madagascar. There are also many representatives of the warlike nations on our eastern and north-eastern borders. We have Zulus and other kindred tribes; very many Basutos and men speaking various Sechuana dialects; and lately many natives from the region about Delagoa Bay, employed here principally at the docks. A few Hindus have found their way here from Natal, where so many are employed as coolies on the sugar plantations; and lastly, there is the very interesting Mohammedan community, originating in the natives of Java and others of the Dutch settlements of the East, who were sent here as slaves a century and a half ago, but increased and influenced in various ways by additions, as well from the black races as unhappily from Europeans. The result of all this is that among the inhabitants in almost every street may be found every possible shade of colour—black and white, brown and yellow. On the occasion of the emancipation of the slaves in 1835 the Mohammedans considerably increased the number of their adherents. Christian work was also commenced, but not by our Church until the arrival of Bishop Cray." At first Canon Lightfoot's work amongst the coloured people was a branch of the Cathedral organisation, classes and Services being held there on Sunday afternoons. A Mission school was afterwards added, and by degrees St. Paul's Church, which was consecrated at Easter, 1880. Here he has a daily Evensong, besides Sunday Services and celebrations, and schools attached to the church. There were eighty communicants at Easter, 1881. Since the consecration of the church more than fifty have been confirmed, and 159 baptized. There are about twenty adult catechumens, and several Mohammedans amongst them.

One of the many good works undertaken and carried out by Bishop Gray in Cape Town was the erection of a House of Mercy or Penitentiary. The work was brought to a successful result in December, 1868, and in the following year he was able to report well of six penitents who were inmates of the house. Since 1880, in consequence of a Report of the Committee of the Synod, an effort has been made to remove the Refuge to a more suitable position. Subscriptions have been obtained both in England and in Cape Town for a new and enlarged House of Mercy. The present house is too small for the needs of the work, and in a bad neighbourhood where the quiet needed by the penitents cannot be secured. It is proposed to build a house to accommodate thirty—twenty-four of a lower grade and six

of a higher grade—and with arrangements which will allow the separation of the different classes of penitents, who are now mixed up together.

Bishop Mackenzie of Zululand has issued the following notice:—

The Bishop is willing to undertake the board and further education of boys and young men, who with the consent of their parents or guardians will devote themselves to Missionary work in the Diocese. I. Candidates must be well recommended by their parish priest and schoolmaster. II. They must be at least fifteen years of age, and have received a good English education in reading, grammar, and composition. They must write a good hand, and be fairly advanced in arithmetic, geography, and history (English and South African). Some knowledge of Latin and Greek is highly desirable, and also musical ability. III. They will be expected to learn Zulu thoroughly, and to take part in the instruction of boys in the Native School, and to be ready for any work which the Bishop thinks suitable for them, and needful. IV. They will be received for one year as probationers. At the end of that time the Bishop will decide whether they show sufficient signs of a vocation for the ministry. If so their education will be continued under the personal superintendence of the Bishop. If not, they will either return home or remain in the Mission under some further arrangement.

In Maritzburg the work amongst the natives shows most satisfactory progress. The old school of St. Mark, Maritzburg, now under the charge of the Rev. F. J. Green, has been supplemented by a day and night school at Ohrtman's Drift, and by St. Alban's Training College for boys and young men, which was opened on February 1st. The latter is a scheme of great importance, and it is hoped that it will be the means of supplying native teachers, and in time even candidates for Holy Orders. Mr. Green has rented a house in Maritzburg, and has already twenty-one students living with him, whose payments amount to £15 5*s.* a month; deducting rent and taxes, which amount to £9 1*s.* per month, there is a balance of only £6 4*s.* per month for household expenses. The work thus requires immediate support to keep it going.

AUSTRALIA.

A Scene at Sydney.

There appears to have been a strange scene at the General Synod of the Province of Australia, held at Sydney on the 10th of October. One layman objected to the Prayer Book because the observance of

Saints' Days was Popish and superstitious; and another declaimed against the use of the Psalms of David, as "teaching us to hate and call down vengeance upon those whom the great Master of the Church taught us to forgive." His language was ruled to be extremely irreverent and unfit to be heard in the Synod, and upon this he said it was impossible for him to remain, or to take any part in the proceedings.

HONOLULU.

First Experiences.

In a letter to the Warden of St. Augustine's Mr. Whalley describes his arrival at Honolulu between two and three in the morning of Trinity Sunday. He found the Cathedral open, and seeing that there was to be a celebration of the Holy Communion at 6.30, he resolved to wait, and sate down. He fell asleep till the verger awoke him. He went to his house, and had half-an-hour's chat with the old man, when the Bishop arrived. After the Service we drove up to his house, the College. Most of the houses are wooden—frame-houses, as they are called. On the day on which Mr. Whalley wrote there was to be a Confirmation at the Cathedral. The Princess Likèlikè was among the candidates, a grown-up married lady.

IN MEMORIAM.—PRISCILLA WINTER.

OUT in the vineyard, early called, she toiled,
And bore the heat and burden of the day,
For love of him whose helpmeet she became,
And for His love whom they together served.
And many said, "'T is goodly work and wise,"
And many deemed that of the Master's self,
She much had learned, and, ready to be taught,
Said, "Show us how to do this task and that."
And lo, at noon, with half the work to do,
The Master said, "Go call this labourer
And give her hire;" and then she left her toil,
Not weary in well-doing, nor dismissed,
But that the Master noted in His book
Her share fulfilled, and now would have her rest.

J. S. JONES.

A VILLAGE COMMUNITY IN EAST AFRICA.

By Rev. Chauncy Maples, M.A.

No. I.

ARTICLES have several times appeared in MISSION LIFE during the past year touching the relation between Missions and the Civil Power, and the laws and principles that should govern the actions of Missionaries who find themselves in charge of communities in the stranger's country. Those who have taken a principal part in the discussion have been Mr. Cust, Mr. C. T. Wilson, and Bishop Steere. Without attempting to offer a criticism on the views of these experienced writers, I may perhaps be allowed to add a few remarks on the subject, as being myself one in the position of a Missionary priest placed at the head of a village whose inhabitants are like himself, strangers and foreigners in the land in which they are settled.

At Masasi we are in one sense at least an independent community, for our people are freedmen formerly released at Zanzibar, who being put under our care there, agreed to come here with us and settle under our spiritual government. As Bishop Steere rightly says, there is no such thing as a "No-man's land" in Africa, and so, arrived at Masasi, a country then, as now, in the hands of the Makuas, we asked and were given a lodgment. No formal agreement as to government was made between the head-man of the district and ourselves, but it was tacitly understood that the village of freedmen would be ruled by the English Missionary with reference to the local chiefs in all cases in which any of their people might be involved. Again, we being in the position of their guests, they would hold themselves responsible for discussing and deciding cases which might arise between ourselves and other strange sojourners in their country, as, *e.g.*, scattered communities of the Yao tribe. Just as these Yao village communities are self-governed, so are we; and just so far as they are not independent of the Makuas who hold the land, so are not we. Now the Yaos in these villages carry on all the judicial cases in which they themselves only are concerned by reference to Yao law and customs, which in many respects vary materially from those of the ruling Makua power. Similarly we rule according to Christian law, and where this clashes with Makua law are not concerned to consult it, save only where the

case is one in which Makuas are involved, and then we have to make the best compromise we can, being of course in duty bound to give ample satisfaction for offences against those in whose country by their courtesy we are allowed a foothold. In one regard we are an independent community, in another we are as certainly dependent.

But it is truly said, "Missionaries ought to form a Church, they often do form a statelet." What prevents our being in a full sense a "statelet" is, amongst other things, the fact that no one is bound to stay with us, and that so, any offender who is unwilling to pay the penalty of his offence is free to take himself off. As a Church in contradistinction to a kingdom of this world, our means for gaining our end are different in nature from those of a state. It has often been pointed out that it is not so much the question of the end or object we have in view, but of the means we employ for compassing that end, that constitutes the difference between a church and a political power of this world. It is one thing for a spiritual guide to acquire something of the character of an earthly ruler in a society where misgovernment and lawlessness prevail, the evil state of things somewhat calling for a corrective at his hands. It is quite another thing for him to claim such a position, and by virtue of such a claim to call in force in shape of the temporal sword to punish offenders therewith. We may enact what laws we think fit for the government of those who consent to live under us, but the sanction of these laws can only be enforced by moral influence, this being the only coercive power that properly belongs to us as rulers in a spiritual kingdom. Christianity as such cannot be sustained by civil punishments. Its very distinctive character would be lost in the process. It would become as nothing. We should scorn to seek for it such a prop as nothing less than a degradation and an insult to its own peculiar spiritual power. Those who refuse our punishments must be allowed to leave us. On doing this, indeed, here at Masasi, they at once become to all intents and purposes outlaws, and as such are liable to be immediately caught and made slaves again, unless they are fortunate enough to make their escape to the coast, and as freedmen come under the protection of civilised law. A case occurred some time ago of one of our people going out from our village of her own accord, although she was pressed to stay, and warned that her lot might be slavery. She deliberately placed herself under a neighbouring chief, and some three months ago was actually sold as a slave a second time.

Our friends the Makuas recognise us certainly as an independent state, and show themselves very unwilling to interfere with us in the government of those under our care. They know nothing of

Christianity, but assuming that their laws are very different from ours, leave us to exercise our rule in whatever way we please when the interests of their own subjects are not in dispute. It sometimes happens that our black sheep—for in such a community as ours it must be that the class exists—not liking the restraint of our code, of their own free will leave us, and winning over the feelings of some one of our neighbouring chiefs towards them, manage to get enrolled as members of his community. In their new home, having freed themselves from Christian law, they think to live outside all native law as well, and on being called to account before the native tribunal for fresh misdemeanours begun under the new authorities, are given to boasting themselves our people still. It need hardly be said that in such cases we make strenuous efforts to get the native chiefs to punish them according to their code; although from a certain respect the local potentates have always entertained towards ourselves and our belongings, coupled with a half belief in the vain boast wherewith it is sought to deceive them, they are very loth to do it. That this, however, is not always the case may be gathered from the instance I have already cited of the woman sold into slavery by the man under whose protection she had placed herself.

Our position at Masasi could never be maintained by force, *against the ruling power*. We are here on sufferance, and should the Makuas at any time wish us to evacuate, we should certainly have to do so, if they were to press the point. On the other hand, we should not feel ourselves bound to yield to any other tribe who might come to make war upon the Makuas for the purpose of driving us out of the country, provided that the Makuas were willing to make our cause their own. And further, in the event of an aggressive attack upon these our neighbours for the acquisition of territory, it would be our duty, as I conceive it, to assist them in holding their land, if, as would be sure to happen, they were to ask us to do so. Whether as priests we should ourselves carry and use fire-arms in such emergencies I do not feel certain; but I am clear that if our men are to be encouraged, as in the above cases, to rally on the side of our friends, then we as their rulers and guides should not be absent from their side even in the thick of the fight.

Leaving for notice in another paper the methods by which we carry on our ecclesiastical government at Masasi, it may interest some readers to know our attitude towards slavery and the slave trade, and to furnish hints as to our treatment of malcontents and others coming to seek asylum with us, whether as runaway slaves, freedmen from Zanzibar, or strangers who can give but very little account of themselves at all. We interfere with no slave caravans, and warn our

people to molest neither slaves nor slave-drivers. We are here for the conversion of the tribes to Christ. But the Gospel works quietly, and old-established laws and customs, however antagonistic to the law of Christ, cannot be broken up by violence nor over-ridden rough shod. The Spirit of Christ must be ever our persuasive power, not the arm of the flesh. Moreover, our very faith itself actually abjures force and "throws itself upon moral influence for its propagation and maintenance." It is therefore wholly outside our province to exert any physical force in the matter. I might go further and say, that for us to break into a caravan of slaves, and by chopping off their slave sticks to leave them free to run away would be an act of rank piracy. No, in this as in many other matters, we can but persuade to better things, and as long as the trade is the custom of the country and not forbidden by any law of the interior, we do not feel ourselves justified in harbouring or hiding any slave who may get away from his caravan and seek a refuge with us. In such cases we do not always thrust a runaway slave away, but if on the ground of recent illness or gross ill-treatment we allow him a temporary resting-place amongst us, we at the same time give him clearly to understand that upon his lawful owner appearing and claiming him, we shall not attempt to keep him. This is so widely known to be Masasi rule that each year fewer runaways present themselves, while the dealers know well that Masasi is no better refuge than any other place on the road for a would-be deserter from the caravan. It has happened though that a passing slave belonging to the Nyassa tribe has seen or heard of a brother or sister living amongst us. If such an one runs away to us, we keep him, though not secretly, until his master appears; and then, if we can agree as to terms, redeem him and give him a home in our village. A stranger from a distance who apparently has never been a slave, but has wandered away from his own people without any good cause, and who, attracted by the fame of Masasi, comes and asks to be allowed to live here, is always refused, and bidden go back to his own people. A man coming from the coast with a paper of freedom and a similar petition is usually admitted on condition of his bringing a wife with him. In all these cases no reference whatever is made to Makua authorities.

We hold our land at Masasi, as I have already said, as a gift from the Makua head-man. He leaves us free to cultivate (wherever gardens do not already exist) next to those he has already made over to us. On one side of our present boundary line his people live, and their gardens touch on ours. From time to time, as we desire to extend our borders, we buy pieces of this cultivated ground from

the owners in presence of their chief. This land then passes over to us, and we hold it as our rightful possession until such time—may it never come!—as we are bidden by the local authorities to quit the country altogether. It is very clear to me that no sort of jealousy exists on the part of our Makua friends on account of the size and extent of our settlement in their midst. On the contrary, the most friendly relations exist between us, and we are always bidden to introduce as many released slaves into Masasi as we please. Although the lords of the land have made few advances to our faith as we preach it to them, they have not been behind hand in welcoming us amongst them socially. They consider it a thorough gain to themselves in every worldly respect that we should be dwelling here. Our prestige keeps off marauders, and our influence certainly tends to stifle vice, and make all the grosser crimes hide in shame. Thus much our Christianity has, under God, already worked for their benefit and improvement. Of our attempts to spread Christianity amongst them, and to work for their conversion, it does not come within the scope of this paper to speak.

A few rules we have made to guard the morality of our village, which affect outsiders. Amongst the most important of these is a law that no native who is not a member of our community be allowed to join in the dances held by our own people at night. I got this rule passed by reference to the governing Makua chiefs, whose leave I have to turn out any offender on this score, at first by words, and if these fail, by recourse to force. I do not remember one single instance in which, this law having been infringed, the transgressor has not immediately taken his departure quietly on being warned by me that he is breaking the rule which his chief has pledged himself to support. It is surprising sometimes to see how thoroughly well these heathen neighbours of ours conform to the rules and laws which govern their society, and how seldom they refuse to accept the decision of their local chiefs.

From what has now been said with regard to our position at Masasi, and the principles on which in a state of dependent independency (if the expression may be allowed) we carry on our affairs, it may be seen how far our village community partakes of the character of a "statelet."

I must be allowed to say that in my opinion neither Mr. Cust's very lucid explanation of the true relations of a Missionary colony to the local powers in a savage country, nor Bishop Steere's exposition of his views on the subject quite touch our case, or take in all its peculiarities. The one would seem to deprecate for us all intrusion, even upon

invitation, of the heathen chieftain, while the other would appear to think that the Missionaries should never take the law into their own hands in cases of theft, murder, fraud, or violence. I entirely agree with Mr. Cust and with Bishop Steere in holding that in no case should we be justified in taking away life in punishment for murder. In such a case expulsion is our only course.

"Limited magisterial powers" I hold we ought to exercise, and as a matter of fact we do exercise them, I trust with something of that self-control which Mr. Cust rightly regards as of paramount necessity. In cases of theft, fraud, violence, and the like, we do as a matter of fact act in perfect independence of the native chieftain where his people are not involved. I believe, moreover, that were we to invite him to our aid in matters that had to do only with our own internal affairs, he would be most unwilling to intervene. Certainly nothing seems further from his thoughts than to call us in to help him in the management of his judicial proceedings. Whether it be in the main true that "their crimes are not our crimes, their view of right not our view, their laws are not ours," it is very evident that our heathen neighbours hold this view about them. Beyond all doubt they would never agree with us as to the nature of the penalties we should impose for the various transgressions. In their eyes nothing but payment in money, cloths, guns, gunpowder, or slaves is a fitting punishment for offences. Stripes and imprisonment they never inflict. They would, I believe, be content with no other forms of punishment than those now in vogue amongst them—viz., death for murder and witchcraft, and fines for everything else. I must declare myself most unwilling to punish only by fine such cases as theft, fraud, witchcraft, and other common but very grave offences. The very idea of "penances," which are more properly *our* mode of correction here, suggests other forms of expiation. Yet it seems to me that we cannot do otherwise than inflict both civil and ecclesiastical punishments, unless it be said that all our punishments are ecclesiastical as resting for their fulfilment on the offender's willingness to obey and hear the Church. But it has already been shown that any one putting himself outside our protection makes himself an outlaw. He has left us, and unless he escapes to the coast, renders himself liable to the laws of a neighbouring community which immediately makes a slave of him, and he soon finds himself under a set of laws, perhaps "in their great features identical with ours," but by no means making so strongly for his personal security as did those he voluntarily left behind him in quitting us. As a matter of fact then, we do assume a controlling power, and in *proportion as this* gathers influence from outside circumstances in the

way of getting itself obeyed, just so far, as it seems to me, does our community assume the character of a little state.

It is not that we wish it to be so. Far otherwise. Yet we cannot disguise it from ourselves that the great controlling force that undoubtedly exists here is certainly not wholly ecclesiastical. As I write, a forcible instance occurs to my mind. There was a man in our village, who, if it be not too much to say, has no fear of God and still less any delight in His law. He has been a constant offender, and has been frequently and severely punished, both with stripes and fines. Not long ago on breaking out again he was fined a somewhat larger sum than on a former occasion. On his refusal to pay, he had of course no other alternative than to go. Accordingly he sold off all his corn and went. Yesterday he appeared at the Mission-house begging to be allowed to return and offering to pay the fine. This was accepted, and he will return to us shortly. I cannot call this an instance of submission to the Church. Indeed we know it was nothing of the kind. Our independent free village at Masasi is famous for hundreds of miles round, and hundreds of people if allowed would flock to us so as to live under our rule. In a country split up and laid waste by slave raids and the ravages of roving tribes, security and protection are believed to reside with us. Our prestige as Englishmen does much to bring about this opinion of our settlement. Our known laws as to freedom do much more. Many would come here, and like the man I have quoted above, would endure almost any penances we might impose upon them for the sake of what I cannot bring myself to name as other than our state protection.

Were I to write of the wonderful readiness of our people to hear, obey, and submit—a fact that is patent to all who know, by having seen us here—as an instance of the power of the Church, I should, I firmly believe, be giving a false representation of the facts. A large practical experience of the safety of living under our rule, rather than a love for, and a belief in the power of the Church, is the motive that makes renegades as well as others still wish to cling to us. Amongst many petty states we are one, and a powerful one. In our state we take care indeed that the Church shall hold paramount sway, but the Church is more often obeyed for the sake of the state, not on account of her own intrinsic and commanding power. Whether as state then, or state Church, or Church state, God is with us, and we feel Him working out His will with us here. We have enjoyed an unusual amount of prosperity and success. We have had lavishly bestowed upon us unlooked for mercies and blessings, and we dare to think that here the miracles of God's grace have moved

men's hearts and brought about true and heartfelt conversion. This has been, beyond all shadow of doubt, by the appointed means to such an end—the Church of Christ. By the power of His sacraments, by the preaching of the Word, and by the ministry of reconciliation in all its ramifications. We do not doubt our mission, still less do we doubt God's known power in working His marvels in entire independence, when He pleases, of all human-found institutions. But while at Masasi our one aim and end is to build up the Church of Christ, our peculiar position has already given something of the character of a state to our community, and in all honesty we must admit that our present strength and unity is not a little owing to the fact of our being what we did not seek to become, but what we nevertheless are—an independent state governed on Christian principles, alongside of many petty states carried on under heathen administration. For my part, I cannot think that the moral strength of our community, even though I believe it to be greatly due to its state-like character, is to be despised on this account, or to weigh as nothing in the scale of true Missionary effort. If it be a state, it is a state of God's ordering, and by His ordering too those who bear rule in it are Christian priests. If we are strong it is with the strength that comes from Him. If we last in our present strength, nay, more, if we go on from strength to strength as the five years of our existence passes on into fifty, it will be because His everlasting Church is in our midst, and because the members of our state are also members of a kingdom which passes not away.

A FORTNIGHT WITH THE BISHOP OF BALLAARAT.

By the Right Rev. the Bishop.

MONDAY, 14th November.—Yesterday, the 13th, the heat was fearful. The Charlton church was crowded for morning Service. A "hot wind" was blowing; the open door at one end of the church was as the mouth of Pharaoh's brick kiln; at the other, as that of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. A chair was politely placed for me at the furnace mouth, where a huge panting kangaroo-hound kept me company, looking piteously into my face for *something to drink*. The torment from the flies was almost unbearable,

yet I had a most attentive auditory, and the Holy Communion was reverently received by thirty-two. Almost immediately after it we had to speed off for a Service at Woosang, twelve or thirteen miles distant. The sufferings of my horses on the road were great; we passed grass paddocks on fire with the heat, men and women beating out the flames with sacks. On arriving we learnt that most of the people could not attend, being summoned to help in extinguishing a great bush fire. With the remainder (about forty) we held Service, but the closing of the windows against the flies made the atmosphere terrible, and the congregation rushed, when released, to a tank at hand, to slake their burning thirst.

Then eight miles to Wedderburn. After little interval I entered the crowded church, and almost fainted from the heat; but the Service was delightful, and the sermon heard with solemn attention. Fatigue and the temperature made the night a time of trial, but soon after starting next morning for a Service at Boort (twenty-five miles), rain fell, and proved the precursor of a tremendous downpour of several hours. The roads were deep in water; the chilled air made us long for wraps and fires. The church (which stands alone on a plain) was almost unreachable from the storm and mire. No one thought I could come, and I kept my appointment punctually to no purpose. But we could not but rejoice at the precious boon of rainfall (though too late to save the crops), and in the evening some twenty gathered at a hospitable cottage, at which we spent the night, and joined in a homely Service of thanksgiving prayer and meditation. Starting early next morning (15th) we reached Korong (Wedderburn) again, when I held conference with the church managers, and lectured in the evening to a crowded audience. Our Australians seem to me better listeners than the folks at home. I have been astonished sometimes at the breathless attention with which a sermon or address has been followed by children or by elders on a sultry afternoon. For bush places the comparative rarity of preaching may, in a measure, account for this, but it is true, I think, of our town audience also. Making an early start again next day, I reached Maryborough (a tedious journey) in the afternoon. Among other business here the Chinese catechumens to be baptized in the evening (Chung Sing and Wang Wet), together with the catechist (Moses Ah Gow), and a Christian interpreter (Ching War), came for an interview. Mr. Dubois, the incumbent, was with me, and his constant practice in exchanging ideas with Moses (who speaks little or no English), enabled him to render me important help. For Ching War's English was of the limited order, and these interviews, though very interesting, involve no little perplexity at

times. Through Ching War, I examined the catechumens in their conceptions of Christian faith and duty, and the significance of baptism. The Bible is the only text-book used by the catechist. I think a manual, such as Xavier used in India, of Scripture extracts arranged in some systematic order, with questions, prayers, and counsels, might be very useful. The converts answered nicely, on the whole; of the consistency of their lives with their professed purpose I was assured, with confidence.

I then turned to Moses, and was really gratified by his answers (through Ching War) to some close questions on John iii.—our Lord's teachings to Nicodemus. I fancy Ching War, in "upsetting into English" Moses' answers, spilled some of their fulness in the process, for Moses was copious and animated in giving them; but the summary that reached me indicated no little intelligence, and earnestness of conviction also.

I decided to publicly address the candidates, through the interpreter, immediately before their baptism, and to preach afterwards to the European congregation. I told Ching War to come ten minutes before Service, and then carefully went over with him what I meant to say. The effect, in this case, was excellent.

Church time came, and three clergy from the neighbourhood attended, and took their part. After second lesson (Acts ii. 37, *ad fin.*) Ching War (clad in surplice) led the catechist and his catechumens, and some eight Chinese witnesses, to the font, the congregation rising up to welcome them.

I may say that the Europeans present were not drawn by curiosity, but, for the most part, at least, by Christian sympathy. The church was not full, only nearly so. A strong feeling of mingled scorn and fear of the Chinese always prevails in European populations familiar with their presence, and this feeling is no small bar to the support of Chinese Missions. Recoil from the heathen Chinese is not altogether surprising. Treachery, filth, and gross habits, besides opium smoking and gambling, are their common characteristics. This should emphasise the interest taken in their rescue and introduction to a higher life, but for most colonists it fails to do so. Their offence in underbidding European labour is unpardonable in the eyes of a democratic community.

The baptismal questions, replies, and final exhortation were repeated in Chinese. At the risk of being tedious let me sketch my address. Remember that to have been anything but rudimentary would have meant hopeless failure.

"*Read them, Ching* War, Acts ii. 38." (Repent and be baptized

every one of you, &c.) "Tell them, when Christ went up Heaven, He sent Holy Spirit down. Spirit came down with great wind, and with tongues like fire" ("bits of fire" Ching War called them). "Great crowd people ran up. Peter spoke to people. Peter told people all wrong things they did. People sorry, people cry out, 'What shall we do?'" (Ching War's version very animated here.) "Peter said, You do two things; and God freely give you two things. First thing people must do, Repent! that means, leave off. Wrong things. No one fit baptized, if mean keep on doing wrong things. Mr. Dubois says you, Chung Sing, and you, Wang Wet, wish leave off all wrong things" (Wang Wet nods vigorously.)

"Second thing people must do, be baptized with water in name of Jesus Christ. Mr. Dubois says you two wish be baptized in name of Jesus. I glad to come baptize you, that you may be Jesus Christ's servants all time till you die. But Peter told people more. Told them God promised freely. Give them two things. First thing was, wash away sins. Water washes body clean, Jesus Christ washes heart clean.

"Second thing was, give them Holy Ghost. Water makes body well and strong. Holy Ghost makes heart well and strong. All in church pray Heavenly Father receive you now.

"Jesus Christ wash *your* sins away. Holy Ghost make *your* heart well and strong. Believe God's promises and then 'according to your faith so shall it be unto you.'"

The Baptismal Office follows, and amid the hushed and solemnised throng, I fulfil the Lord's command upon them. The water poured upon their brows in the thrice-holy Name, the Church receives them to her bosom. No longer devotees of senseless idols, they are the Christian brethren, "Andrew" and "Luke." The prayers are continued: I ascend the pulpit and preach from Eph. ii. 18, "Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father."

From this I tried to set forth the Agent, Means, and Object of the Access which the text describes; and dwelt on the fact that it was for "*both*." Christ reconciles divided humanity; Jew and Gentile, male and female, Caucasian and Mongol become one in Him. The application to the Baptism was obvious; and the Service closed with an offertory for the Mission.

The present need in working it is an English Chinese-speaking clergyman, to superintend, or, failing that, an English-speaking convert qualified for orders, for the same office. I rather crave one Ah Chee, who is with the Bishop of Brisbane, but whom the late disastrous withdrawal of S.P.G. help will oblige him to dispense with. He might go to St. Arnaud, and in due time be fit for Ordination.

Some of the Chinese catechists prove unsatisfactory, of course; others turn out really admirable Missionaries. Ah Fat, lately at St. Arnaud, possessed much influence with his fellow-countrymen, and the respect of the Europeans. "A genuine man," said a storekeeper there to me, "Christian all through and all round." He was prosecuted a year ago on some charge about money, but came triumphantly out of it, the Judge remarking that in his belief the charge was merely a piece of religious persecution.

After the happy Service at Maryborough, I fared homeward for a day's sojourn before further travel north, having important special appointments next afternoon in Ballaarat. I reached Bishopscourt about two o'clock at night, just a fortnight after leaving it. During these fourteen days I travelled (chiefly by horse) nearly 500 miles, and held twenty Services or public meetings, besides conferences and special interviews. But my journeys are trifles compared with those of my episcopal brother of North Queensland, or Bathurst. If people at home think the Colonial Bishops who visit England from the necessity of seeking help for their Dioceses are idlers when afield at their posts, they really are mistaken. Bishop Tyrrell, of Newcastle, is often quoted with admiration as a Bishop who never came back to England. It is not always remembered that he was able to supply, out of a very large private fortune, the pecuniary needs of his Diocese. It somewhat saddens me to know that a hurried visit, such as I may shortly have (very reluctantly) to pay to England, from the dire necessity of trying to replenish my Diocesan exchequer, will be sure to earn me black looks and cynical comments from some of my fellow-Churchmen there. A fortnight with me on my travels here would, I think, turn some of this criticism into sympathy.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

By Margaret J. Preston.

YOU have read of the Moslem palace,
The marvellous fane that stands
On the banks of the distant Jumna,
The wonder of all the lands.

You have heard of its marble splendours,
Its carvings of rare device,
Its domes and its towers that glisten
Like visions of Paradise.

You have hearkened, as one has told you
Of its pinnacles snowy-fair,
So light that they seem suspended
Like clouds in the crystal air.

You have heard of its fountains, falling
As softly as mourners' tears;
Of the lily and rose kept blooming
For over two hundred years;

Of its friezes of frost-like beauty,
And jewels that crust the wall,
And carvings that crown the deep recess:—
The innermost shrine of all—

Where lies in her sculptured coffin,
(Whose chiselings mortal man
Has never excelled), the dearest
Of the loves of the Shah Jehan.

You have heard of the shining legends
Their letters, all set in gems,
That throughout its sacred chambers
Aye sparkle like diadems.

And as you have heard, you have questioned,
And wondered, as all men must,
"Why rear such a palace only
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it? The Shah had promised
His beautiful Nourmahal
To do it, because he loved her,
He loved her—and that was all!

So minaret, wall, and column,
And tower and dome above,
All tell of a sacred promise,
All utter one accent—LOVE.

You know of another Temple,
A grander than Hindoo shrine,
The splendour of whose perfections
Is mystical, strange, divine.

You have heard of its deep foundations,
Which neither the frost nor flood
Nor forces of earth can weaken,
Cemented in tears and blood.

So vast is its scale proportioned,
So lofty its turrets rise,
That the pile in its finished glory
Shall reach to the very skies.

The lapse of the silent Kedron,
The roses of Sharon fair,
Gethsemane's sacred olives
And cedars are round it there.

And graved on its walls and pillars,
And cut in its crystal stone,
Are the words of our Prophet, sweeter
Than ever Islam hath known.

Texts culled from the holy Gospel
That comfort, refresh, sustain,
And shine with more brilliant lustre
Than the gems of the Hindoo fane.

The plan of that Temple only
Its Architect understands.
And yet He accepts—Oh, wonder!—
The helping of human hands.

Not, not to the Dead—to the Living,
We rear on the earth we trod,
This fane to His lasting Glory,
This Church to the Christ of God!

Why labour and strive? We have promised—
And dare we the vow recall?—
To do it, because we love Him,
We love Him—and that is all!

For over the Church's portal,
Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set one signet,
And graven one watchword—LOVE.

Another, and somewhat longer, version of this poem appears in our interesting *contemporary, The Gospel in all Lands.*

ROUGHING IT IN NOVA SCOTIA.

By Rev. S. Gibbons.

IN the year 1877 I was appointed by the Bishop of Nova Scotia a travelling Missionary to the northern part of the Island of Cape Breton. The extent of the Mission entrusted to me exceeds one hundred miles. In the southern part of my new territory I found the Church people to be descendants of Loyalists, who in 1776 had fought on the side of the mother country in what turned out to be the War of Independence. Those at the northern extremity I soon learnt were, almost without exception, Newfoundlanders who had been obliged to leave the southern shores of their native land in the hope of discovering new sea-pastures, and, if it might be, far better ones. An account of my first journey through this rough, poor, and extensive Mission may perhaps not be considered unworthy of the pages of MISSION LIFE, and in furnishing some idea of the nature of my work, may possibly lead to an interest in its prosecution.

The first place that I arrived at was Baddech, the county town of Victoria. This I reached on March the 21st, and here was I most kindly entertained by a lady always to be gratefully remembered by me amongst the Church folk of this, my starting-point, for her generous and thoughtful kindness. Here I made up for two nights of lost rest by sleeping uninterruptedly for fifteen hours! But oh, the dismay of the Gaelic-speaking housemaid! "Ah, weel," she plaintively mourned, "he 's lost the morning; he 'll be looking for it all the day." Baddech is a straggling village, built upon the shores of the beautiful Bras D'Or Lake. It has a population of some 800. They are mostly Presbyterians, but are kindly disposed. The Church folk are poor, and have not yet been able to build a church for themselves. A hall is, however, readily lent to me by an honest storekeeper, a Presbyterian, whenever it is required for Service.

Five miles from this, the county town, we came to the old settlement of "Big Baddech." Here we found the four bare walls of a church which had been commenced twenty years previously. But no clergyman had been in the habit of regularly visiting the place, and the people had been unable to finish the structure. Scarlet fever was prevalent. We visited most of the adherents of the Church in both Baddechs, and on Sunday held two Services in the Church at Big Baddech. These were well attended, and the deep and reverent attention manifested by the worshippers proved the gladness with

which they joined in the beautiful, but seldom heard, Liturgy of their Church.

On the following day I hired a team to take me to the foot of Cape Enfumé, distant from Baddech about 45 miles, and the farthest northern limit to which a horse could then be taken, it being the winter season of these parts. On the salt water ice we passed across the beautiful harbour of St. Ann's until we came to Englishtown. Here the majority of the inhabitants are Gaelic-speaking people, whilst a few are descendants of Germans from Lunenburg County, in Nova Scotia. One day, when discussing with a fish merchant the origin of the name "Englishtown," we had not proceeded far when we were met with the exceedingly lucid and every way satisfactory solution embodied in the following words: "Well, I don't know why it is called 'Englishtown.' I 'm the only Englishman in it. And I 'm an Irishman!"

Leaving Englishtown upon our right, with its magnificent scenery, its natural fort in the rock, its giant's grave, and its few Church-people, we arrived upon the following morning at the foot of the mountain which marked the end of our drive. Here our box was deposited in a fish-store, with the intention that it should be taken, at some future time, by water further north, it being absolutely impossible to take it over the cape in winter. Here we bade farewell to our driver, who had come as far as it was possible to get a horse along, and who now in turning back wished us heartily "God-speed." All being settled we started alone with Bible, Prayer Book, and great-coat to cross the mountain, which is 2,100 feet high, and discover for ourselves what lay beyond. The snow was hard, and a thick fog was on the mountain, which in some places is almost perpendicular. It is needless to add that this does not diminish its dangers. However, at 3 P.M. the south harbour of Ingonish was descried, and reached soon afterwards. We were well rewarded for our toils by finding several families of Newfoundlanders all Church-people, and most of them new settlers. They had barely house room enough for themselves, but they did gladly what they could to make us comfortable. Very soon indeed we had a smoking dish of tea with "sweetness" (molasses) in it, and the best that they could give us to eat. The house we found built of logs, with moss stuffed in the chinks to keep the draughts out. One thickness of board formed the flooring, and as this had shrunk very much we had the great advantage, if with a minimum of comfort, of living in an exceedingly well-ventilated building. On one occasion we were snowed up in this place for five days and nights, *awaiting an opportunity* to cross over the mountain. The first night

we spent in a bed on the floor, and the good-hearted fisher-people were so anxious to make us comfortable, that they took the covering-boards from their fish-stage and made a kind of cabin of them where we might sleep more comfortably.

On another occasion we came very late at night to this same house. The whole day had been spent on snow-shoes, and, fearing a snow-storm, we had crossed the mountain at night alone, and had arrived, utterly exhausted, at our Newfoundlander's door. Instantly the man arose, "built" a fire, and put on the kettle to get us some tea; and if you want to know what tea really is, you must taste it under similar circumstances. When we awoke we found we were in the one bed that the place contained, and around the fire were the man, his wife, and their little child. In answer to the question, "How did I get here?" we were told, "Why, sir, we stood ye up, and sat ye down, and shook ye, and yet ye wouldn't wake, so we put ye to bed!"

Having had prayers, we set out to walk five miles more to the North Bay. Ingonish consists of two scattered settlements, separated by a promontory; it has a fishing population of about 800 people, with a Roman Catholic Church in South Bay, and a Bethel in North Bay. Here our road ended, and our path further on lay through the woods and over the "barrens." We arrived at North Bay tired, wet, and weary, and were glad to retire to the little "cabin" which was gladly given up to our sole use by a kind fisherman and his wife. Having visited the families belonging to the Church, all new settlers from Newfoundland, we held Service on the 29th in the Bethel, where, in spite of the wet weather, a large congregation had assembled to hear the Word of God. Upon Good Friday we had Service in the house of a Newfoundlander. It was well attended, and at the Morning Prayer a child was baptized.

On Easter Eve the ice was off a little from the shore, a boat was manned, and we were rowed in the face of a stiff wind to Neale's Harbour, sixteen miles distant. Here are to be found two coves, where Newfoundland fishermen have settled, solely for fishing, as the land is too rocky for cultivation. We arrived just in time to console and pray with a dying mother whose newly-born babe we baptized, much to her comfort and joy. Next day, being Easter Day, Morning Prayer was held and a sermon preached in the kitchen of the store-keeper of the place, who had made us his guest. About seventy-five persons were present. Evensong, with Baptism, was held at Neale's Harbour, and a second Evensong with Baptism of three children at Hungry Cove, in the house of one of the Newfoundlanders. The poor people were very glad to join once more in the beautiful Service

of their Mother Church. On the Tuesday morning we buried the dead mother of the newly-baptized infant, and then, with borrowed snow-shoes and moccasins, set out to walk through the woods to Cape North. Having secured the company of two men travelling in the same direction we enjoyed greatly the swinging walk on snow-shoes. This lonely district is infested, however, in summer with bears, and my companions entertained me with racy anecdotes of Bruin. The skin of the last one entrapped, when stretched measured, they told me, seven feet. Credit had been given him at Cape North for forty sheep, missed during the summer. Mark Twain's "good and *tender* Missionary" seemed to rise up before me. But I have the comfort of knowing that repeated journeyings have made me more tough than tender, and that living on fish is hardly calculated to render toothsome; so if Mr. Bruin tries his experiment upon the writer of the present pages, it seems scarcely probable that his dinner will prove to his liking.

After several hours' hard travelling, the snow being "rotten" (localism for peculiar state of snow in spring after the rain has taken the adhesive power out of it) we arrived at the South Harbour of Aspey Bay, where a kind-hearted woman insisted upon washing the Missionary's feet, furnished him with dry socks, and, after prayers, sent him on his way rejoicing. At dusk we made Middle Harbour, where a hearty welcome and unbounded kindness was experienced. "Ah, sir," said one woman, "a Missionary is a strange thing here!"

The next morning, bright and early, my kind host took me round the settlement to introduce me. The first door we knocked at soon opened, and we were in presence of its owner. He looked at us for some time and then delivered himself of the following not ill-intentioned, if not very graceful commentary: "Wall, we bin expectin' 'ee a long time, and—ye be'ant much to look at, now ye be come!" An honest expression of opinion, certainly; but the backwoodsman's dress we were wearing was hardly in our favour. Sealskin boots, short reefer jacket, skin cap, and snow-shoes, are not perhaps quite what one usually expects to see in a "Missionary." Service was held here at four o'clock, and next day we reached Bay St. Lawrence, the end of the Mission on the mainland. The principal man here gave us a hearty welcome, and sent round at once to invite all the inhabitants to a Service at his house on the following morning at ten o'clock. The congregation gathered in two rooms, and we stood in the doorway between and thence addressed our eager listeners.

Upon the following day, Sunday, we had prayers in the morning at Middle Harbour, then a five miles' walk to Sugarloaf and another

Service, and finally a second journey to North Harbour, where a night Service was held. On the following morning we set out alone for Hungry Cove, at which we arrived in the evening, having travelled, in perfect solitude, all day upon snow-shoes. Had it not been for the first house we came to there would have been no Missionary in Cape Breton. At Hungry Cove word was sent round, the people gathered, and Service was at once held in a log-hut. On the following morning, the ice being off a little from the shore, a boat was launched and a crew tried to row us to Ingonish; but having proceeded three-fourths of the way the ice hemmed us in, and the boat was hauled up on the shore at a small cove, from which we walked through the pathless woods, sometimes sinking in snow up to our waists, until North Bay, Ingonish, was reached at last. In circumstances like these, the patient people with me never grumbled; nay, they joked even. One man being down, and struggling hard to get up again, was commiserated with by his fellow, who said: "That is the worst of it, getting into those holes!" The answer came immediately: "No, 'taint neither; the worst is getting out; it is easy enough to get in!"

A Service, as usual in these parts, was again held at a fisherman's house, where a child was baptized. On the following day South Bay was arrived at; and here, at night, in a very small hut, a child was admitted into Christ's flock by the flickering light from the open fireplace. The poor family had neither candle nor oil.

Next morning we "copied" (Newfoundlandism for hopping from one pan of ice to another) over the ferry at South Harbour, climbed the mountain, and arrived the following night at Baddech, after an absence of nineteen days, during which we travelled over 200 miles, never changing our clothes, for the excellent reason that we had none with us to change.

Since the above journey was made, the church at Big Baddech has been finished. Another one has been built at Hungry Cove, every board, shingle, and nail in which was carried on the backs of men and women from the cove, where they were landed, to the site of the church. A debt remains upon this church, which, though small, cannot be paid off by the people themselves, as out of their poverty they have given willingly according to their ability.

I have come to England to plead for help on behalf of my poor flock. I do not think that I shall ask for it in vain. Funds are sadly and sorely needed to carry on the work for Christ, so auspiciously begun. A small endowment is absolutely required—if the living voice is to be kept in the Mission—to build churches and to secure a parsonage for the Missionary.

Who will help on this good work by their prayers and their practical sympathy? What clergyman will give me an offertory? Or grant me permission to address his people either from pulpit or platform? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto ME" (St. Matt. xxv. 40).

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts have kindly opened an account for the Mission at their Office, 19, Delahay Street, S.W., where all inquiries and letters may be addressed.

ZULULAND.

By the Rev. Cecil Deedes.

WHATEVER may be thought of the political results of Sir Garnet Wolseley's "Zululand Settlement,"—and some persons in England are so despondent about the future of the country that they do not hesitate to suggest Cetywayo's return to the head of affairs—there seems to be no doubt that, from a "Missionary" point of view, Zululand is more accessible to us at present than it was before the war of 1879, and that under thirteen chieftains we have, in reality, much more liberty of action than we possessed under one despotic monarch. Let us hope that this liberty may never be lessened. Certain, too, it is that Bishop Mackenzie's movements, since his consecration at Capetown on St. Andrew's Day, 1880, have attracted the attention of a much wider circle of observers than that composed of the mere supporters of the Mackenzie Memorial Mission. Our brave foes of three years since, so eager to fight, so ready to bury all animosity as soon as the fighting was over, and possessed of so many generous qualities notwithstanding their rude and savage nature, excited not merely astonishment but the keenest interest amongst those of our own country. They have left a mark which can never be erased from the history of our land and the annals of our armies.

The present Bishop of this territory, watered, and may we not say fertilised, with so much English blood, began his work at a favourite moment. Mr. Alington had been very active—too active for his strength, as the sad sequel of his early death proved—but he could do little for the Missionary cause beyond keeping up the heart of the clergy who at that sad time were refugees from their plundered and partially destroyed Mission-stations. At the time of Bishop Mackenzie's consecration they had either returned or were returning to

their homes, the waste places were being rebuilt. Hlubi having accepted a section of Zululand and moved to the Isandhlwana country, with his loyal Basutos, Mr. Johnson had followed him from St. Augustine's in the old location under the Drakensberg, and new head-quarters had thus been provided for the Bishop in the very position where the associations of the war would most naturally induce him to settle. Since his arrival he has shown an untiring activity, no easy matter in the coast climate of South Eastern Africa, and by the middle of August last he had completed a tour through his Diocese as far as Delagoa Bay. Perhaps the most encouraging feature of this tour is the prospect which it has opened out of a Missionary settlement in Swaziland—the large district lying behind Delagoa Bay—with the thorough goodwill of the Swazi king, who proposes to send his own children to be taught by the Mission. About the same date last year Mr. Maples, of the Central African Mission, was walking through the unexplored districts behind Mozambique, and was persuading the chief of the dreaded Maviti to give up war and to allow a teacher to be sent to his people. Some of us may yet live to see the time when the outposts of the Bishop of Zululand meet those of Bishop Steere.

The chief object of the present paper is to present the readers of MISSION LIFE with the details of a scheme which is very near Bishop Mackenzie's heart. His thoughts are best given in his own words, contained in a letter under date "St. Andrew's, Lower Tugela, Nov. 16, 1881."

"It has long been deplored by all that the Colonies themselves do so little to supply their own clergy and especially their own Missionary clergy. A good many excuses may fairly be made for the Colonists. In the first place they are, for the most part (I speak of South Africa), not men of much capital. Their object is generally to make money, save, and go elsewhere to enjoy it. They are often sojourners, not old inhabitants of the land, and are tempted to consider their own private ends much more than the public good. They are too often men who have not received a high education themselves and do not see the need of it for their sons. The consequence is that boys seldom stay at school beyond fifteen years of age, and having probably come late are not very far advanced. They are put into business at once, and before they are twenty are earning large salaries. The view the parents take is that about fifteen a boy ought to begin to keep himself. They are glad to be relieved of the expense of further education, which perhaps they can ill afford and do not fully appreciate; they wish to see their sons started in some such way as that by which they themselves have improved their position in the world. All dream of

becoming rich quickly, though comparatively few succeed in doing it. And so it comes to pass that at a comparatively early age boys are started independently in the money-making world, and do actually soon make more than they need for their support. There is little to inspire them with high ideas and holy aspirations, and the business world soon chokes any they may have had and engrosses all their attention.

"Add to this that of all classes the clergy are the least well paid, and further that many look upon the native races as only a troublesome machinery, provided for the accomplishment of the more laborious part of their daily work, to be used so far as business requires but to be cared for no further, and it is easy to see why so very few are drawn to seek the high spiritual position of the priesthood, and why fewer still devote themselves to Missionary work among the heathen. It is too late at the age of two or three and twenty to think of inducing them to withdraw themselves from the business and profits of this world. The secular money-making spirit has by that time gained too strong a hold. We shall never, I fear, recruit for the ministry among the sons of Colonists, unless we can take the boys, from the time they leave school, off their parents' hands if necessary, and keep them with us, to carry on their education, and to foster any higher hopes and develop any spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which may have shown itself. We need help to enable us to do this.

"But I have more to say. Without for one moment wishing to cast a slur upon the good work done at such Colleges as St. Augustine's, Canterbury, at Warminster, at Dorchester, and elsewhere, it is plain that those who come out from such places are not for a long time fitted for the work they have to do. They have to learn the language if they come to such a country as ours, to learn to ride, to learn to do things for themselves and to rough it in many ways, and until these necessary lessons are learnt they can do little. With these thoughts in my mind when I went into Durban last May I discussed fully with Rev. H. F. Whittington, Incumbent of Durban, a plan I had formed of taking any promising boys who would come, carrying them off with me into Zululand and training them there for Mission work. I was doubtful whether I should find any at all, but Mr. Whittington entered most warmly into my plans, and before long had found two or three who would be likely to give themselves to the work, and would be allowed by their parents to do so. I was astonished and thankful to find my hopes likely to be realised. I knew I could not support such an experiment myself, *but I was prepared* to risk a little, and felt sure that support would

be given if the scheme seemed likely to prove useful. I would not appeal for help until the school was at work. But now, thank God, I can say it is. I have with me here three lads of fifteen, all of whom would have gone at once into business if we had not got hold of them. Like all Natal boys they can speak Zulu more or less well already, and are thoroughly used to the peculiarities and roughnesses of our life. They willingly give up the idea of growing rich, and are glad to put themselves in the way of being led on to a higher life in the service of God. More than this I cannot ask at present. At the end of the first year we shall see more clearly of what stuff they are made, whether they are to be looked upon as candidates for Holy Orders, or whether they are likely to be useful as laymen in school, or in farming for us; or whether they have mistaken their vocation altogether, and had better return to ordinary Natal life. Some we must always expect to lose, but with care as to whom we receive at first I hope we shall succeed in attaching the greater part to ourselves and to the work. I have said that I have three already. Another also fifteen years of age (nephew of Dean Green, of Maritzburg), comes to us after Christmas, and probably another of eighteen. Two young men of twenty-one volunteered for the work when I was in Maritzburg the other day, but they are English-born and hold clerkships in the General Post Office, Maritzburg, and in the Pay Department of the army. It remains to be seen whether they will also be considered theological students. I mention them now rather for the purpose of showing you that hearts are being drawn to us beyond our expectation. If the school should increase we shall need a special tutor. At present we can manage the instruction well enough. We are about to move to Isandhlwana, and there will be upon the spot besides myself, the Rev. G. H. Swinny, of Exeter College, Oxford, late Chaplain to the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown, and the Rev. E. Farmer, of the Mission College, Dorchester, who was ordained Deacon by me last Trinity. And if numbers increase we shall need more buildings. At present we can manage with the house which is being built for me and the two clergy, containing as it does also a large room for school and for service, until the Memorial School is built. I need money to feed my pupils."

In this letter the Bishop has expressed his hopes and his wants so clearly, that it is unnecessary to add much by way of comment. Any one who has worked in Natal cannot but rejoice to read the following, written by Bishop Mackenzie in another letter:—

"The sympathy and the much greater interest taken by Durban and Maritzburg in us and our doings were most cheering when I was

there the other day. I cannot doubt but that our possession of some Natal boys will be full of blessing to Natal as well as to us."

Many will share the Bishop's conviction. The Colonists suffered cruelly in the Zulu war, for the flower of the Natal carbineers were left dead upon the field in the massacre at Insandhlwana. These were colonial lads, most of them under twenty-five years of age. There was scarcely a family in Maritzburg that was not in mourning for the loss of some relative or close friend. Evidence is forthcoming that many of those who were thus bereaved felt that the massacre was something more than a sad mischance, that it had a personal meaning for themselves. The Colony had neglected its plain duties to the refugee Zulus within its confines, and punishment came from the hands of their brethren over the border. Natal had been bent on increasing its wealth, position, and importance ; it was careless of all else ; and many of its rising generation, the future capitalists and legislators of the state, were cut off in all the promise of early manhood. There is reason to believe that this thought was present to the minds of many of the mourners whose earthly hopes were shattered on that memorable 22nd of January three years ago. May not these and others who sympathise with them feel that this scheme so happily devised by the Bishop of Zululand gives the Colony an opportunity of offering to God what it had so jealously withheld from Him, its best gift, its own sons. Parents are now found willing to spare their sons for Missionary work, and to give up schemes of wealth for them that they may do God's work in their day and generation. And with their parents thus consenting, boys themselves are found ready to come forward. Those who know of what stuff the better type of Natal boys are made will not feel much misgiving for the success of Bishop Mackenzie's scheme.

When Natal does really rise to a sense of her responsibilities to the Zulu race the greater part of her troubles and difficulties will find their solution. The Zulu war has evidently roused her, though not perhaps thoroughly, to a feeling of responsibilities greater than that which is covered by police regulations and the action of conscientious resident magistrates. The Bishop of Zululand represents the native side of the Bishop of Maritzburg's work, while the Rev. Frank Green's Native School at Maritzburg is a bold and self-denying effort, on his part, to bring the advantages of discipline, combined with Christian teaching and example, to bear upon promising young "Christian Kafirs." If Mr. Green succeeds in training native teachers and catechists to itinerate among the Kraals in Natal, and Bishop Mackenzie succeeds in training European lads for the work of

evangelising Zululand, while England continues to supply clergy from her Universities and Missionary Colleges, then there will be a threefold cord which, with God's blessing, must soon and strongly bind both Natal and Zululand to the Empire and Church of our people. Let us not suffer this most promising effort to languish for lack of our support.

AN INTERESTING CONFERENCE.

By Rev. Canon Churton.

THE Bishop of Calcutta held a Visitation and Conference of clergy and laity at Allahabad on December 14th and 15th, 1881. This was supplementary to his visitation at Calcutta in the previous January.

The Conference was attended by 26 clergy and 13 laymen. Amongst the former there were two of the Mission Priests of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, the Rev. S. W. O'Neill and the Rev. Nehemiah Goreh. The first subject discussed was: "How to make better provision for training men of this country for Holy Orders."

The first paper was read by the Rev. J. Stephenson: it was on the European side of the question. In 1869 Mr. Stephenson had read a paper at the Calcutta Clerical Meeting on the wants of the Church in Calcutta; a move was then begun under the Cathedral chaplains which afterwards developed into St. Paul's Mission. Since then the European community has increased all over the country without any corresponding increase in the number of clergy and Church agents. The clergy cannot single-handed meet the requirements of the Church in such stations as Allahabad, Lucknow, and Jubbulpore. The Non-conformists have been allowed to gain upon us on all sides. The N.W. Provinces and Oudh are being covered with a network of preachers and chapels. Our little Church Establishment is within measurable distance of disestablishment. We have the example of Ceylon before us. On the other hand, the need of fit men to serve in the sacred ministry of the Church will deepen and not decrease. England may continue for a time to supply our chief pastors, but the Church in India must more and more develop her own resources. In the selection of candidates no class should be excluded; we should recruit from all. The Eurasian community should not be entirely excluded from the field of choice. The door of the priesthood must not remain

practically shut against the Indo-Europeans unless they cross the sea to qualify. In 1870 Bishop's College was closed against them. It was stated that large amounts had been spent upon them with no result but bitter disappointment. But this should have been a ground for more careful selection, not for wholesale exclusion. Bishop's College has given to the ministry of the Church in India devoted and distinguished men, such as Dr. Kennet and Dr. Bower; the one the Principal of the S.P.G. Seminary at Madras, the other the translator of the Bible and Prayer Book into Tamil. Dr. Kennet had been invited by Bishop Milman to conduct a Retreat in Calcutta. His own opinion was expressed as follows: "Failures in regard to East Indian Ministers and Missionaries are, I think, mainly due to early defective moral and religious home and school education. This evil, however, is being remedied by the general improvement of family life, through the spread of Christian teaching and practice. I consider it a suicidal policy to exclude men, simply because they have been born in this country, from fear of their proving failures, as some before them have done. Former failures can be accounted for; future failures may be, I hope, prevented. My own loved College may be utilised for the purpose of supplying English-speaking congregations with clergy, if well-chosen young men can be admitted for training into it."

Mr. Stephenson then mentioned some cases of East Indians who showed every promise of fitness for work in the sacred ministry. "Here am I, send me," has been the cry from those who are no idlers, drawn by dangerous love of novelty, desire of change, of worldly promotion, or pay, to seek the priesthood.

He urged the importance of early home training, and of the knowledge of Scripture, in which much of our College teaching is miserably meagre. The end of our training should be to make truth-loving men, Bible Christians, and Prayer Book Churchmen. We require schools of prophets at our chief centres of European population to provide approved candidates for Holy Orders with thorough theological training. When we are convinced that there is a need to be supplied, we should set about supplying it, without waiting to see our way to its full development. There are loyal Churchmen with leisure and competence who might furnish ready and inexpensive aid in Church work. Their social position and experience would compensate for defects in theological training. Our Diocesan schools might add some recruits. There might be exhibitions given in connection with them, or theological classes formed. Mr. Stephenson then pleaded for an extension of the Diaconate, suggesting that for advancement to the priesthood there might be required some further guarantee of intellectual

proficiency by passing the F.A. or B.A. Examination of Calcutta University. Some time should be spent at a Theological College, such as Bishop's College, and the vacations might be used for gaining parochial experience. Some of the other institutions might be found suitable only for the preparation for the inferior ministries. Mr. Stephenson referred to the Additional Clergy Society, and deprecated the tone of some remarks on its depressed condition which had appeared in the *Indian Churchman*. It had done what it could with scant support, and had deserved well of the Diocese. But it was a time for renewed efforts under the Bishop to supply these deficiencies. When disestablishment comes, it will be through some such agency as this that the Church must provide for her people. "Rather than go on in our present torpid and timid way, I begin to think that the sooner disestablishment comes to dissipate our drowsiness the better." He added a few words on the signs of hope in the Oxford and Cambridge Missions, and the earnest endeavours of the Bishop to impress on them their corporate life as a Church.

The Rev. W. Hooper read a paper in which he dwelt upon the importance of aiming at a purely Indian Church officered by natives. Foreigners can never make good pastors to a native Church. The vanity of the native may be flattered by being ministered to by one of the governing race; but the usefulness is in inverse proportion to this kind of acceptableness.

He pleaded for separate institutions for students speaking the same vernacular language in preference to one central one in which instruction would be given in English to men speaking a variety of dialects. The latter method interferes with the unity of the work.

Divinity Colleges were the objects of jealous control. There is under present circumstances need to multiply these institutions. A Divinity School for the C.M.S. is shortly to be established at Allahabad; this will suffice for the training of its ministers. But there are other widely separated Missions of other Societies, such as those of the S.P.G. in Cawnpore, Banda, and Dinapore, or the Missions in Chanda and Indore, which will probably train their agents elsewhere, or ally themselves each to the Divinity School which happens to be nearest to them. Such Missions as Chota Nagpore and Santhalia will have their own institutions. In each school there will be three divisions or classes: (1) Candidates for Holy Orders, approved by the Bishop; (2) Lay preachers who are the agents of Societies; (3) Theological students who do not necessarily intend to engage in Mission Work. These might perhaps labour to support themselves whilst receiving instruction. But for the present, most of them must be aided

by scholarships; and however supported, they will prove a most valuable feeder for evangelistic and pastoral agencies. Mr. Hooper then gave reasons for preferring instruction in the vernacular to making English the medium of teaching and worship. There are only a very few who possess the power of so thoroughly digesting what they learn in English as to be able to give it out reproduced in a native form. It is as much as they can do to assimilate what they receive in the vernacular so as to present it to their countrymen, in a way to which no European could attain. Also worship in the vernacular is more devotional and a greater help to raising the spiritual tone of the students.

Another essential thing is to develop the Missionary spirit of the students, and never to allow them to become either mere students or mere devotees, or both together. This must be done first by constantly giving them Missionary information, and enlarging their interest in the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the world; secondly, by giving them a thorough understanding of the false Religions of the country, with some knowledge of their sacred books, so as to be able to appreciate whatever is good in them; thirdly, by giving them constant opportunities for preaching to the heathen, and supervising and correcting this part of their work as much as any other.

The Rev. E. Jermyn read a paper on the training of Europeans for Holy Orders. He observed that there was no Theological College in India at present devoted to this work. Indian Universities have no Divinity Professors. English clergy are for the most part imported from England,—for Scripture Readers recourse is had to the Army Scripture Readers' Society. The Indian Church in this respect ought to make itself independent of Societies. We have plenty of European schools, but no European Theological College. The Masters and Chaplains might look out for suitable candidates in the schools and recommend them for registry on the Bishop's list. Such youths, when they leave school, might be put in the way of special reading for Holy Orders. In Calcutta they might attend the lectures at Bishop's College, and be told off for practical work in the hospitals and parishes, and profit by the musical Services in the Cathedral. The maintenance of students would be attended with less expense in Calcutta than in an institution specially provided at a hill station, and there would be a large field for learning parish work. After Ordination some experience in a subordinate position, answering to the assistant curacy in England, would be of great benefit to the clergy. In every large station with troops there ought to be a well-trained Scripture Reader. Such men might be *admitted to the* subdiaconate, and qualify themselves for Ordination.

Mr. Jermyn hoped that the S.P.G. would consent to adapt Bishop's College in the way that he suggested, for the instruction of Readers; and thought that a well-matured scheme should be laid before it, which would allow the College funds to pay part of the expense of their board; otherwise the provision of lectures would involve an expensive arrangement. An endowment for a Reader ought to be easily raised in every military station. Civil stations might combine to make up the stipend of a Subdeacon or Reader, especially where the services of the A.C.S. chaplain have been withdrawn. A supply of men should be sought from the large schools, to be sent for two years' training in Calcutta, in theology and pastoral work, under the eye of the Bishop and his staff,—perhaps also going up during that time for their University examinations. After two years' probation as Readers, and two as Subdeacons, they might be ordained and placed in charge of small stations.

The Rev. S. W. O'Neill said that we lost sight of the value of early dedication by parents, and self-dedication at Confirmation; and he argued that men should be trained for the Ministry from minor Orders, and advance step by step, even Readers receiving a salary and being recognised as an Ecclesiastical Order. The Rev. J. R. Hill observed that Mr. Hooper's plan for the Divinity College took a theoretical rather than a practical view of the needs of the Church, and objected to his proposed bilingual course of study. He urged the great necessity for a Bishop of Allahabad, with a diocese including the N.W. Provinces, Oudh, and Central India. Mr. Hackett explained that the system proposed for the instruction of Divinity students was a searching one; and argued that the best way of testing their fitness for the Ministry was by alternate periods of study and parish work. Mr. Carruthers argued that the Diocese should provide and maintain its own Ministers, instead of drawing its supplies from the State and external Societies. Mr. Knox defended the Lahore Divinity College against Mr. Hill's idea that it would be used to repair the dilapidated education of a few waifs and strays from our orphanages and Mission schools. The Native Church conferences had shown what admirable men there were in the ranks of the Native Ministry. He thought that the material must be sought in India, and that with a fair trial it could be raised to the required standard. The C.M.S. were not giving up evangelistic work in favour of the College. They had thirty Missionaries who were training men to be drafted into the College. The work of Missionary Societies would by degrees be carried on by a strong native Church.

In the second session of the Conference on Thursday, December 15th, a paper was read by the Rev. J. F. Scobell, on the best way to promote

Church work in the Diocese. He urged that the Church must be, by her very commission, aggressive, and pointed on the one hand to the enormous multitudes in India to whom the Gospel had not yet been preached, and on the other, to the many European stations where the residents seldom or never join in common prayer or partake of the Sacraments. He did not recommend any new organisation, but pleaded for a more earnest support to the Additional Clergy Society, the Church Building Society, the Board of Education, and to one or other of the two Missionary Societies. For this object there should be Associations formed in every station, with monthly or quarterly meetings, at which the laity would have an opportunity of speaking, and more interest might be enlisted. He argued that a few such Associations might cause the interest in Church work to spread from station to station, and to extend to the Church at home through the newly-formed Indian Church Aid Association. It would greatly forward this movement if there was a Church Aid Association in India itself. He then pleaded for a multiplication of Conferences, and thought that such Conferences might be held whenever the Bishop visited a station, if there was an Association formed besides the Church Committee which is usually summoned on such occasions. More clergy are required. There are now, besides the 74 stations with chaplains, some 119 out-stations to be provided for. This involves a great variety of work, and in many cases absence from the centre for fourteen Sundays, or more, in the course of the year. Mr. Scobell concluded by showing how much might be done by regular monthly offertory collections for the general purposes of the Diocese.

The Rev. W. M. Hackett then read a paper on the same subject with reference to native work. The support of Church work belonged to the sphere of the Chaplain and native Pastor; the extension of the Church is the special work of the Missionary. The Divinity School shortly to be established at Allahabad will, it is hoped, supply the present want of a trained Native Ministry. But it would be a good thing for Native Pastors to be placed for a time, while Deacons, under an experienced European or Native Clergyman. This plan is shortly to be tried at Borily Village. Native clergy might also in the future benefit by a visit to England. There is no station in the N.W. Provinces in which Daily Services are not provided for Native Christians, although they are not always well attended. As to Holy Communion, one unsatisfactory feature is its omission on Christmas Day, on account of the drinking that prevails among the native Christians on that day. This omission should speedily be rectified, as it amounts to a complete surrender of the field to the enemy. Baptism is in Hindustani churches

always administered publicly. The Missionaries prefer to let the native pastor take all the baptisms to preclude feelings of pride at being baptized by a European. If the Baptism were to be administered by the Bishop, this evil would be aggravated. "Last Sunday we baptized three women at Sigra. At first it was proposed that we should keep them till the Bishop's arrival, and have the Baptisms before the Confirmation. But when it was represented by our native pastor that one of them was inflated with pride at the idea of being baptized by a European, and that all three were weak women, we thought the risk run greater than the possible gain." Mr. Hackett then touched briefly on the subject of Confirmation, Consecration of Churches and Cemeteries, Contributions, Total Abstinence, and Mothers' Meetings. On the subject of a "Native Prayer Book," he said, "I feel very strongly that the language of the present Prayer Book is quite too high for the majority of our native Christians; and, from all I hear, I fear that the new revised version will soar still higher beyond their comprehension. What is required is a rendering of the substance rather than the words of the Prayer Book: we can never obtain an idiomatic Hindi, or Urdu, Prayer Book if we follow the literal method." Lastly, he spoke of the great need of the voluntary unpaid help of lay native Christians for Sunday Schools, Temperance Societies, Mothers' Meetings, and the like.

The Rev. S. W. O'Neill remarked on the general want of zeal in the English Church, and the feebleness and insufficiency of the support given to Missions, instancing the Ahmednuggur Mission, where so serious a reduction of agencies had been necessitated by lack of funds. Roman Catholics and Methodists had both done more in building churches than the Church of England. He suggested that the Bishop should annually invite visits from England of well-known Revivalist preachers, who should hold Missions at the larger stations. The Rev. W. Hooper recommended an interval between Baptism and Confirmation. The Bishop argued that a candidate who was not fit to be confirmed should remain a catechumen and defer his baptism till he was also ready for Confirmation. Mr. Hooper observed that the spiritural lethargy which pervaded Anglo-Indian Society was due to the surrounding heathenism, and partly to the spread of infidel publications.

The second part of the Session of the Conference began with a paper of grave and painful interest by the native Missionary, the Rev. D. Mohun, on "Discipline." He said the great want of the Church in India, and especially of the native branch of it, is discipline. In this respect we have departed from the purity of the primitive Church,

by treating delinquents with leniency, and conniving at their evil deeds. The Christian Church, as a spiritual society or corporation, has an inherent power of censuring and punishing its members who offend against its laws. Such correction of offenders is necessary for the honour and peace of the society, and to allow unlimited license is to strip Christianity of its virtues, and to expose it to the ridicule of its enemies. By adherence to discipline Christianity became so renowned and triumphant in primitive times. If we ask what has impeded the spread of Christianity in India, the chief hindrance is the unworthy conduct of some of its followers, rather than any slowness on the part of the Missionaries in proclaiming it. If there had been proper discipline, Christianity would have been respected by the heathen. Even heathen religions have had some discipline for the exclusion of the profane, and shunning the society of the impious; and the Jews had their admonitions and sentences of four kinds or degrees of excommunication. Heathen communities still frame laws and enforce them upon their members, who are compelled to conform to the discipline for fear of being entirely cut off from their society. Church history shows how, in the primitive times, offenders were punished: the Emperor Theodosius being a notable example. But strange to say, there is now hardly anything of this kind in our Christian communities, whether native or European. We profess to have a law, but live above the law. When any one has been excluded from the Holy Communion, or is living an immoral life, or denies the being of God, or rejects the Scriptures, or has joined an heretical sect, he is not at all censured by the Christian community, nor shunned nor exposed to public shame by his friends and relatives. People feel no hesitation in being in his company, joining with him in dinners, and accepting his invitations. When such offenders die, the clergy are asked to give them Christian burial, and if we refuse we are reported to the Government, or to the Bishop of the Diocese. If a clergyman happens to expose one of his Church members for his immoral life, or to censure him for his unchristian character, he is either told to mind his own business, or is referred to the penal code. Can we call this "discipline," and can we expect that as long as things remain as they are, people will try to reform, or see the evil of their lives? The Church is a body, and if one of its members becomes unsound or useless, the whole community suffers and is disgraced before the heathen. The absence of "discipline" among European Christians reacts unfavourably on the native Christians, and weakens even such discipline as we still exercise. Our people, seeing that there is no effectual Discipline, even for notorious offenders, in English congrega-

tions, institute comparisons and resist and resent the application of a stricter rule to themselves. Amongst the causes of laxity three may be mentioned: 1. That mere exclusion from Church Communion is no punishment whatever, as more than three-fourths of our congregations practically exclude themselves from it. 2. There is a general impression that communicants only are expected to lead holier lives, whilst others may be unfaithful to some extent, and not be blamed or censured for abusive language, excess in drinking, profanation of the Lord's Day, &c. 3. The easy readiness with which those of one denomination go over to those of another, by which the sinners of one Church are welcomed as the saints of another. Mr. Mohun concluded by saying that though it would not be practicable to revive a severe Discipline, and we must expect tares in the same field with the wheat, yet it is highly desirable that there should be some set rules for censuring offenders.

The Rev. J. R. Hill advocated Guilds with strict rules of life. Other observations were made as to the legality of refusing Communion, and the duty of private remonstrance. The expressions in the Burial Service were alluded to, as misleading to some minds, who inferred that the same confidence or hope might be expressed for all who died professing Christianity. The Bishop observed that society was severe upon social faults, as breaches of etiquette, but weak in its judgment of moral offences. We must begin with "Self-Discipline." This concluded the business of this most interesting Conference.

NOCTURNAL IDOLATRY IN CHINA.

By A. Gordon.

ABOUT the middle of August I learned from some of the natives that an important ceremony was being held at a temple about six miles outside the city (Hang-chau), and that people from all parts of China would be present. We went to witness the proceedings. If any imagine that the power of idolatry is weak, one visit to this festival would convince them of the contrary. Among the gods, as among the officials of the empire, various ranks exist. At this temple is a god called *Yuh Whang Shang-ti*, "Lord of the world and Saviour of men." This personage is equal in rank to the Emperor. Here each night, from the 1st to the 15th of the seventh moon, annually, a parody on royalty, for the benefit of departed spirits, is gone through, and on no two evenings are the same

people present. On this particular evening Shao-shing—a city fifty miles from Hang-chau—was represented, and from one of the worshippers I learned that 3,000 men from there were present, each of whom paid from four shillings upwards for the privilege! Those who act the part of high officials pay sums *pro rata*, some of which are very large, the belief being that after death their spirits will hold the same rank as they did at this annual worship. In addition to the above preliminary fee each worshipper is obliged to bring a quantity of paper money, to be sent up through fire to the spirits of their ancestors during the ceremony. An idea may be formed of the quantity of paper money consumed during these fifteen days from the price received for the *ashes*, which is said to realise a total, at a trifle over a cent an ounce, of not less than £60! After careful inquiries, I think the total expenses for each night's worship cannot be less than £200!

Shortly after dark the worshippers formed in procession and marched a mile or so out into the country in order to escort the spirit of the Emperor to their service. Two hours elapsed ere all were ready to return. At length the head of the column came in sight. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful sight than it presented as it passed before us. Each man carried a lantern aloft, the name of his district, or society, painted on it in bright colours. The vast majority of these lanterns were the ordinary paper ones, but there were also a great number of huge round ones made of horn, square ones made of glass, oblong ones of gauze, with many other sorts; but all bearing the same characters. Of course each night brings a new lot of lanterns as well as of bearers. The main temple and a number of lesser ones were brilliantly lighted up, rows of red gauze lanterns being suspended from the ceiling, and along the sides, while in the front stood large red candles with bright reflectors placed behind them. Heading the procession came a band of musicians. Next, men bearing two large, round, official umbrellas, one of blue silk, the other of red, with heavy gold fringe, and covered with characters worked in gold thread. Then came long banners of red cloth in countless numbers with dragons worked in gold. Yamun runners passed along dragging their chains, bamboos, and other implements of torture, and wearing hats bright with tinsel and feathers. A better class of runners followed, wearing long white grass-cloth robes, gathered at the waist with gold-embroidered ends. These were decorated with new white straw hats with red hair tassels. Men dressed in theatrical clothes of the most gorgeous colours and heavy with gold embroidery followed the runners in groups, at various stages.

Then came boys, dressed in red cloth and tinsel hats. The army was represented by bodies of men in uniform, bearing immense battle-axes, spears, and maces. Bands of musicians passed by at various intervals. The centre of all was the Emperor's chair, carried by twelve bearers, and containing his tablet. Men on either side shielded it, from the public gaze, by large white feather fans, which they swayed to and fro, as if fanning a living person. The tablets of lesser rank, similarly guarded by fans, were carried most reverently by men dressed as high officials, and who kept their eyes constantly fixed on their precious burden. An official bearing the tablet of the great idol Yuh-whang stood just inside the outer gate of the temple, under a beautifully embroidered official umbrella. A crimson cushion was lying at his feet, and he was assiduously fanned by men on either side. On the arrival of the Emperor's chair, opposite to where this last official stood, the procession halted, and those preceding the chair having filed into the temple, this man knelt down and, in the name of his master, bade the Emperor welcome. This ceremony over, the rest proceeded to the temple, and soon every nook and crevice was filled, except a clear space down the centre to the outer door.

After a long interval, the big drum gave forth a booming sound, and the great idol Yuh-whang, decked out in rich silk, gold, and brilliants, was carried in and placed on a raised platform under a rich canopy. Immediately all fell prostrate on the ground, and for a while silence reigned supreme. Presently the master of the ceremonies took his place, and the bearers of cards of those gods who by their rank are allowed to pay their respects to his majesty (as officials do to the real Emperor) began to arrive. A few feet from the throne each bearer knelt and respectfully presented his master's card, which was received by the above official, who announced in a loud voice the name and rank of the sender. The court musicians played on their instruments on the arrival of each fresh card, of which that night there were forty-eight. In addition there were presented the various tablets which had been carried in the procession. These were preceded by a servant carrying a red cushion for the bearer to kneel on. After this a few devout women were allowed to prostrate themselves in the royal presence. Towards midnight his majesty proceeded to judge the evil spirits. The Chinese hold all mad persons to be possessed by a devil, and consider that the only cure is to make the sufferer prostrate himself before this great idol. Numbers are brought here by their friends, each patient paying £7. While awaiting judgment, these unfortunates are locked up in a room filled with hideous

figures representing the sufferings of hell, a sight sufficient in itself to upset the balance of a sound mind. In the midst of yells, to frighten the devil—the flames of the immense pile of paper money lighting up the whole court as if it were noonday—a poor wretch is hurried into his majesty's presence, and made to prostrate himself. He is pronounced guilty, and a number of blows is ordered. A straw figure is brought forth to represent him, and he is obliged to look on while it receives the punishment. When the list is exhausted, which is generally not before dawn, the ceremony is ended.

One strange feature in this spirit worship is that no priest of any kind takes part in the proceedings. All is carried out by the people themselves, and is a fair illustration of the difficulties that stand in the way of the spread of the Gospel.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER.

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. MUCHLEISEN ARNOLD.

ON Friday, December 9th, the Rev. J. Muchleisen Arnold, for many years Secretary of the Moslem Mission Society, passed to his rest at Papendorp, Cape Town. He was born in 1817, at Zell in Wurtenburg. He early evinced a desire to become a Missionary, and relinquished for this purpose his portion of the family estate. He pursued his studies at the Missionary College at Basle, and afterwards at Tubingen University. He was afterwards received into the Anglican Church, and entered the Church Missionary College at Islington. In 1841 he was appointed to a proposed Mission in Abyssinia. He proceeded to Aden and the East African coast; but here a considerable delay took place, owing to the unsettled state of Abyssinia. He was ordered to join the Mission in Jerusalem instead, and was ordained there by the English Bishop Alexander, after examination by his chaplain, the Rev. George Williams. After working for six months in Jerusalem he joined Dr. Krapf in Abyssinia, and continued to work with him among the Gallas and other East African tribes until 1844. In 1845 he was sent to Bombay, and laboured in Nassik and Juneer, preaching in a ruined mosque, and diligently studying Arabic and kindred languages, with a view to the controversy with Islam. In 1849 he returned to Europe from ill health, and found work first in Malta, and afterwards in a curacy in

* From *The Gospel in all Lands.*

Staffordshire, where he brought out his work on *True and False Religion.* From 1852 to 1857 he was chaplain to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The two following years were devoted to study in Germany, which resulted in his work *Ishmael, or the Koran and the Bible.* In 1859 he returned to England, and founded the Moslem Missionary Society, of which he was Honorary Secretary for many years. Through his efforts a Mission was commenced at Aleppo under the auspices of Consul Skene; and another in Egypt under Miss Whateley. Dr. Arnold also held a curacy at East Ham. In 1864 he published a work on *The Authorship of the Pentateuch.* In 1867 he became Consular Chaplain at Batavia, an office which he undertook with a view to work among the Mohammedan Malays in Java. He established a periodical in the Malay language, and gathered a Malay congregation, the result being that the number of converts rose in a few years to about 1,500 souls in the villages of Pontok Gedek, Bakassie, and Tangerang. From 1871 to 1875 he was in charge of a district church at Leyton in Essex. About this time he published his work on *Genesis and Science,* and revised his book on Islam. This work has been much used by Missionaries, and a translation of it was published in Germany in 1877. In 1874 he obtained the degree of D.D. from the College of William and Mary in Virginia, in acknowledgment of his learned labours in the cause of true religion. The threatening state of affairs in the East having interfered with the labours of the Moslem Mission Society within the dominions of Turkey, Dr. Arnold determined to offer himself for work among the Malay population of Cape Town. He sailed in December, 1875, accompanied by his wife, daughter, and sister-in-law, who have been his assistants in his many works of love. Their united labours in the degraded suburb of Papendorp were very effective, and there was a marked improvement in the moral and physical atmosphere of the place. The church was enlarged and beautified, and a school chapel was commenced at Salt River. Dr. Arnold described the plan of this church in a letter to the *Net:* "It will have 250 sittings, and will be central, near the works, and not far from the Kaffir location. We think of calling it St. Luke's Church. It has been a hard year. Owing to the tremendous rains the outbuildings of our Papendorp schools collapsed and had to be rebuilt, and these schools, as well as those at Salt River, have had to be enlarged." But while so zealous and earnest in his own parochial work, he neglected no opportunity of reaching the Mohammedan population. In this work he was aided with assistance from the Bishop's special Mohammedan fund. Several little publications were written and issued by him, and in many other

different ways he sought to sow the seed which may hereafter (please God) bring forth much fruit. A striking testimony to the spirit in which these labours were conducted is furnished by the following letter from "A Moslem," which appeared in the *Cape Times* a day or two after the funeral :—"Sir,—Allow me to pay a passing tribute to the memory of a good and gentle man, who has now passed from amongst us, that faithful servant of God, the Rev. Dr. Arnold, justly revered and honoured by all classes of our community. His memory will long live amongst us. He was ever courteous, ever kind, and his simple eloquence often carried more conviction with it than the high-flown theological arguments of would-be reformers. Although anxious to further the work of the Moslem Mission Society, of which he was the Honorary Secretary, he never said a word which could aggrieve the most sensitive and susceptible feelings : a clear-headed and impartial critic, he did justice to all. He will be deservedly lamented by all who had the honour of knowing him. There will, I scarcely believe, be found one to fill his place to his parishioners. In a trying period, when our community was cruelly assailed by a hidden foe, Dr. Arnold, with his keen intellect and careful criticism, came to our aid. Ever kind, ever just, we mourn for him as for a dear friend, and heartily sympathise with his bereaved family in their hour of trial. We cannot offer them any words of condolence, for they must feel that their beloved dead has but gone before, to give an account of his stewardship to his Lord and Master—

'To render up to God
The charge His love had given;
And passed away His face to see,
Revealed in highest heaven.'

"In conclusion, I can only wish that an abler and better pen than mine had been requested by my fellow-Moslems to write this in-memoriam to our dear departed friend.

"I am, &c., A MOSLEM."

Besides these various labours of his own, Dr. Arnold was ever ready to place his services at the disposal of any of his brother clergy. He took part in most of the courses of Lent or Advent sermons in the neighbouring parishes; and his happy union of solid practical godliness with love of evangelical doctrine and reverence for Apostolical order, his wide sympathies and large heart rendered him equally acceptable to congregations representing very different schools of thought.

But those who knew him best are inclined to view as the main

feature of his character, and to place above all his gifts and graces, his marvellous faith in the power of prayer. We are assured that amidst the greatest obstacles and dangers he was never daunted, having this stronghold and support ever to keep him up. This made him ever bright and cheerful—happy as a child from the simple trust he had in God as his loving Father.

This may be illustrated from his Fourth Annual Report of the Moslem Mission Society published in 1865. It concludes with the following enumeration of "Things to be done":—

(1) We are to PRAY more. (2) We must raise more *money*. (3) We must obtain European agency. (4) We must diffuse more widely the Holy Scriptures. (5) A Mission at Cape Town. (6) A Mission in Western Algeria. (7) A Mission on the banks of the Orontes. (8) A Mission on the shores of the Red Sea. These things must be done quickly.

Under (1) he said, "If there is to be a distinctive feature about this Society, it should be that of a spirit of *prayer* and *faith; prayer*, such as God has promised to hear; and *faith* in His promises, such as God delights to honour. It was felt from the beginning that in this dire conflict the prayers and tears of the Church must as of old constitute the main strength and chief armament. If, according to some commentators, it was the Woe of Islam which was ushered into the world by 'a voice from the golden altar,' it proves that there no longer existed a sufficient power of prayer in the Church to resist that direful judgment, and it also teaches us whence all our strength to weaken this power must be derived."

THE LIGHTHOUSE AND ITS KEEPER.

By Geo. T. Rea.

ON a sunken rock, in the open sea,
Stood a lighthouse high and strong;
And the lamp was there, with its brilliant flame,
And the keeper all night long.

But that keeper had nought of pity or love;
A hard, selfish man was he,
He shaded the lamp, and sent out no light
O'er the dark and perilous sea.

One dismal night, by a strong wind driven,
Came a ship with all sails spread;
None thought of danger, for no one knew
Of the sunken rock ahead.

Fast sweeping along came the sail-clad ship,
The white foam leapt from her prow;
"All 's well!" cried the watchman pacing the deck;
"All 's well!" passed from stern to bow.

But scarce died away had the watchman's cry
When crash!—plunged the ship to her fate;
And there stood the beacon that would have saved;
But 'twas seen, alas! too late.

Oh, fearful cries of the drowning men
From the seething waves that night!
And they cursed, as they sank, the merciless man
That refused the beacon's light.

The men of the ship are the heathen world;
The beacon the Word of God;
The keeper the Christian who shades the lamp,
And sends not its light abroad.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

INDIA.

Christmas Entertainments at Calcutta: Meeting at the Town Hall: Missions, no Failure: The Brahmo Somaj: "Surrounded by the Halo and Glory of Performances yet to be Achieved": A Zenana Excursion: Theism: Hindu Allegories made Christian Teaching: Industrial Missions: "A Nation of Printers!": The Dádú Pantha: A Woman of Untiring Energy: Twenty Years Work.

A series of Christmas entertainments were given in Calcutta to the native Christian community, including parochial teas in the different parishes, a concert in the Town Hall, an open-air Service for the Sunday-school children, and Bengali Services in the Cathedral. The last of these was the Bengali Church Union Festival, at which Dr. Banerjea was the preacher in the morning, and the Bishop the preacher in the evening. Between the Services there were refresh-

ments and recreations in the Cathedral compound. Upwards of 2,000 native Christians assembled in the Cathedral and its transepts. There was also on Christmas Eve a large gathering of English and Bengali Christians at the Oxford Mission House, which was beautifully illuminated for the occasion. A selection of carols was sung, and were accompanied on the harmonium by the Rev. E. F. Willis.

On December 30th a Missionary meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which addresses were given by the Hon. J. Gibbs, the Ven. Archdeacon Baly, the Rev. J. Vaughan (since deceased), and the Rev. P. M. Mukerjea. The last speaker combated the notion of Mission work having been a failure in Bengal. Where fifty years ago there were no native Christians, there were now 12,000 in the neighbourhood of Calcutta alone. Though the native Church consisted mostly of poor members, its influence for good had been very great. There was a growing class of influential men amongst them who command the confidence and respect of those among whom they live. He referred to Zenana work, and bazaar preaching, and the removal of the prejudice which identified Christianity with the adoption of European food and dress. The Bishop said that the time was passed for a defence of Missions. There was no doubt that Christianity was rapidly advancing in India, and becoming an influence in the religious belief of all classes. In his recent tour he had been struck with the attitude of men in high authority, especially in native states, towards Christianity. Everywhere he had found it a topic of conversation, and spoken of in terms of highest respect. He had found many whom the binding claims of relationship alone kept back from an open profession of the Christian Faith. But though this was their attitude, he could not but speak with the deepest disappointment of the startling contrast between the theory and practice of men of the highest intelligence, and enlightenment, submitting to a superstition which they knew to be degrading and contemptible. In Travancore and Cochin he had found, under the rule of a most enlightened Raja, caste supreme, and the position of women most degraded. The very clothing of women of the lower castes was limited by caste-law, and even in social intercourse the distance at which men of different castes should stand from each other was fixed by regulation. Yet even here he had found Christianity regarded with respect. It was making itself felt as a power in the country. At the present time one of the greatest needs was a superior boarding school in Calcutta, both for boys and girls. He hoped to see one shortly established.

The Calcutta Brahmo Somaj has for the last ten months issued a

small single-sheet paper called the "New Dispensation." This has met with much success, and is now enlarged with the new title of the "Liberal and New Dispensation." It will contain accounts of the spiritual phases of Keshub Chunder Sen's religion, with the addition of the political and social philosophy of the New Dispensation. It is pledged to support the policy and Government of Lord Ripon, who is described in its columns as "resplendent upon the throne, surrounded by the halo and glory of performances yet to be achieved!"

On December 20th Miss Hoare took a party of Zenana ladies an excursion of 30 miles by water from Calcutta to Dhangatta in the Sonderbunds district. The banks of the Nullah are not attractive, though the dullness is occasionally relieved by a picturesque old Hindu temple, and in the latter part the vast rice tracts are interspersed by villages in groves of plantain, palm, and cocoa-nut. At Dhangatta the party put up in native houses, sitting on mats on the floor for their meals. There was a Bengali Service in the church, conducted by Mr. Nath, the native pastor, and an examination of the schools in the afternoon, followed by games. In the evening Mr. Hornby, of the Oxford Mission, exhibited a magic lantern. The return journey was accomplished on Thursday, December 22nd, a short halt being made at Mogra hat. Miss Hoare and Miss Harte are carrying on an excellent work in these rice districts. They have established a network of girls' schools, and shrink from no amount of fatigue and hardship in their enterprise of Christian benevolence.

The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh, Mission Priest of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, writes from Benares, January 16th, that he has lately been at Calcutta, and has delivered three lectures there to native gentlemen. He hopes to continue the course in a short time. He says, "At present they are so much taken up by their new ideas, Brahmoism and the like, that nothing appears likely to convince them of the hollowness of those notions." He then proposes to quote the history of Deism, or Freethinking, in England or America, as showing the failure of such systems to gain any permanent hold upon men's convictions, or to establish any Church or religious organisation that can stand the test of time. The Theistic congregation which Theodore Parker collected in America, is now no more. Theists must not be confounded with Unitarians properly so called, who profess a belief in an external revelation like the followers of other religions. But Theism is based on men's own reason, and acknowledges no other authority. Such, he argues, is Brahmoism.

On January 21st Keshub Chunder Sen was announced as about to

deliver a lecture on "that marvellous mystery, the Trinity." Dr. Banerjea says, "I hope, whatever he may think or say, some of his followers may ultimately be brought to Christ and His Church."

A correspondent of the *Indian Churchman* suggests an outline for two tracts which might convert portions of Hindu sacred books into Christian allegories. The first might be called "The True Ramayan," and might describe the Rawan as the hydra-headed monster of sin, who has carried off human nature, that dearly-loved creature of God. The Son of God came down from heaven to rescue her, going Himself for her ransom and sanctification. Such a tract might convey a firmer grasp of Christian truth to native Christians, whilst teaching them to value all that is lovely or of good report in their native literature. The second might be called Kalank, alluding to the tenth Incarnation of Vishnu, taken as a type of Him who ever goes forth conquering and to conquer, and would be a description of the way in which Christianity spread in the first centuries. It would be addressed both to Mussulmans and idolaters, showing against the former how Christianity conquered by patience and meekness, and against the latter that it was victorious by a loyal adherence to the truth, and an uncompromising resistance to error. It would also show that Christianity had much the same difficulties to encounter in the earliest days, as now. History is one of the best of all arguments, and we shall do well to use it as much as possible.

The Rev. J. R. Hill of Banda, writing on the subject of Industrial Missions, urges that any undertaking for the mere sake of work, and not for pecuniary profit, would be of little use. The enterprise, if not financially sound, would carry with it the source of its own decay. What should be aimed at is that if we left the country to-morrow, the native Christians might be able to work and extend it as well as when assisted by their European brethren. The industry selected should not be one which is dependent upon the prevalence of English institutions. With the exception of some carpet and lace-making in certain Missions, the native Christian artisans in North India are nearly all printers. A high official in these parts used to ask whether it was seriously intended to raise up a nation of printers!

The Rev. S. W. O'Neill, writing from Jeypore, December 4th, says: "The sect called the Dádú Pantha is strong in these parts; some 1,000 are in the Raja's army. Mr. Traill, the Presbyterian Missionary, has been translating the writings of the founder Dádú. One of these, a tract on prayer, is really beautiful and touching. The confession of sin, the cry for a Saviour, the full trust in God and His goodness, the longing for His countenance, approach nearly to the language of

David in the Psalms. Dádú lived about 300 years ago. His followers have no external worship except of his book and of their gúrús. Their gúrús are all celibates, but are now sunk in superstition and ignorance. I attended evening prayer at the house of one of the Dádú Panthés. They sang a hymn to God, and then prostrated themselves before a shrine in which there was a picture of Dádú. The shrine and picture were works of high art, and the whole house was a fine specimen of Oriental architecture."

By the death of Mrs. Winter, of the S.P.G. Mission in Delhi, the women of India have lost one of their most zealous and devoted friends. Mrs. Winter was widely known in Upper India in connection with various branches of work which she had instituted among the women of India, such as the Zenana Mission, the normal, the industrial, and other schools, and a refuge for the fallen, a unique institution in this part of India; but few who had not seen her at her work could realise the untiring energy and dauntless perseverance with which she pushed on through all obstacles. Her death, at the early age of 39, was without doubt partly due to the weakening effect on her constitution of her incessant labours.

At Delhi on Christmas Eve some sixteen adults received baptism. They were all drawn from the caste of leather workers, which is very numerous in the Delhi district, and has already yielded a large number of converts. An address was delivered to the newly-baptized by the Rev. R. R. Winter, who has now completed over twenty years of work at Delhi, and whose recent bereavement has excited universal sympathy. Mr. Winter's text was, "I am the Light of the world."

RANGOON.

Influx of Chinese: Chinese Converts: A Hopeful Prospect.

In Rangoon the influx of Chinese into the Church still continues. The movement is one which causes much anxious thought to the Missionaries. The converts are usually middle-aged men—earning their own livelihood, respectable and honest men who are far from asking for pecuniary or other aid from the Missionaries, subscribe for the support of their Church, and are willing to maintain their own pastor. More than a hundred have been baptized after most careful preparation,—and the number of applicants for baptism seems to be greatly on the increase. On Advent Sunday ten more Chinamen made their profession of Christianity in St. John's College Chapel. After the sermon at the Burmese Service, they were brought up by the catechists to the

Chancel gate, and there repeated the Apostles' Creed in Chinese, and avowed their belief in its doctrines. They professed, in answer to the clergyman's questions, their determination to renounce their former religion, to embrace Christianity, and to endeavour to lead Christian lives. The congregation were then invited to pray that they might have grace to persevere, and they received notice, that after a more special preparation they would be admitted into the Church by Holy Baptism.

CEYLON.

"Look at Jaffna!": Masquerading: The Bible Misused: The Apocrypha: American Buddhists.

A correspondent of the *Ceylon Diocesan Gazette*, writing from Jaffna, says:—

"One wonders how any one can suppose that a knowledge of English, and even sciences, will make men give up heathenism. Look at Jaffna! The most intelligent of the people are not ashamed, as in Colombo, of foolish heathen customs, such as the rubbing of ashes on their foreheads, though dressed in European costume, and adopting the better ways of European life and manners. There should be only vernacular Mission schools for heathens, and English schools for Christians. English Bibles are sold in great numbers in Jaffna; it is considered the best reading-book, and portions of it are committed to memory. In an evening walk you may hear the people repeating the eighth chapter of Romans. They quote the Bible to vaunt their knowledge of English. It is said that boys only of a higher caste are admitted into Mission schools, and there is a sort of recognition of caste even in the administration of the chalice in Holy Communion. Surely this represents Christianity in a false light to the educated heathen. Missionaries have also not sufficiently pressed Christian doctrines upon the attention of the natives, especially the doctrines of the Resurrection and final judgment, which are so much insisted upon in the Acts of the Apostles."

A correspondent of the *Ceylon Diocesan Gazette* calls attention to the want of a Singhalese version of the Apocrypha. It is the custom in some churches to have a Service in Singhalese on Saints' Day evenings; but without a version of the Apocrypha, the special lessons on certain days must be omitted, or replaced by others. The Warden of St. Thomas's College writes: "Since the Americans have begun to teach Buddhism to the Buddhists of Ceylon, a good deal of active opposition has been displayed towards Christianity. In Panadure, for

instance, a Buddhist school, conducted by a committee of Buddhists, has been started in avowed opposition to the Church school, under the management of the Rev. F. De Mel. The latter school has in consequence suffered much by the withdrawal of boys. It is all the more satisfactory to find that the efficiency of the Church school is maintained unimpaired under its energetic head-master, M. J. R. Peiris. The Government Inspector reports that this excellent school deserves all praise for its discipline, instruction, and organisation."

SOUTH AFRICA.

Colensoism: "No Wonder": Where the Military Ought to Go: Laxity of Discipline and its Consequences: Poor Missionaries.

The Rev. Luke Rivington, writing on the condition of the Church in Natal, says :—

"It is in the community which is called 'the Church of the Province of South Africa,' and in that community alone (if we make a slight exception in favour of the Roman Catholics, and in regard to native work, of the Wesleyans), that any signs are to be found of pressing onwards to fulfil duties towards society at large in the way of providing the bread of grace and truth by the increase of the offices of religion, or institutions for educational or other less immediately religious wants. Colensoism is, in these respects, almost an absolutely sterile plant. Its head is mainly occupied with the pursuit of literary criticism and the maintenance of a certain political view in regard to the Zulus. In this matter Dr. Colenso is probably actuated by a sense of justice, but as far as religion is concerned, he lacks the enthusiasm required to carry people along with him. Yet there are some ways in which his party has been manifesting fresh energy. Unbelief in England shows itself mostly by dormant indifference; but in a colony where there are few objects of interest, this becomes active opposition, especially in the face of increased religious activity amongst Church people. I met an English vicar on board ship who had spent a single Sunday on shore at Durban. I remonstrated with him for preaching in Dr. Colenso's Church, but he professed almost entire ignorance of what he had been doing. It is no wonder that young laymen find their way there, when clergymen set the example. I met a well-disposed young Churchman in Maritzburg. I found that he had been to Dr. Colenso's Church on the previous Sunday. He described the Service at St. Peter's as peculiarly hearty, the singing *better than* at St. Saviour's, owing to Miss Colenso's unflagging

energy in obtaining the services of the best amateur singers in Maritzburg, and keeping the choir up to their duty. He quoted the Governor's example, and a remark he is said to have made, that Dr. Colenso's Church was the proper place for military persons. The tablet in memory of the soldiers and volunteers who fell at Isandhlwana was erected, not in St. Saviour's, but in St. Peter's, Dr. Colenso preaching on the occasion. Certain expressions ascribed to persons in high office at home have been adroitly quoted as involving their recognition of him as the Bishop of the Diocese. Some military men have been thereby hindered from joining in the good work of the Orthodox Church in Maritzburg. There were, however, many earnest military men, who regularly attended the Mission Services which I conducted in St. Saviour's Cathedral. The regular attendance of three Governors at Dr. Colenso's Church has also been a serious hindrance to the progress of the Orthodox Church in the colony. Thus the work of the Church in Natal has, besides the difficulties incident to all work in the vineyard of our Lord, to contend with a heavy weight of antagonism from these causes. The fascination exerted by Erastianism over men's minds in England, and Dr. Colenso's successful claim to be the legal titular Bishop of Natal, though without a legal diocese, combine to lead men of confused minds to conclude that there can be no harm in communicating with one who holds the title of Bishop by the grace of Privy Council, especially as his deposition is not universally recognised by the Ecclesiastical authorities at home. Thus Dr. Colenso's followers maintain that there are some who would not refuse him communion in spite of the plain declaration of Convocation that in his deposition and excommunication by the Province of South Africa 'substantial justice was done' to him. This is one of the favourite pleas of the supporters of the schism."

The Rev. Luke Rivington then alleges instances of clergymen who have been employed in England and Ireland after ministering in Dr. Colenso's churches in Natal. These instances of laxity of discipline, however little noticed at home, are magnified in their importance in the colony, and have done grave injury to the South African Church in her condition of difficulty and embarrassment. The Church of the Province of South Africa, Mr. Rivington adds, is doing a quiet work in the midst of innumerable difficulties. She deserves all possible aid and sympathy from England. I doubt if there is anywhere a set of clergy so thoroughly poor, and yet contentedly so.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

At Zanzibar: The Church of the Slave Market: A Vigorous Bishop: Work on the Mainland.

Writing from Zanzibar, January 11th, 1882, the Rev. L. Rivington remarks :—

"Here, in Zanzibar, the new church is the best adapted for an Oriental place of worship of any that I have seen. Every inch has been superintended by the Bishop, who has got an amount and kind of work out of the men he had to employ, which not one in a thousand would have succeeded in getting. He was the architect also. The appearance is most imposing. It reminds me, in a small way, of the Basilicas at Rome. It stands on the site of the slave market, which was a real slave market when Bishop Steere first landed here. It is a monument of industry, and a token of triumph. Not one inch of it has been raised by the aid of "Mission Funds." I don't know that there is much to boast of in that, for it must mean that English people are not sufficiently aware of the really practical work that the creation of a stately church is. I mean that it is as directly Mission work as schools and many other institutions,—for standing as it does, as the building of the place, it is an educational force. Altogether I am much struck with the practical wisdom that is stamped on the whole of the Mission work here. And there is no manner of doubt that it would have been better to have begun *here*, than with the more romantic but utterly unpractical method of rushing at once into the interior with no base of operations worthy of the name. The work on the mainland is just now shooting forth, and it seems springtide with Mr. Maples and Archdeacon Farler. There seems to be quite a remarkable movement going on. Meanwhile they are on their way, here, towards educating a native ministry, to take up the work on the mainland. I much hope that the Cambridge Mission to Delhi and the Oxford Mission to Calcutta will not injuriously affect the joint Mission of the Universities to Central Africa. They need not; for all may profit by the extra flame kindled by any one."

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

By the Rev. Canon Churton.

Education in India. A Letter to his Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India. By John Murdoch, LL.D., Indian Agent of the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India. Madras: S.P.C.K. Press, Vepery, 1881.

England's Duty to India. A Letter to the Most Honourable the Marquis of Hartington, Secretary of State for India. By John Murdoch, LL.D. Madras, 1881.

THE author of these pamphlets believes that India is approaching a very grave crisis, owing to the results of the Government system of higher education. Having been connected with education in the East for nearly forty years, he can speak from an experience which must carry weight and invite serious attention.

The bigotry of the Mohammedan moulvies, and the narrow-mindedness of the Indian pundits, had each their special dangers in past times, whilst much of the teaching which they imparted was either harmful or worthless. But we have now to face in India a new class of evils alleged to be the effects of English education. There is first the self-conceit and rudeness of the natives thus trained. They assert sometimes a superiority of intellect over their present rulers and teachers. England is but a little narrow corner of the earth, the birthplace of bigotry and science. The Native Press complains also of rudeness, "a kind of false independence which knows of no distinction between high or low, old or young" (*Indian Mirror*). Another effect is disloyalty. In past times discontent was often found to exist in quarters where it was least expected. The Mutiny afforded many illustrations of the inability of foreigners to feel the pulse of the people amongst whom they were living, even in the intimate relations of master and servant. We cannot prudently hold forth assurance of continued peace in India. There are barriers between the Hindus and their British rulers which are unlike those which divide us from any other nation. In the sight of genuine Hindus we are unclean outcasts, whose very shadow is pollution. "I often wondered when in India," says Professor Monier Williams, "why certain great pundits preferred calling on me very early in the morning, till I found out accidentally that by coming before bathing

they were able afterwards to purify themselves by religious ablutions from the contamination incurred by shaking hands and talking with me. The Mussulmans, when less scornful than usual, confine themselves to calling us Kafirs or infidels. But in India this epithet scarcely represents the amount of contempt with which we are commonly regarded by bigoted Muslims. Many of them have been seen to spit on the ground on leaving the houses of eminent civilians, after interviews in which the most courteous expressions had been interchanged."

The discontent is found especially in men who have been educated above their stations. The knowledge imparted destroys the reverence they naturally feel for their own religion and its precepts. In its stead we implant no other of a holier and purer kind. Can we wonder then that the result is disloyalty untempered by gratitude, a spurious and selfish patriotism unchecked by religion?

Seditious opinions find utterance in the Press; for though much of the Native English Press is distinguished for loyalty and good sense, there is also found a disposition to find fault with everything under British rule.

The following parody of Euclid appeared in the *Amrita Bazar Patrica*:—

POLITICAL GEOMETRY.

CHAP. I.—DEFINITIONS.

1. A political point is that which is visible to the Government, but invisible to the people.
2. A line of policy is length without breadth of views.
3. Political figure is that which is enclosed on one side by ambition and on another by hypocrisy.
4. A political circle is a plain figure contained by one line of policy, and is such that a certain point within this figure keeps the circumference firm and united.
5. And this point is called interest.
6. A political triangle is a wedge which is usually introduced at the beginning of any new impost.
7. Parallel lines are lines of policy, which, though they never meet, always tend to the same direction.

CHAP. II.—POSTULATES.

1. Let it be granted that any tax may be imposed upon any sect or class of the people without their permission.
2. Let it be granted that any measure may be introduced or withdrawn at the pleasure of the Government.

3. Let it be granted that any promise may be made or broken, provided there be a nominal pretext at hand.
4. Let it be granted that a deficit may be shown where there is a surplus.

CHAP. III.—AXIOMS.

1. Might is always right.
2. England governs India for the good of the latter.
3. Things which have a black cover have also a black interior.
4. Things which have a white cover have also a white interior.
5. Black can never be white, neither white be black.
6. The promise or opinion of one individual is equal to the promise or opinion of the whole nation.

PROPOSITION I.—PROBLEM.

Given a permanently settled revenue on land, to draw a road-cess from it.

Among instances of disloyalty in the Press, the writer quotes an attempt "to vindicate the conduct of those 'foreign co-workers in the cause of social freedom,' the Nihilists, Fenians, and Communists."

The next most serious result of the system is the *Scepticism* which it has planted and fostered in the minds of the youth of India. Whilst they are led to reject with contempt the professedly inspired science of Hinduism, no purer faith is at the same time presented to them. By a most perilous and painful transition they are suddenly tossed from superstition into scepticism. Young men fresh from College (says the *Indian Mirror*) impudently parade their materialism and infidelity before their half-educated comrades, and deride the sacred truths of religion and morality, scoffing at God, immortality, and conscience. Young India eagerly embraces any teaching that helps it to meet and reject the claims of the Gospel. Christianity is spoken of as a creed which is fast losing its hold on those very nations among whom it sprang; as a religion which is divided and decaying, and antagonistic to the discoveries of science. "How can such a creed ever hope to find favour with a people whose own creed can boast of a revelation as old as 5,000 years, and whose faith in it has ever been more staunch, uniform, and undying than that of the European nations in Christianity; a faith which has produced saints, martyrs, and miracles as renowned and authentic as those of Christianity?"

The Mental and Moral Science prescribed by the Indian Universities has tended to promote scepticism. Thus the Calcutta University has "Huxley's Hume" for the B.A. Examination of 1882. This work contains sneers at Christianity, as well as criticisms on Hume's

Theism and argument for the Immortality of the soul. The use of Bain's "Mental and Moral Science" in the Madras University is also mentioned as of a dangerous tendency, even where its teaching is controverted by a Christian professor. Such selections of English literature are departures from the general rule, most of the books being unexceptionable.

The wave of scepticism now passing over India also derives help from European infidels, who write out to Native papers taking up old, worn-out objections to Christianity. It brings with it a serious increase of intemperance and profligacy. "Whoever renounces Hinduism seems to feel that he is at liberty to do anything, and is amenable to no moral tribunal, earthly or unearthly. His own will is his only law, and to that he subordinates everything else. The reaction from the slavery of ages is uncontrolled recklessness. He plunges into habits of dissipation, carnality, and dishonesty. A Hindu writer deplores this result, and avows his desire that the precepts of Jesus should at once be made a class-book in the Government and Aided Schools." The evil of intemperance is worst in Calcutta, where the educated classes are the wealthiest, and English has been longest studied.

Some of the Native school books adopted by the Government Educational Department contained idolatrous and immoral teachings. Some of the Madras books taught the boys to pray to Ganesa, the Hindu god of wisdom, for success in their studies; to serve Vishnu; to meditate on the name of Siva. Others praised Mohammed as the Prince of the universe, the glory of creatures, the Mediator of both worlds. Pantheism and Fatalism were also taught.

After advocating school text-books which would furnish useful information on agriculture and manufactures, the writer observes that one of the greatest needs in India is an improved teaching on the position of women. Their degraded condition in India is the foundation of numerous social evils. Many Hindu tales turn upon the wickedness of women, the luxury, profligacy, treachery, and craft of the female sex; and this applies equally to Mohammedans. These books should be replaced by others containing incidents in the lives of good and noble women, such as would inspire respect and admiration for the sex. The evils of child marriage should also be shown. One class of Brahmans betroth their children immediately after their birth. If the child-husband dies, the unhappy girl is a widow for life, and becomes the drudge, the butt, the sorrow and reproach of her family. It is only Christianity which can raise women in India to their true position.

The notion of a science of morality based on the religion of morality, finds favour with some; mere knowledge and utility are not, however, the motive power of morality: so Babu Keshub Chunder Sen observes, "Moral laws and principles are dead things; the living power is in religion."

The writer advocates the teaching the great truths of Natural Religion, as points on which Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians are agreed. For this he cites Max Muller, arguing that the Fatherhood of God was held by the old Aryans. For this, he says, St. Paul gives authority, in his saying at Athens: As certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring. Ethical teaching based on moral responsibility to a living Creator would have the approval of Hindus and Mohammedans.

Atheism is undoubtedly spreading among Hindus. The President of the Theosophical Society puts into the mouth of the Buddhists that "a personal God is only a gigantic shadow thrown upon the void of space by the imagination of the ignorant men." The Government school books might well give the opinions of one or two "ignorant men," like Socrates and Sir Isaac Newton. They might also contain teaching on the Divine omnipotence and justice, urge attention to religion, and inculcate prayer. The doctrine of sin might be added without offence, for Hinduism has its penances and confessions, Brahmans being enjoined to say daily, "I am sin, I commit sin, my soul is sinful, I am conceived in sin: O thou lotus-eyed, O Hari, deliver me from all my sins." The writer is careful to state that such teaching as this is only contemplated as sufficient for Government schools, it would be wholly insufficient for the Christian Missionary.

But there are superstitious errors which might be counteracted, especially those connected with fatalism, such as make people lie down and die in time of pestilence, or commit crimes without remorse, regarding them as a necessity. The Madras second reader has the following passage: "A child lay sleeping on the brink of a well. Fate passed by, and softly waking the child said: Get out of this dangerous place, you little fool. If you were to fall into the well and be drowned, people would blame me, and say it was your fate to be drowned."

The use of vile, impure language is a crying evil in India. It is worst among the lower classes, and is observed especially among the women. It is so common that when a policeman in Calcutta was asked to check some people for its use, he said, They always speak so. It is said that the native police are as great offenders as any. The Braziers' annual procession was at one time noted for abominable songs, dances, and vile gestures. Certain festivals are similarly dis-

graced, even well-clad Babus taking delight in these abominations. Children learn the vilest expressions from their infancy. The Brahmans, who pride themselves on their politeness and good education, are found to be among the worst offenders when their passions are aroused. School books might do a good deal to awaken conscience in this respect. The books now used in Government schools do not make the slightest reference to the evil. It is often melancholy to mark the change which comes over intelligent, promising boys as they grow up, through the influence of immorality. In Mohammedans especially, it can frequently be seen in their very faces.

Reading books should also show the evils of intemperance, and should inculcate truthfulness and moral courage, and other virtues in which the natives of India are deficient. They should promote loyalty by recounting some of the benefits which England has conferred on India. The writer points out many serious defects in the Government reading books, and the frivolous stories found in some of them, and urges the importance of good pictures and illustrations, especially in aid of the teaching of topography and geography. A complete new set of readers should be prepared, after procuring materials and suggestions from all quarters, including the United States of America.

The writer also advocates the institution of mixed primary schools to help to break down the zenana system among the Hindus, which appears to have had its origin in the Mohammedan seclusion of women.

The frequent quotations in the pamphlet from the *Indian Mirror*, the Hindu patriot, and from Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, show the strong sympathy felt by the best class of Hindu reformers in such efforts to rescue the youth of India from the many demoralising influences which depress them, and to correct the tendencies to disloyalty and irreligion.

In the pamphlet addressed to Lord Hartington on "England's Duty to India," Dr. Murdoch dwells chiefly on the faults committed in ill-judged taxation, and the partial repeal of the cotton duties. Import duties should be retained; the land tax, which is the sheet anchor of Indian finance, can only be expected to yield a very slow increase. Public opinion is strongly against increasing the income from excise. There remains the opium revenue, amounting in 1879—80 to about eight millions net, or next to the land revenue. Some men have tried to gloss the opium trade, but the evidence on the other side is overwhelming. "I once stumbled upon an opium den in British Burma; never shall I forget the scene of degradation then witnessed. An American Missionary gives the following picture from

Bentinck Lane, Calcutta, almost within shadow of the Viceregal Palace: 'It was a more respectable place than any I had yet visited, and yet it was wretched enough. Three Chinamen and twenty-seven Indians were smoking. The Chinamen were miserable-looking creatures, emaciated, dull, and half torpid. The natives were of various classes and various stages in the opium habit. I spoke freely in this shop about the evils of the opium habit, and as nearly always happens, the smokers readily agreed with me. One man said, "It brings us all to poverty, and then makes us thieves and swindlers. We cannot do without opium, and we cannot get enough of it, and in order to get it we will steal or do anything. We all become poor. We lose everything, and are ruined." Most of those present applauded this speech with an emphatic "true!" In another shop most of the smokers were Mohammedans, and when I asked them if the Koran did not forbid this vice they readily admitted it, and began to make various excuses, among others that the shop was maintained by Government, and could not be wrong. The Chinese proprietor defended himself stoutly on this ground. He paid a very heavy license to Government, and that squared all accounts with his conscience. On asking why the opium shops were closed at 6 P.M., the reply was, They are the worst places in the city; all the thieves hang round such places, and it would never do to keep them open after night-fall.'" The opium revenue may be affected in two ways: 1. The Chinese may grow opium themselves, or it may be grown in other parts of the world. The Portuguese are trying it in East Africa. 2. The conscience of the British nation may be aroused, as in the case of slavery, and declare that the Government connection with it shall cease. There is apparently some apprehension of this, for the Indian Government have been directed to estimate the opium revenue considerably below the probable amount. The Government should impose upon it as heavy a duty as it will bear without creating more evil by its illicit cultivation and sale; it should contract the area of cultivation as much as possible, and the Chinese Government should be left free to deal with the question. The loss to the revenue should be made good through Customs' duties. During twenty-five years our Indian exports have risen from twenty to close on seventy millions, and the trade of India is yet but in its infancy. Opium is killing our legitimate trade with China. As the nation becomes a race of opium smokers, the demand for British goods will disappear.

India has long been in the unfortunate position of a man who is supposed to be richer than he really is. If the British nation had realised the poverty of India it would have refrained from several acts

which now form standing reproaches against England in the native press. There are forty millions under-fed in India. Vast multitudes live at almost the lowest level compatible with continued existence; their wants and hopes are limited to the barest necessities of human life. Increasing numbers add to the fierceness of the struggle for existence, and to its hopelessness. At last some vicissitude, whose advent was certain, but against which no means of protection have been prepared, sweeps off wholesale a crowd of suffering wretches whose powers of endurance have broken down under this additional strain.

India well deserves all the benevolent efforts that have been bestowed upon her welfare. Her inhabitants form one-sixth of the earth's population, a number greater than ever acknowledged the sway of Imperial Rome. They are our fellow-subjects; toiling, struggling, fainting like ourselves in the battle of life. Wave after wave of invasion has swept over their country; they have been crushed under the heel of the oppressor; sometimes the heaven that is over them is brass, and the earth that is under them is iron, and millions lie down to die. The people of India have their failings like all of us; they are generally ignorant, and sad experience has taught them to distrust strangers; but if treated wisely and kindly none are more docile and loving. India will yet cast her idols to the moles and to the bats, and all her many nations, recognising each other as brethren, will kneel together at the same footstool, and offer the same prayer to the common Father of all. A change is going on. The light of the Sun of Righteousness reddens in the horizon, and it will shine more and more unto the perfect day.

THROUGH BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By The Right Rev. the Bishop of New Westminster.

WE never should have started had we listened to the gloomy vaticinations of anxious friends.

They painted the perils of the road in most ghostly colours, and ransacked the pages of history (an unwritten history at present, and existing only in the memories of the "oldest inhabitants,") for illustrations of the dire results of *amateur* coaching on the waggon road. All kindly meant, no doubt, but scarcely helpful or to the point. For the point was to get to Cariboo, or, rather, Cariboo was the point to

get to, and except we could drive ourselves the point was unattainable.

In the first place, the public stage travels day and night, and makes but few stoppages, and would give us no opportunities of making the acquaintance of people on the road, which was an important part of our purpose; and, in the second place, the stage charges would be £15 a-piece, each way, and this was altogether beyond our means. So having already one horse, and what is here called a "buckboard," we decided to buy a second horse and drive ourselves, rather than give up the journey.

It does not take long to buy a horse in this country, and having had our eye on a particular one for some time past, an exchange of proprietorship and £12 made our "team" complete. On August 12th all was ready for a start from Yale, and with many words of caution from the Rev. J. B. G. and a farewell almost as sorrowful as an Ephesian elder's, we set out on our drive of 400 miles.

There are few things more dull than a diary, and I will, therefore, spare you the infliction of days and hours, further than clearness makes necessary, and aim rather at a connected narrative, broken chiefly by Sundays, and otherwise, only as interest shall seem to warrant.

The first fifty-seven miles of our journey lay through the Fraser Cañon, a narrow gorge in the Cascade Mountains through which the river has at some time forced a passage by some power which it seems but a weak expression to call supernatural. Here is a river 550 miles from its source, without reckoning its windings, contracted between sheer rocky walls that approach each other in some places within 50 yards. Its depth unknown, for so impetuous is the current that the heaviest plummet is carried furiously away before it can reach the bottom. And this at the lowest stage of water; while in June and July, when the winter snows are melting, there is, in some parts of this cañon, a vertical increase of water to the extent of 90 feet!

It is scarcely conceivable that salmon can make head against this torrent dashing along at eighteen and twenty miles an hour, with long stretches where the straight walls offer no opportunity for an eddying resting-place. And yet in every little eddy they were to be seen in such marvellous numbers that I am almost afraid to speak of them lest I should be accused of romancing. There was positively not room enough for them; they jostled one another out of the stream; in fact there was more fish than water. Supposing a tub were filled with salmon, and then as much water poured in as there was room for; this would give you an idea of the appearance of the eddies as we saw them during the whole course of our first day's drive.

Perhaps even a more striking illustration still of the extraordinary abundance of the fish is afforded by the fact that the Indians were selling them to the canneries for *one halfpenny each!* We get them even cheaper than that! For there is a cannery within a hundred yards of our house at Sapperton, from the proprietor of which we have *carte blanche* to send for a salmon when we want one; a privilege we have not been slow to avail ourselves of, only, unfortunately, we are away from home during the best of the season; and up-country, at roadside houses, though there is the same abundance, and the same cheapness, and you get salmon at breakfast, salmon at dinner, and salmon at supper, *toujours saumon* in fact, yet the culinary arrangements have the Chinese stamp too rudely impressed upon them, and one never sees a boiled fish.

As one good turn deserves another, let me recommend to all lovers of excellent salmon our cannery friends and their "Dominion Brand." The trade mark is a flag of many colours and devices, from the British Lion to a Thistle, but the Shamrock is ominously absent, to mark, I suppose, our friends' abhorrence of the Land League! This is not a mere "puff," for the æsthetic mission-helper to turn up his nose at, but written in all seriousness. It is an object to us to draw attention to our industries, which are at present very insufficiently known, and our pushing American cousins hold almost a monopoly of the canned salmon trade, while we lose further by the confusion existing in the public mind between British Columbia and the Columbia River, few being aware that the latter, through all the important part of its course, is an American stream, and all Columbia River salmon is canned by American firms, and whatever sale it enjoys in England is to the detriment of this British colony, and, in some measure and degree, of the Church in this colony. However, these digressions if, as I hope, they are interesting and allowable, nevertheless do not help us along towards Cariboo.

If the character of the river is extraordinary, equally so is that of the road itself, and, to people with nerves, equally terrible too. There are places here and there where the river is lost sight of and the road passes safely enough through woods which form a perfectly secure barrier on either side, but for the most part the cañon is so narrow and the cliffs so precipitous that the road had to be cut out of the rock, and in some places the rock is not only beneath one's feet, and on one side, but overhead as well, while, on the other hand, the Fraser is sometimes so near that in high water it overflows the road.

Here and there, bluffs formed by spurs of the mountains have proved impassable by excavation, and then the road is built out from

the face of the cliff and supported by struts. There are two such places between Yale and Lytton—China Bluff and Jackass Mountain—and after driving four times over them last year I don't mind acknowledging that nothing could induce me to do it again but the call of duty. The risk is too great to run except of necessity. Not that these particular places are the most dangerous, for one may just as well fall 500 feet as 50, but the danger is more obvious; it is pressed rather too forcibly on one's attention, and suspended conversation, a moment's introspection, a quick glance over horses and harness and wheels, and a "taking fresh hold" generally, of things inward and outward, teach one with a force often wanting in sermons that "there is but a step" between life and death. The width of the road is eighteen feet, ample enough (it might be supposed) to drive upon, and perfectly secure if it were across a plain. Just as a plank is wide enough to walk upon when it lies upon the ground. But elevate the plank some twenty feet above the ground and flank it with a wall, and it takes a Blondin to traverse it successfully.

And so this eighteen-foot road, with a precipice on the one hand and an abyss on the other, seems to dwindle to a ribbon under the most favourable aspect, and it becomes something very little short of appalling when one comes face to face with ten yoke of oxen and a pair of freight waggons. By the rule of the road the heaviest team always takes the inside, and the oxen, therefore, invariably go to the wall. The light team looks anxiously for a lucky spot where nature or accident may have added a few inches to the width, and there pulling up awaits the *rencontre*. The dangers of the road teach men consideration, and in all our travelling up and down we could name but one instance of anything but the most uniform courtesy and good-will.

An amusing circumstance which occurred on one of the first days of our drive illustrates the primitive character of the administration of justice in the country districts of the province. We had passed without stopping at a farm-house where a number of people were assembled, and had driven on, perhaps half a mile, when a shout behind us drew our attention to an Indian furiously galloping in our wake. We pulled up and allowed him to overtake us, and he handed me a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Have you got a Bible with you?" My acquaintance with Chinook is still in its infancy, and though not a complicated language its intelligibility is not increased by the gasping utterance of a man out of breath with hard riding; and I utterly failed to elicit from the messenger any explanation of the purpose of his mission. However, the fact that a Bible was in re-

quisition was sufficient reason for turning back, and, fortunately, we had been overtaken at a portion of the road where turning back was not an impossibility. Arrived at the farm-house we found a court sitting, and a magistrate hearing a complaint of assault! The magistrate is a teamster; he had come along that morning in the course of one of his journeys, not expecting to be called upon to exercise his judicial functions, and was unprovided with the legal instrument for administering oaths. The farm-house being equally unproductive the course of justice seemed likely to be arrested, when lo! a *Deus ex machinâ!* A Bishop surely must have a Bible with him? But since the "machine" was whirling away the "deus" at the rate of eight miles an hour it was necessary to send post haste after him, and there was no time for more than the brief message we received. We soon had our "pack" unstrapped, and produced the book, and, when the witnesses had been sworn, left the court sitting, and went our way.

Magistrates are not always so particular as this as to the character of the volume used on such occasions. There is a tradition that the book long used in one of the courts of this province was a copy of "Gulliver's Travels," and that the mistake was only discovered by a Jew, who, a little fastidious about kissing the New Testament, opened the volume that he might get at the right end, and naturally objected to swear on it at all. The second day out from Yale we reached Lytton, the dreariest, dullest, and driest place in the country. A great scarcity of water prevails, and there is consequently but little cultivation. Five days out of six a strong wind prevails, and the sand gets into one's eyes, and into one's throat, and down one's neck, and plays havoc with one's temper; and since the hotels are the worst managed houses on the road one has comfort neither indoors nor out. Nevertheless we are obliged to spend a Sunday there on the Indians' account. We had Matins and a Celebration in the Court House for the white people at 9 o'clock, and Service in the Indian Church at 11. The native catechist said prayers in the Indian tongue, and then I celebrated Holy Communion, administering to twenty men and eight women, as devout a body of communicants as I ever ministered to. I could not preach, however, for want of an interpreter, the catechist not being yet competent for the office.

We drove on in the afternoon seventeen miles to where there is a cluster of houses occupied by the C.P.R. Engineers and their families, where we had Evensong, and I preached.

We had now left the valley of the Fraser, and were following the Thompson.

(To be continued.)

A VILLAGE COMMUNITY IN EAST AFRICA.

By Rev. Chauncy Maples, M.A.

No. II.

HAVING discussed our position at Masasi in regard to the native communities around us, and given it as my opinion that we are in some sort a state, and in all respects but one, independent, I attributed our prosperity and strength in part to our state-like character, but I also averred that what alone can make us stand firm in the course of years, during which we may live to see, or our successors may see, community after community split up and perish around us, is the presence of Christ's Church here in our midst, the Spiritual Kingdom set up which passes not away.

I have now to describe our mode of ecclesiastical and internal government, our rules and our restrictions, our privileges and our penances.

All our people are expected to attend church on Sunday mornings, and on three other mornings in the course of each week. Before these Services a gong is sounded through the village for a quarter of an hour, followed by the church bell, which is rung for another quarter. By the time the bell has stopped, the people have assembled near the church door. The names are then read over, that each may answer for his or her presence. After the Service, those who did not answer their names are inquired after, and the sick are visited. If there are absentees upon no sufficient cause, these are called and warned not to repeat their carelessness. If they continue to absent themselves they are threatened with slight penalties, which are, in fact, rather the withdrawal of certain privileges than positive punishments. It has, moreover, never yet been necessary to enforce these.

In our church the Christians (by which term I denote all who have been baptized, together with the communicants) occupy the first place close to the chancel; in the second place come the catechumens; afterwards the hearers; and, lastly, all those whose only instruction is the Sunday sermon, many of these being strangers who come to the Service out of curiosity. At the celebration of the mysteries, the unbaptized, if there be any present, are bidden to withdraw at that part of the Service which corresponds to the "little entrance" of the ancient liturgies, while the unconfirmed leave after the prayer for the Church militant. Non-communicating attendance throughout

the celebration on the part of the confirmed is neither encouraged nor practised with us. Our font is so placed that all the unbaptized face it, without being allowed to pass beyond it. For them it is the entrance into the Church, and in its position speaks to them of the initiatory sacrament. The baptized are pointed on to the altar, while the confirmed alone mount the steps and pass into the sanctuary at the time of reception. We preach from no pulpit, that so we may be free to walk about, addressing ourselves to the different classes of our congregation in turns. Each of these classes has its separate responsibilities and privileges, and must be spoken to accordingly. For the most part we try to make the Sunday morning sermon as topical as we can, and for this purpose the Ten Commandments are a constant theme, and first and foremost of them, Commandments I. and II., as furnishing us with the weapon for cutting at a hundred abuses and superstitions in the heathenism around us. We are chary of bringing before so mixed an assemblage the deeper mysteries of the faith, though the great seasons naturally compel us to break through a habit of reserve which we are careful to maintain. Our constantly held classes for communicants, confirmation candidates, and catechumens, enable us, without breaking the intention of a true *disciplina arcani*, to discourse to those whose ears are opened by the illuminating Spirit on the deep things of God. The law our schoolmaster is rather the thought we have before us when we find ourselves face to face with the heathen hearers who sometimes fill our church to overflowing on Sunday mornings, while also the simpler truths connected with our Lord's life and ministry are not omitted. It is to the imagination and heart of man that we make our appeal on these occasions rather than to the intellect, which for the apprehension of the deeper mysteries of the faith requires the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit not yet vouchsafed to all assembled before us. In some sort the Spirit is with them, and as we try to touch their hearts, we pray that He the ever Blessed One may kindle there His fire and melt them; but it is mainly of repentance that we speak to them, of conversion, of heaven, hell, and judgment, of the bliss of the righteous, of the torment of the wicked, of the mercy and justice of God. We have to remember that God the Holy Ghost is Personally present only with the baptized. He indwells them alone. These alone He unites with Christ, and His gifts to these differ in kind from those He bestows on those whom He is but beginning to draw to Christ. Anon He comes to these last in the font of Baptism, and they come up out of the waters of regeneration born again of Him, with hearts freshly attuned for the service of God, and reasons pierced

for the apprehension of the mysteries of the faith by His illuminating rays. Our Sunday morning sermon is in intention a preaching of the Word mainly to the unregenerate. It is essentially a Missionary sermon, intended to stir the hearts of the indifferent, and to induce them to draw near and seek instruction in the faith. It is a common thing for catechumens and hearers from the neighbourhood to return to their homes after this Service, there to be questioned by their chiefs and others on the subject of the morning's sermon.

In following with a certain degree of closeness the practice of early times in the disposition of people in the fabric itself, it will be observed that even in externals such as these and in points of seeming unimportance the idea of an *ecclesia docens* is before us, and we find as a fact of experience that by such a sharp dividing off of class from class we have in no small degree been able to restore primitive discipline. Thus grave offences in Christians of the first rank are punished by debarring the offender from Holy Communion, as well as by sending him to the bottom of the church to sit with the hearers as one who, until he shows signs of true repentance, has forfeited his position among Christians. Such punishment, we reserve for heinous offences, or for others brazened out, as, *e.g.*, by the offender refusing to pay the minor penalty and thus enhancing his misdeed and bringing it into the class for which the above is the pénance prescribed. The penances are extended over a time sufficient for the degraded person to show fruits of penitence, and when these manifest themselves, the offender is visited with a view to ascertain as far as may be the sincerity of his repentance, and upon our being satisfied that there is in him a genuine sorrow for his sin, and a desire to do better in the future, we, after admonition and prayer, restore him to his place and communion. So far it has, I believe, been really deemed a greater punishment by all who have undergone it than either stripes or a heavy fine, and while this state of things lasts, we may gladly let the Church punish transgressors in her own peculiar way. We as yet have had no case of any of our Masasi Christians openly convicted of repeated moral offences of very deep dye, such as theft, adultery, or witchcraft. Were so unhappy a case to arise, it is probable that for the sake of example to the heathen and to those who can have no punishment strictly speaking at the Church's hands, not as yet being members of the heavenly kingdom, we should have to impose an additional penalty of the nature of a civil punishment; though the case would have to be dealt with on its own merits and the general character of the individual prior to his fall brought into consideration in meting out his punishment. For transgressions of

village law and general breaches of discipline fines are our usual penalty. For adultery and fornication and repeated drunkenness amongst those who are not Christians, stripes and imprisonment are inflicted. For all cases where those who are clearly convicted attempt to disregard and make light of their transgressions and show no signs of amendment, we have instituted a "black list." On this list the names of the recalcitrant are marked, and until they change their ways are refused work, are not allowed to go on journeys to the coast, nor admitted to any of the privileges connected with village membership. They are for the time being counted as outsiders; and if Christians, by being degraded also in church, become for a period as "heathen men and publicans." The institution of the "black list" has had a very wholesome effect in reducing stubborn spirits to a sense of their wrong-doings, for all our people are justly proud of their community, many of them very jealous for their position as Christians; and while all dislike the imputation of disloyalty, many, we may thankfully assert, are seriously concerned when the frowns of the Church are upon them.

Although we are anxious not to give a legal character to any of our proceedings, we are naturally obliged from time to time to hold inquiries in cases of public scandal where various parties stand accused. One comes to us, for instance, as wronged by his neighbour and wanting redress, or at least assurance against the recurrence of the wrong. The accused is questioned, and denies the charge. The case cannot always be dropped at this point. Our people look for justice from us, and we have the plain law of Scripture, sealed as it is under the New Testament dispensation, that "in the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." Failing witnesses, therefore, the case *may* be dismissed, and the accuser must be bound over to keep the peace on pain of being very summarily dealt with. If the accusation be privately made and as privately brought to our notice, we are in duty bound to preserve a strict secrecy, whatever action we may take. If, on the other hand, the accusation is publicly known and threatens to become a grave scandal, and is moreover publicly brought to us, it seems generally advisable to offer the accused an inquiry into the matter. If he accepts, the inquiry is held in presence of the two natives who carry out under ourselves the discipline of the village. Witnesses are called, and when the case breaks down, the fact of its doing so is made as public as possible. Such a case as this arose amongst us not long ago. The accusation was of a very grave nature, and brought against one who occupied a high position here. He called for an oath to be administered to him,

and was offered an inquiry. This he accepted. The case broke down at every point, and I employed every possible means for letting this be known. He, however, expressed a strong wish to leave the village after this unfortunate occurrence, and I was neither prepared nor anxious to detain him against his will. He accordingly returned to Zanzibar. I am now convinced that the result of the inquiry, which was known to be as complete as it was possible to make it, had its effect in bringing round most of those who prior to it were strongly biassed against him, to a thorough acceptance of, and belief in, his entire innocence in the matter. The tide of public opinion was not thus turned in a day or in a month, but it has worked gradually in his favour, and now after a lapse of nearly a year the thorough exposure of the falsity of the accusation has borne its fruit in the way it was hoped from the first it would do.

I have spoken of accusations "publicly brought before us," by which expression I mean charges that come to our notice through the two "nokoas." To these "overseers," as they may be called, belongs the function of watching the interests of all peace and order in the village under ourselves. They are well-tried and experienced men whom we place in a position of great responsibility, and in whom we repose a large trust. We pledge ourselves to attend carefully to any case they deem it necessary to lay before us, and it is understood amongst the villagers that they must in all matters which are not purely private and personal approach us through them, with the privilege indeed of coming to us direct if the "nokoas" refuse to bring the matter forward. The system works so well, and the discernment and good sense of the "nokoas" is so widely respected throughout the village, that appeals which they have refused to bring to us are seldom pursued. Hearsay reports we of course take no public notice of, though it is expedient, where the souls of men are our care, not to disregard them altogether, since they may be in their way indications of a state of things of which we ought not to be wholly ignorant.

When we wish to get new rules passed, fresh exigencies requiring them, we are accustomed to call together the whole body of our Christian men for the purpose of sounding their opinion, and that we may, as it were, get their authority on the side of ours. If there is a free consent to our wishes expressed amongst them, the rules, whatever they be, are understood to be binding henceforward. Similarly in the case of a very grave offence plainly brought home to the transgressor, we are not backward to try and get from our people a universal judgment against him. In this and in other minor ways the

weight of the government rests to some extent on the shoulders of the chief representatives of the community, and not only on ourselves.

Cases there are of a somewhat more private character, and often of peculiar difficulty, which are of necessity brought before us. Of this kind are the complaints made by a man of his wife's unfaithfulness. Now in a country where the marriage tie is so little regarded that upon the slightest excuse a man leaves his wife and marries another, so that amongst our neighbours there are many who in a dozen years have had as many as half a dozen wives in succession, all of whom may yet be living, it is necessary to do all we can to uphold the sanctity and indissolubility of the bond, and to teach in as effective a manner as possible that man and wife are one flesh. It is a case in which of two evils we have to choose the lesser, and thus it becomes necessary not only to allow, but even in some cases to encourage the corporal chastisement of wives whose unchastity is avowed. Our Lord's words seem only to allow of divorce in one particular case, which is that of *πορνεία*, universally now understood to mean fornication before marriage, which so vitiates the marriage contract as to make it null and void.* This being so, we can only in this case counsel or even permit divorce, and while we declare ourselves in all others against it, we cannot refuse the injured husband the only means whereby he can, as a matter of fact, effectually restrain his wife from continuing to sin against him. Here at least, where chastisement is a recognised punishment for this vice, the evil steadily decreases. Whenever such punishment is disallowed amongst natives, the sin abounds, so that at last marriage itself becomes degraded into mere temporary cohabitation, and the mutual honour of husband and wife reckoned of no account. The utmost care is taken that the chastisement shall be inflicted with all due regard to the condition of the recipient at the time, and it is usual for the husband to tie up his wife before flogging her, that so when she is unable to struggle there may be no possibility of inflicting an injury or endangering her in any way. Thus what at first sight might appear a refinement of cruelty, is in fact a careful provision against it. It must not be supposed that this mode of punishment is lightly resorted to. It is administered only when everything else fails to remedy the evil, and when it becomes the only alternative with divorce. It is a custom of the country, nor can we hold that it is a custom to be disallowed altogether at the present time. It has its very distinct uses, and prevents an untold amount of immorality, nor with the restrictions we have put upon it do we think it even unsuitable to the present condition of things here. An instance

* Vide *Liddon's University Sermons*, 2nd series, pp. 310—314 and 327—331.

occurred a year ago of a young married man discovering a few weeks after marriage that his wife had been guilty of an act of fornication before the contract, and thus had vitiated it from the first. He came to me in great distress, and I at once offered him the dissolution of the apparent tie between them. In early times, very high authorities in the Church would have even insisted on their separation. I merely declared it allowable by the law of the Church of Christ, without pressing the point that I might leave it to the injured man to decide what he would do. He really loved his wife, and so chose to chastise, but retain her. The punishment was inflicted without the slightest suspicion of any cruelty, in the calm exercise of his authority as "head of the wife," she admitting the justice of the act, and quietly submitting to this form of correction at his hands. Since then the two have lived together in great peace and happiness without complaint of any irregularity on the part of the wife, or any quarrel between them. The practice of the chastisement of unfaithful wives must call for loud condemnation in a different stage of civilisation and under a different order of things; nor even here could it be otherwise than discountenanced were the mere physical condition of African women on a par with that of Europeans. But in this, as in many other cases, the primitive stage of Christian civilisation at which we find ourselves is sufficient to justify, if not actually to call for modes of procedure which seem strange and harsh to those who have no experience of the unwisdom of putting new wine into old bottles. We shall pass beyond these things, and in time be rid of many customs which we do not like, but nevertheless feel it necessary to countenance now. A later stage of development condemns the custom of an earlier one, condemns them *for itself*, and *not* for the earlier one. It is willing to allow that each has its own rules, nor does it on looking back at its elder sister dare to say that when and where they were, her customs and rules were cruel and unjust. Often it is necessary to use a rough tool for a rough board, and we must be content to bide our time and fine down the plane to its more delicate edge when the work calls for the final smoothing. Our Lord Himself set us the example of this. He left His Gospel to work its wonders quietly, silently, gradually. He never set Himself openly against the law of nations, He never inveighed against customs which nevertheless He knew that His Gospel would in its own time completely put down. Perhaps we might even go further and say that He regarded much of what we now condemn as proper for its own time, and thus sought not to annihilate it, but to leave it until in the over-ruling Providence it should gradually give way to a changed order of things. I must boldly aver my belief

that such considerations as these affect the question of the chastisement of wives by their husbands for unfaithfulness. We have had ample proof of the good result effected by countenancing this custom, and this must be allowed to weigh in the minds of those whose purely English way of looking at things will not allow them to think of such a practice save with abhorrence.

I have purposely said very little of our work here as parish priests, it being my object only to set forth our position and character as an independent village community self-governed. At some future time I shall endeavour to give some account of our more distinct Missionary work, and of the means we employ for drawing in the heathen round us to the knowledge of the faith. In the five years of our separate existence as a village, the Church of Christ has grown up in our midst, and our converts give us much cause for thankfulness. Our Christianity is the growth of Masasi soil. We owe little to Christians who have joined us from Zanzibar. These last have, as an indisputable fact, contributed to the bad influences at work in the village, and, with but very few exceptions, have by their conduct brought more or less discredit on the religion they profess, in the eyes of the heathen to whom they should have been as a leaven. They came to us from a community which has passed out of the season of its first love, and have exhibited none of that serious renunciation of principles and practices at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, which we earnestly believe to be a very special feature in the lives of those who were regenerated in the waters of baptism in our Church here. Owing to our great distance from the centre of the diocese, and to other reasons connected with it, our Bishop has found it impossible to visit us since he first planted us here, so that our churches have remained unconsecrated, and many to whom we would fain have administered the Bread of Life ere now are still unconfirmed. Some few, indeed, who were able to bear the journey undertook it with me three years ago, and returned here to be the first partakers at the altar. It is in prospect to take some others down for confirmation in the ensuing year. But mothers of young children, and others afflicted with physical weakness, are not strong enough to bear the journey, and so must be content to wait here in the hope that some day or another Masasi may enjoy an episcopal visitation. For this we greatly long. How often would we have had the Bishop's counsel and direction at many a trying juncture where, owing to the time that would have had to elapse ere an answer could be obtained, we had to act on our own responsibility. Again, as we enter upon the sixth year of our occupation here, after a whole lustre

has gone by, it is difficult to estimate aright how much we have lost and continue to lose by being so completely cut off from our spiritual head. We have arrived at an epoch when the natives all round us are beginning to make more minute inquiries into our faith, not only in its dogmas, but also as to its outward organisation and institutions. They look at our large stone church and the classes of hearers assembled therein, then at ourselves as those sent to carry on its work, and then hearing of another by whom we are sent, and who, they are told, is our spiritual ruler, they again and again ask for him. But Central Africa is what it is, and, like many another Missionary diocese, in proportion as its work developes, so necessarily does it tend to increase in difficulty of management and supervision. Work opens up on all sides, and we plunge further and further into the dark continent, but these fresh developments bring their fresh trials and difficulties, and our isolation becomes more and more marked. "Who is sufficient for these things?" we often ask; but there is the answer which, while we pray, we may dare to use, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

A MODEL DIOCESE.

By the Rev. Luke Rivington,
Of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley.

OF all the questions connected with the life of the Church, that which is rising into the gravest importance is the difficulty of harmonising the authority of the Episcopate with the freedom of the clergy. The success of our Missionary work in the future will doubtless largely depend on the way in which this difficulty is met, whilst, in England, if disestablishment is coming on apace, it is mainly due to our failure in this important matter. In my own case, in the first Diocese in which I served the Church, the *personnel* of the Bishop gave a peculiarly healthy character to the relationship between himself and his clergy. I need hardly say that I allude to the late Bishop Wilberforce. But he always resisted in his own Diocese the growing tendency of the clergy to move into Conference or Synod. The loss, both to him and his clergy, was probably incalculable. There was that in him which would have made him the greatest Bishop that ever ruled a Diocese in England, had he only welcomed, instead of resisting, the Synodical movement. In the second Diocese in England

in which I served, the Bishop was to me a pure nonentity. I never once saw him, after receiving his license, although I was ministering in a church, frequently attended by persons of the greatest influence in his Diocese, including Royalty. No blame attaches to the particular Bishop; it was simply due to the undeveloped nature of our ecclesiastical system. But after working in many parts of the globe, I have had the privilege of labouring for only too short a space of time (so far as my own good was concerned) in a Diocese, where the relationship between the Episcopate and the Priesthood seemed to me as nearly perfect as one could expect—I mean the Diocese of Bloemfontein. In saying this I am not, I hope, depreciating the work of other Dioceses, which perhaps have hardly had it in their power to do what they might be glad to do under more favourable circumstances. The circumstances of England are not those of South Africa. In India, the mixed character of Episcopal jurisdiction hardly as yet admits of experiments which it is natural and incumbent on a Bishop to make in South Africa. In considering other Dioceses in South Africa, reasons will occur to every one why (for instance) the Diocese of Maritzburg is not exactly the soil on which efforts of the same kind would be likely to thrive with as quick a vigour as in the Free State. Something of the same kind might doubtless be found to be true of other Dioceses also.

However this may be, there is, as it seems to me, a harmony and power about the action of the Church in the Diocese of Bloemfontein which deserves more than a passing notice.

The root of the Church life in the Diocese lies in the joint action of the Bishop and the Chapter. The relationship between them is at once real and cordial. Neither can be said to have absorbed the other. Neither has tamely surrendered its rights to the other. Each have their proper jealousy for their own order of action. Those who have read the very remarkable book on the "Cathedral," by the Bishop of Truro, will recognise at once that this first principle of Diocesan action is no new experiment, but simply a return to ancient precedent. Nothing can, of course, well be more simple than the idea of the Bishop jealously preserving a relationship of cordiality and constant community of action between himself and his Cathedral Chapter. And yet the difficulties in the way of such joint cordial action have proved as yet in many cases insurmountable. Some years ago, the late Bishop Selwyn attempted the same line of action in his Diocese of Lichfield. Some of us who would have greatly benefited by the arrangement, but had not had sufficient experience, or had not sufficiently investigated the question to see the manifest wisdom of his

proposals, treated them with something approaching to scorn. I remember once, when he was describing his difficulties, he said that one of the clergy who from his position ought to have been a prominent member of the Council he proposed to form, had written to say that he did not object to the Bishop, but that he objected to the Bishop *plus* his Council, just as he preferred wine to wine and water.

This perhaps exactly represents the ordinary aversion of the English clergy to act together on the old ecclesiastical lines, and their want of faith in the Providence of God, who watches over His own institutions. And yet it may be that there is a certain undercurrent of feeling that the Chapters of our Cathedrals, as is the case with our Bishops, are not appointed in such a way as to inspire mutual confidence. However this may be, such difficulties are obviated in the Bloemfontein Diocese by the mode of appointment of the Canons. They are, most of them, appointed by the clergy of the Diocese. Whether this is, in itself, the best mode of appointment under all circumstances, it is obvious that it at once disposes of that secret distrust which the English clergy have of a Chapter with whose appointment they have nothing to do.

I was present at a Synod assembled for the purpose of electing a Canon last year. Several of the clergy present had come some distance for the occasion—for the mere purpose of electing one of their number to the highly valued, though pecuniarily valueless office of Canon in the Cathedral. Canons are supposed to make very considerable efforts to be present on such an occasion. The election, for certain good reasons, took place in a church two days distant from the Cathedral town, and one of the Canons, whose work lies some distance from the Cathedral in an opposite direction, had undertaken three days' hard travelling to be present. There is a belief in the importance of all the Church's public acts, which makes her members feel that there is real spiritual profit in being present at any such gathering round their Bishop. The Bishop, seated in his chair within the sanctuary, and the clergy assembled in their surplices and stoles in the chancel, with one of their number seated at a small table in the centre facing the Bishop, to act as secretary, the election was proceeded with. The clergy who could not be present had deputed some one to vote for them. There was other business before the Synod (which, however, was not *the* annual Synod), though the principal object of its sitting was for the election of a Canon. One thing in the conduct of the after business was plain, viz., that none of the clergy had the slightest hesitation in uttering their mind on any subject proposed for discussion, and that all dissentient opinions were received with simple

brotherly love. If gravity, if charity, if freedom of debate, if deference to ancient precedent, could give weight to a Synod, the Synods of this Diocese, however few the members, must rank high in the annals of the Mystical Body of Christ, as recorded, not in human history, but by the watchful eye of those ministering spirits, whose service and order is wonderfully constituted by Him, round whose Throne they stand, and whose behests they issue forth to obey.

Thus the solemn appointment of most of the members of the Chapter by a Sacred Synod of the Clergy, invests the life of the Cathedral Chapter with a certain solemnity, and inspires the Diocese with a certain confidence in its action. When the Bishop is able to say that he and his Chapter recommend such and such a measure, the announcement naturally commands a peculiar respect. Of course, there are matters which a Bishop must always reserve for his discretion, but there are a vast number of matters in which the joint action or recommendation of Bishop and Chapter will always have great weight with the clergy. And probably no one would be more ready than the Bishop who now rules the Diocese to acknowledge the real assistance it is to himself to have things discussed with the solemnity and freedom with which his Chapter deal with the subjects brought before them. He is not bound by their opinion; but short of that, in every well-worked system of the kind, there must always be considerable interaction of mind upon mind, so that the Bishop's judgment is more likely to be the real summary of the thoughts of the Diocese, at the same time that he is able to impress somewhat of his own individuality on his fellow-workers.

Besides the Synod of Clergy there is also, as in most Dioceses, what is called, by a slight error of language, a Synod of Clergy and Laity, which would be more properly termed a Conference. But I am desirous to note more especially the harmonious relationship between the Bishop and clergy, which seems the great desideratum of our Church life. This does not, in the Diocese of Bloemfontein, mean simply that on rare occasions the Bishop can meet a great gathering of clergy, and that on such occasions burning topics can be discussed without actual loss of temper. Neither does it mean that all the clergy entertain a real personal affection for their Bishop, though I suppose I should be right in saying that this is happily the case in that particular Diocese. Neither does it mean that there are no varying shades of opinion amongst the clergy. But it means that there is a real living community of thought and action; there is a mutual deference, and a sense of belonging to the same regiment, and being desirous of doing credit to the corps—in a word, that greatest

of powers, a living *esprit de corps*, consecrated by its transformation from a mere impulse of nature to a communicated energy of that Spirit of Unity, who lives and acts with gracious power within the Mystical Body of the Incarnate Son.

I may illustrate what I mean by relating an incident which occurred during my stay in the Diocese last year. I am sure I shall not be considered by those to whom I allude as trespassing on private ground in so doing.

A considerable difference of opinion was arising within the Diocese on one point of the Church's teaching. It was strongly felt by some, the Bishop included, that they ought to be at one on such an important point. I must confess that it seemed to me at first, judging from what I have seen of such differences in many lands, an almost Quixotic idea to suppose that greater unity of thought could be attained so quickly as was hoped by some. The Bishop, however, met some of his Clergy at a sort of lesser Synod, and, after the Eucharistic Oblation, and the Office provided for such occasions by Diocesan authority, the clergy sitting in the chancel in surplice and stole, and the Bishop in his robes within the sanctuary, the subject was very thoroughly and ably discussed on both sides. If I were to say that perhaps few Bishops in Christendom could have delivered an address so full of scholarly expression, theological exactness, and, at times, impassioned eloquence, I should feel that no one who was present would say that I had been guilty of exaggeration; but it would, I am sure, be equally true to say that the result was not owing to any one address on either side, but to the mutual deference, the reverence, and the perfect freedom of speech, which seemed to pervade the assembly—the natural result of the faith that had led men to assemble, at considerable trouble, to claim the promise of our Lord and the blessing attendant on obedience to the laws of His kingdom; one of which is *gathering together* for reverent orderly action as members of the Holy Mystical Body in the name of its Divine Head.

I do not know that the result was exactly an entire surrender of opinion on either side, but I am sure that some matters were more fully understood, and that any undue prominence to one line of thought would in consequence be more avoided.

ENGLAND'S RESPONSIBILITY.

By Rev. James H. Ross.

ENGLAND has been twice called to evangelise the world, the mediæval world, the world of the modern period including America, Australia, India, China, and Africa. Montalembert, in recording the partial fulfilment of England's duty, says: "English Christianity has been the cradle of Christianity in Germany; Missionaries formed by the Anglo-Saxons have carried the faith into Scandinavia and among the Slavs. And even at the present time the Christianity of nearly half of the world flows or will flow from the fountain which first burst forth upon British soil."

Our responsibility increases in proportion to our special opportunities for extending the Kingdom of Christ. The number who speak the English language is rapidly increasing. One hundred millions of our race, or about one-fourteenth of the population of the globe, now use English, and its use is rapidly extending in Europe, Western Asia, South Africa, and West Africa, India, and Australia. An alliance of English-speaking people has been proposed, for mutual benefit in diplomacy, civil government, and religious effort. It is not improbable that English will become the universal language. Facility in communicating religious ideas is gained in proportion as our language is acquired by foreigners, instead of our having to master their own, and with the facility the responsibility augments.

An immense territory is under the control of English-speaking people. British Burmah alone includes an area of 88,556 square miles, and a population of nearly 3,000,000. Britain owns or controls 2,500,000 square miles of Asia, 275,000 square miles of Africa; 3,000,000 square miles of Oceanica, a territory twice as large as British India, and three-quarters as large as the whole of Europe; 3,500,000 square miles of North and South America, and the West Indies, and together with the United States the aggregate territory owned or controlled is 13,000,000 square miles, or more than one-quarter of the land surface of the globe. English-speaking people have secured immense wealth from mineral, agricultural, commercial, and mechanical sources. In 1877 gold fields yielded to the British £6,000,000 in gold and £1,000,000 in silver; and to Americans £17,000,000 gold and £15,000,000 silver. This amount is estimated to be three-fifths of the total gold and silver

product of the globe during that year. I have already commented upon the agricultural resources of the English. Industry is the only thing necessary to their transformation into actual wealth, and it is one of the conspicuous English traits. The imports from Asia into England from 1861—9 amounted annually to £14,000,000, a fact that does not indicate profits, but purchasing power and the necessities and self-gratifications of an advanced civilisation. England is to-day the first commercial nation of the world and has the best navy. In discoveries, and inventions, the English-speaking people easily lead the world. They have been foremost in ascertaining the laws of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, gravitation, and chemical affinity, and in employing the energy of nature and of machinery to do the work of human hands. They have the best machinery for spinning and weaving cotton, for manufacturing textile fabrics, for gathering harvests, and the best mills for sawing and grinding the products of field and forest. They know best how to use the lever, inclined plane, wedge, screw, pulley, wheel and axle, as a relief from human labour, and as a means of wealth, comfort, and happiness. It is not surprising that the earliest immigrants to New England should have brought with them £3,000,000 to start them in life here, and to bestow upon their descendants. Access to the people, and possession of the means of publishing the truth and of sustaining workers, render it imperative that we should give the Gospel of Christ to the world.

Our responsibility is increased by the activity of irreligious English-speaking people in foreign countries and the prevalence of irreligious national policies. England's record is in many respects a record of crime. America's representation has often been to its discredit. The wars whose principal object has been the acquisition of territory; the policies whose aim has been the destruction of races; the tyrannies which have placed whole nations under the absolute dominion of a foreign power; the commerce which has introduced and enforced the use of opium and of spirituous liquors,—all these have served to render the English name odious. England rules over 41,000,000 Mohammedans in India alone. Estimate if you can the importance of obtaining by holy living their good-will rather than an evil reputation by the misconduct of an individual or of the government. As a matter of fact, they swear in important cases *by the word of an Englishman.* Consider the possibilities open to English Christians through the British Protectorate over Asiatic Turkey, inasmuch as the official and political relationship alone will probably secure the abolition of farming the tithes of the agricultural productions of the Empire, the curbing of the wild and semi-barbarous tribes that infest large districts of

it, liberty of conscience to Moslem converts to Christianity, liberty of the press, development and extension of the means and appliances of education, reconstruction of the judiciary and admission of Christian testimony in the courts.

It is our work to introduce a wholesome English literature into India, China, Japan, and other heathen countries, because a sceptical and impure literature is already there. The young men are reading the books of Darwin, Huxley, Strauss, Renan, Bradlaugh, and Ingersoll, and have the same intellectual and religious problems to solve as many of our own young men. An American traveller, a Philadelphian whose name I do not recall, says: "I once had occasion to go to a Calcutta book-store. Coming to a case which was open, I looked in and found works of a character I dare not mention; such works as would not be found in any decent book-store in this land—works that would lead to the prosecution and sentence of author and publisher to the penitentiary. I found that these infamous books were circulated and widely read. They were printed in America and in England. To these uses is the English language perverted." What more need I say to stimulate zeal and benevolence?

Such are some of the facts which serve to emphasise the duty of the most numerous and powerful of the Christian races of the globe. An Irish monk of the sixth century said, concerning his personal duty: "My country is where I can gather the largest harvest for Christ." This signified that he should labour not in Ireland but in England or Scotland. So nations are bound to other nations, and by the ties of kinship, of blood-relationship, of brotherhood. If they choose to live for themselves alone, it has been historically proved that their destiny will be long, tranquil, and obscure, like that of China. If they choose to live for humanity, they may have a stormy career, but it will be in the up-building of the universal kingdom of God. They will sacrifice their individual destiny for a work of universal interest, precisely as the early Anglo-Saxons, as soldiers of the cross, were the civilisers of Europe and the benefactors of mankind. If as time advances, each heathen nation on earth shall find Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Americans, appearing within its borders to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and indirectly to secure the miracles of the arts, of laws, of humanity, and courage, it will be not only the occasion for devout gratitude and just pride, but those strangers will thereby form a high idea of our race and of the God whom we adore. In those nations there are yet a thousand millions of creatures, "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," who have never seen a Bible, or the face of a Missionary. How essential, therefore, that we press into the service of

religion, all that go to a foreign shore, and should use both the individual and his possessions, more particularly because imparting the Christian religion does not seem to have entered the thoughts of the early voyagers over the Pacific Ocean. They aimed at the advancement of secular knowledge. The Turkish, or Chinese, or Japanese traveller who travels in Christian countries is apt to be so prejudiced against the truth, or its professed adherents, as to become inaccessible to us. The same prejudice is intensified by the visits to their countries of our non-Christian population. Let us erase the scandals of spending immensely larger sums of money in fighting and killing ignorant heathen than we do to save them to Civilisation, to Humanity, and to God. Let *religion* become the universal passion among us, rather than patriotism, or wealth, or travel, or pleasure. Then indeed we shall be "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, and should show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light."

COUNT ENRICO DI CAMPELLO.

By Robt. Needham Cust.

Late Member of H.M. Indian Civil Service; Hon. Sec. to the Royal Asiatic Society; Author of "The Modern Languages of the East Indies;" "Linguistic and Oriental Essays," &c., &c.

WHILE I was at Venice in September for the International Geographical Congress, one of the reporters for the English newspapers mentioned to me that he had received the startling news from Rome that a Canon of St. Peter's had left the Church of Rome. The fact was noticed in the Italian papers, and the head of the noble family of Campello, to which the convert belonged, undertook in the public prints to malign his cousin, and to insinuate unhandsome things against him. Upon my arrival at Rome, early in October, I had the privilege of a personal interview with the ex-Canon, and I purchased a copy of a pamphlet, which he had published to explain the reasons of his secession from the Papal Church. While on the one hand it is not wise to lay too much stress upon individual conversions, on the other hand there exist, in this case, several remarkable features, which are worthy of being recorded, and which may give rise to much reflection.

In a late number of Mission Life allusion was made to the case of Father Curci. He had come to a complete rupture with the Vatican,

and had published attacks upon it, as well as translations of the New Testament in Italian, yet he had not left the Roman Communion. Canon Campello, on the other hand, had openly repudiated the Roman Church, and joined himself to an Evangelical one in Rome. This is the essential difference of the two cases. The weight of advanced years, and the prejudices of long religious habitude, prevented the elder man from taking the step before which the younger had eventually no longer hesitated. The political events of 1870, the destruction of the temporal power, and the frightful dilemma, placed before honest men of choosing between being true patriots or true papists, were the primary cause of both the partial and the complete separation.

On the 13th September Canon Enrico di Campello announced to Cardinal Edward Borromeo, Arch Priest of the Vatican Basilica (whose death was announced in the *Times* of December 7th), that he resigned his post, as Canon of St. Peter's, and left the Papal Church. His letter was published in all the Roman journals. Let no one read such facts without thankfulness, that in Rome a man is now able to exercise his free judgment, and that the Public Press is not afraid to announce his decision. Fifteen years ago the priest would have been consigned to the dungeon, and the newspaper would have been confiscated. On the same evening, in the heart of Rome, with open doors, Campello publicly announced his secession from the Church of Rome, and he still resides in Rome, and will exercise his functions as a Minister of the Gospel among the people of that city. All this is in striking contrast with the time when English Protestants were only permitted under tolerance to worship outside the walls of the Eternal City, and, as an act of favour, to be buried in a distant corner.

Campello in his oral address stated that the believers in Christ would applaud, and the enemies of Christ would denounce the step, which he had that day taken; to the former he would reply, that to the grace of our Lord he was indebted for freedom from the servitude of twenty years, and to the latter he would answer: "Why do you rage so much and tremble on account of the loss of one man? Are you not constantly saying, that the Reformation of the sixteenth century is about to expire? Is it not because you perceive that civil liberty and knowledge of evangelical truth are advancing daily, and threaten to swallow you up? Do you wish, by an inexcusable blindness, like the Jews of old, to be buried under the ruins of your own Temple?" Turning to the congregation he remarked in conclusion, that no one, but those who have had to take such a step, knew the nature of the struggle which the soul had to endure in undergoing

it. In his letter to Cardinal Borromeo he states that more than once in the lifetime of Pius IX., he had been on the point of writing to his Eminence a letter of the character of the one now sent; but he had been kept back from an unwillingness to vex a man so aged, and to whom he was personally so much indebted as he was to the late Pope. When Cardinal Pecci succeeded to the Tiara, like many others, he had hoped for a change of policy, but all hope had now passed away, and nothing remained but to discharge a solemn duty. He could not remain part of an Institution, which, being worsted in secular matters by Progress and Liberty, sought to place the Priesthood in the position of an Indian Caste. The condemnation of the late book of Father Curci (*La Nuova Italia*) had removed the veil from his eyes, and convinced him that the "Church" and the Nation were irreconcileable. Therefore he had left the Church of Rome, and intended to exercise his functions as a minister of Christ in a purer Church, and show himself to be a Christian without being a hypocrite, and an Italian citizen without being a traitor to his country. No one will suspect him of taking this course from fancied wrongs or disappointed ambition, for he would ever cherish the memory of the kindness of his colleagues without any exception; and the honour of being a Canon of the greatest Church in the world left nothing further to be desired. He wished to add as a further reason for the step, the disgust which he felt at the five or six hours occupied daily in an empty ritual, which to any man of sense appeared as only a degrading idleness, and he had been determined in his act by the study of books on theology, both modern and ancient, by authors, who were Italian, and Papists. He tendered his resignation of his Canonry as a spontaneous act, and insisted, that the fact should be noted, that it *was* spontaneous in reality, and not fictitiously so styled, as had lately so often been the case with distinguished and unfortunate victims of secret intrigues.

In conclusion, he remarks that he has had ten years of mature reflection, and could bear witness before God and Jesus Christ, that the step which he now took was dictated by no other object than to obtain peace to his conscience; that many distinguished ecclesiastics could bear testimony to this fact. He knows that he will be the object of the murderous and merciless attacks of the Pontifical Press, controlled by the party which now rules at the Vatican, but God be praised that these newspapers were held in universal contempt; at any rate his only reply would be silence and the prayer that there might be many others, who, having like him been deceived in their youth, and terrorised by the most tyrannical of systems, would follow his example. Some may not be able to do so, from the deficiency of their knowledge,

their advanced age, the continuous disillusions of a long life, and sorrows and oppressions of every kind. For such there was no escape but the grave.

It will be gathered from the above, that the Conte di Campello has not been influenced by any unworthy intentions. His walk has hitherto been that of a nobleman and ecclesiastic of a high stamp, and he has never forgotten that he is a Christian and a gentleman. In anticipation, only too well grounded, of the libellous attacks of the papal press he published at the printing office of the Roman Senate an autobiographical sketch, which to cold northern tastes seems verbose and egotistical, but which lays bare a state of things such as could scarcely exist out of Rome.

The Canon was the son of Count Solone di Campello, and of the Baroness Clementina de Zenardi. He was born at Rome in 1831, and had the honour of being godson of Prince Henry of Prussia. When the troubles of 1848 broke out he was studying in a college of the young Roman nobility. His father had accepted the Directorship of the Post Office from the then Republican Government, and his uncle had been member of the Constituent Assembly, and Minister of War. When the reaction came, in 1851, they had to escape for their lives, and were deprived of every honour and office. These were only restored by the intercession of friendly Cardinals, on the condition :—that young Henry di Campello, then at the age of twenty-two, should accept the career of an ecclesiastic. He would of course thus become a spy upon the proceedings of his own family. We are told in what way the young man was talked over to accept this profession, how prospects of worldly advancement were held out to him, how he was pleased by the idea of being the restorer of the fortunes of his family, and the mainstay of his brothers and sisters. Cardinal Serafini undertook the delicate charge of bringing up the victim to the altar, and when the poor lad urged his objection on the score of losing his liberty (to which phrase a lax Italian interpretation must be given), the Cardinal burst out laughing, and told him that he had been made a Prelate, had held lucrative offices, a Canonry of St. Peter's, and was now a Cardinal, but had never at any time "renounced his liberty." The disclosures, which took place at the death of Cardinal Antonelli, give only too much reality and probability to the accuracy of this story.

Young Campello was sent off to Tivoli to be influenced by a Jesuit, and when brought sufficiently under control, he was brought back to his father's house, where he found in his room a beautiful suit of ecclesiastical dress, all other garments having been carefully removed.

He was by special permission of the Pope admitted into the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, and the President, Cardoni, was instructed to accelerate his preparation for taking Holy Orders. In April, 1854, two months after his return to Rome, he took the first and second steps, and in August of the same year the third and fourth steps preparatory to Ordination. Within two months afterwards, on October 10th, he was ordained deacon; on June 2nd, 1855, he was ordained priest in the Lateran Basilica. He was then but twenty-four, although canonically it was required that he should have been twenty-five. The Pope had overruled everything, and in the short space of thirteen months the transaction was completed by which a shy, retiring, ignorant, and inexperienced youth became a priest. On the following day he celebrated his first Mass, at the Altar of the Virgin, in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, in the presence of all his family; and seated upon a chair at the foot of the altar his hand was kissed by all present. The party adjourned thence to the private apartments of the Cardinal, where a repast was spread for all who had attended, and the whole Chapter of the Basilica. This repast was followed by a family banquet next day in his father's house, given in honour of the young ecclesiastic. On the day after he was taken to the Vatican to kiss the feet of Pius IX., who gave him a book of devotions, and the following words of advice: "My son, cling to your vocation, and beware of the desire of making a career; leave your further advancement to God. I once desired to become a Canon of Santa Maria Maggiore, but failed; and yet, after all, I am Pope."

Campello's next duty was to deliver, in the presence of the Pope and the Cardinals, under the Dome of St. Peter's, the annual Panegyric of the Papal See. As a reward for his success he was admitted to a private audience of the Pope, and presented with a silver medal, stamped with the features of the Pontiff. He next took to preaching in a small chapel in the districts beyond the Tiber, to a congregation consisting mainly of boatmen and sailors, and was most successful. In 1861, to the surprise of all, he was appointed by Pius IX. to the honour of a Canonry in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. This caused no little dissatisfaction to his colleagues, and envy to those who were less fortunate in their promotion. To occupy his leisure, and soothe the troubles which began to rise in his mind, he threw himself into a new sphere of usefulness, the management of night schools for the lower classes. In 1867 Pius IX. appointed him Canon of the Basilica of the Vatican, and he had the honour of again kissing the Papal feet; but his feelings seem, in the interim, to have greatly changed. He appears to have lived in harmony with his

colleagues, who belonged exclusively to noble families. A Canonry of St. Peter's was deemed a sure stepping-stone to higher fortunes, for no less than seventeen Popes, and Cardinals without number, had passed through this Chapter on their road to honour. The Chapter consisted of thirty Canons, thirty-six Beneficiaries, four Chaplains, and twenty-six Beneficed Clergy, and the Services of the Basilica were considered to be going on always without interruption. Campello inveighs against the tedium of the prolonged ritual, lasting four or five hours daily, wearisome and profitless. Even more objectionable were the displays on days of festival, when the soprano parts of the musical performance were taken by eunuchs, and the Church was degraded to seemingly little more than the likeness of a Pagan Temple.

It was the Vatican Council, and the events of the last years of Pius IX., that converted Campello's uneasiness into doubts, and his doubts into convictions. The internal history of that famous Council has still to be written, with an account of the miserable intrigues, the terrorism, and the chicanery practised. Upon the Council, suddenly, like a thunderbolt, came the Franco-German war, the absorption of Rome into Italy, and the end of the Temporal Power of the Pope. Italian patriots had to reconcile, in the best way they could, their duty to their country and their Church. The entry of Victor Emmanuel cleared away the clouds which had so long obscured his vision. He was not one of those who abandoned their belief in Divine Revelation, but he threw away the veil which obscured It.

When I reached Rome, in the beginning of October, the event I am relating was still fresh, and I went to the church of the Jesuits to hear what the preacher of the day had to say. I found a platform raised in front of the pulpit, with two chairs and a crucifix. We were to have one of the famous dialogues in which two Jesuits act parts. A stalwart priest seated himself on one chair with the air of a man of learning and candour; a thin old man on the other played the part of the inquiring countryman, who in his ignorance could not understand: "What Protestantism and free thought meant." To my amazement roars of laughter through the crowded church accompanied every word of the "countryman." The most ridiculous arguments and comparisons were used so as to bring the subject down to the level and turn of thought of the Roman females, for the majority were of that sex. It was gravely asked by the stout priest what a Roman housekeeper would do if she found rats in her larder? "Kill them, of course," said the "countryman," amidst screams of laughter. "No," rejoined his burly opponent, "under the new rule in Rome you must feed your rats, with milk and cheese, and take care of them, and let

the city swarm with them." Ostensibly this shaft was directed against the numerous Protestant Churches which are being opened in conspicuous streets in Rome, and which can with safety be abused from the pulpit; but covertly a blow was struck against the King and the Constitution, which they dare not abuse. The remarks of the priest against the evil of immoral books, which are sold freely in the streets, were just; but what shall be said of his insinuation that the "Mysteries of Paris" were the production of a Protestant press? The ignorance of the ordinary Italian Ecclesiastic is often only equalled by his audacity. The Jesuits on this occasion desecrated their own magnificent church, and caused peals of laughter to ring through its aisles for the sake of maligning their adversaries, and retaining their hold on the lowest class of the female population. The educated classes have left them for the cold refuge of utter infidelity.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

By A. Wylie.

The Mind of Mencius; or, Political Economy founded upon Moral Philosophy. A Systematic Digest of the Doctrines of the Chinese Philosopher Mencius, B.C. 325. The Original Text Classified and Translated, with Notes and Explanations, by the Rev. E. Faber, Rhenish Mission Society. Translated from the German, with Notes and Emendations, by the Rev. Arthur B. Hutchinson, Church Missionary Society, Hong Kong. London: Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill. 1882.

AMONG the philosophers of China, if we except Confucius and Choo-foo-tsze, none has attained so great a celebrity as Mencius. He flourished about the beginning of the third century B.C. The main object of his teachings being to defend the pure doctrines of the sage, which had become greatly obscured by a number of professed followers who had deviated into a variety of heresies differing more or less from each other. The popular work in fourteen chapters bearing the name of Mencius consists for the greater part of dialogues between that philosopher and the princes and statesmen of his time. He elaborates many of the doctrines tersely stated or barely hinted at by Confucius, than whom he is far more vivacious in style, and many of his lessons are in harmony with the most approved principles of Political Economy of the present day.

For eight centuries past it has formed one of the "Four Books,"

taught by authority in every school of the empire. As the book is conveyed to memory by the pupils, and constantly quoted in literature of every kind, as well as in ordinary conversation, it is without doubt of the highest importance that Missionaries should be well versed in the text; and representing as it does the mind of China at its best, the views of this ancient teacher will necessarily have an interest for a very considerable class of European readers.

To dissect the original work of Mencius and present the several dogmas it contains in systematic form has been the work of the learned Missionary Faber, who has given in a German translation a tolerably complete system of ethics; for as he remarks, "Mencius is better suited than any other Chinese author to serve as a foundation for an explanation of the doctrine of the Gospel in harmony with the mind of China."

Faber's work has been rendered into elegant and scholarly English by the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson, who shows himself a master of the German language.

The European reader will doubtless be struck by many unexpected axioms in this treatise, and will find both the original texts and the remarks by Faber well worth attention. Mr. Faber's work is divided into three books, treating respectively of—The Elements of Moral Science; the Practical Exhibition of Moral Science; and the Result aimed at in Moral Development—the Organisation of the State. The subjects treated of under these various heads are too numerous to be noticed, but will well repay the reader.

Among the more remarkable coincidences with modern thought take the following:—"Heaven sees as my people see; Heaven hears as my people hear"=*Vox populi vox Dei.* Again: "The well-educated of one locality make friends with the well-educated of every place"=*Birds of a feather flock together.*

We have a few words also touching the vexed question of the term for God. In one passage Mencius says: "Although any one be a bad man if he fasts and is collected, bathes and washes himself, he may indeed offer sacrifice to God (*Shang-te*)." In a note, too long to quote, Mr. Faber says: "After these passages from Mencius, there can be no doubt about one point, viz., that the most correct term for God [Elohim] is *Shang-te*, and in no case *Shin* (spirits)."

Mr. Faber has laid the public under obligations by his lucid and categorical arrangement of the doctrines of Mencius. To Missionaries especially the work is a boon, but the German language being known to only a small section of that body, Mr. Hutchinson's translation into English is a work of the utmost importance.

The translator is well known in Hong Kong, where he has laboured diligently and successfully as a Missionary for many years; but the book before us, if only indirect Missionary work, is scarcely second in importance to any of his other labours.

The work is handsomely got up, forming one of *Trübner's Oriental Series.*

A NEW INDIAN SEE.

By Fiat Justitia.

THE first remark of Bishop Johnson, in his recent Charge to the Clergy of the North-Western portion of his diocese, states his conviction of the importance of Allahabad as a centre of Church-life, and as an Episcopal See. He was not unaware that many are of opinion that a Diocese of Allahabad should have been created before the establishment of that at Lahore. The subject obviously has a most important bearing upon the future well-being and existence of the Church in India. It was, therefore, not unnaturally again and again referred to in the papers and speeches on various subjects which were addressed to the Allahabad Conference of clergy and laity.

Allahabad is famous for its schools and colleges. These belong severally to the Church, to the Roman Catholics, to the Americans, and to the Government. As one of the speakers pointed out, the census just completed showed the population of the North-Western and Central Provinces, with Oude and Central India, to be over sixty millions; the Presidency of Madras being thirty, and Bombay and the Punjab some twenty millions each. Of these sixty millions, among whom about half of the Chaplains and Missionaries of the Diocese of Calcutta are scattered, Allahabad is the capital and central city. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the Churchmen of Allahabad should assert their claim to Episcopal guidance. And in 1879 some of the leading residents, the worthy Scotch Churchman, Sir Robert Stuart, at their head, formed themselves into a Committee for procuring the erection of a See. But coming so soon after the foundation of the See of Lahore, and before the Metropolitan had completed the required arrangements for the new dioceses of Rangoon and Travancore the Committee reluctantly suspended their efforts.

But this is far from all that the people of Allahabad have been doing to bring about their object. For years the chancel and transepts of a church have been slowly rising of the finest wrought stone, and on a scale which, in India at least, is truly magnificent. This its projectors have avowed from the first they intend shall be the future Cathedral of the Diocese of Allahabad. When on Lord Canning's return to Calcutta from Allahabad (which for several months was the seat of Government for the whole of India) the Presidency of Agra became the Presidency of Allahabad, the population of the city, both civilian and military, was greatly increased. But the Erastian Government, while spending lacs upon lacs of rupees on new public offices, has built no new church for its servants or soldiers; it has only provided a kirk, and a subsidy for the Cathedral raised by the new Roman Bishop of Allahabad (titularly Bishop of Patna). The readers of the Memoir of Bishop Milman's life will remember his vexation at the way his people, the soldiers especially, have been thus treated. The old building, Trinity Church, a poor copy of St. Martin's in the Fields, London (in which the Bishop held his visitation), together with a barn-like chapel at the other end of the station—a building from which the Hindoo owner has more than once threatened to eject them—and barrack-rooms in the Cantonments and Fort have had to suffice the Church.

The Churchmen of that time resented this as much as do the present community, and managed to secure the finest site in the new station, a noble space at the top of the main Canning Road, for the church and for Bishops' and other houses in the four corners. The Thornhills and Maynes of those days were giants in work, and princes in liberality; they emptied their pockets and began to build. Their example fired their successors with enthusiasm; many gentlemen have for years been giving £10 a month from their salaries, and regardless of the jibes and smiles of Presbyterians and Romanists and Infidels, have got together successive instalments of 20 or 30,000 rupees and resumed the building, with the result that it has now reached the clerestory windows. Surely the Church at home has reason to be proud of her children's faith and patience, and might well extend to them her active sympathy, already, for whatever reason (probably only ignorance of Indian Church affairs), too long withheld. It is needless to say that the recognition of their work and claims by their Bishop, the Metropolitan, will encourage them to hope and strive for a brighter future for the House of God—the name "Allahabad" means "House of God"—in North India.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

INDIA.

An Able and Devoted Missionary: In Memoriam: Reception of the Metropolitan at Peshawur: A Sign of the Times: Rivalry: Mr. Hughes and his Guests: His Work: The Sacred City of the Sikhs: Sikh Gentlemen: The Golden Temple.

The Rev. James Vaughan died on Sunday, January 22nd. His work in India dates from June, 1855, and thus extends over more than twenty-six years. Amongst the works for which his name will be remembered is the book entitled *The Trident, The Crescent, and The Cross*, the most able and popular treatise on Indian Missions which has yet been produced. Since 1876 he has had the charge of the important Krishnagar Mission with its 6,000 professing Christians. This Mission had sunk into an unsatisfactory state, and Mr. Vaughan, in his efforts to awaken the people out of their lethargy, was met by an unexpected barrier to improvement in the caste system which had been secretly exercising its iron sway among these Christian congregations. Christians of the different castes would not eat together on ordinary occasions; they would not partake together of the same Sacraments, and even forbade their ministers to baptize the children of the inferior castes. Mr. Vaughan, by his great perseverance and energy, succeeded in completely overthrowing this foe of Christian life and brotherhood. There have been indeed a few eruptions of the caste feeling since, but the victory has been gained. Mr. Vaughan, besides this destructive work, quietly carried on a constructive one, regularly visiting all the Mission stations, and carefully instructing the agents. Increased reverence and devotion in the people and more liberal offerings have been the result. By his efforts several villages were provided with neat chapels for worship. Some of these were visited and dedicated by the Bishop of Calcutta in February, and a native pastor who had been trained by Mr. Vaughan was ordained to the charge of Bollob-pur. Mr. Vaughan's funeral took place at the Manictolah Cemetery, and was attended by the Bishop and Archdeacon and a large concourse of Missionaries.

The Bishop of Calcutta, in the course of his tour in the Diocese of Lahore in the autumn of last year, visited the important station of Peshawur, on the frontiers of Kabul. After examining various objects

of interest in Peshawur itself, he made an excursion to Tahkâl, a large Afghan village of 1,500 houses, some three miles beyond the cantonments. At the entrance of the village he was received by the Arbâb, Abbas Khan, and some fifty retainers, armed mostly with the long Afghan jezail; two men, however, carried English rifles. The Arbâb, formerly an officer in the British service, was a fine old gentleman of courtly manners, with a flowing white beard. He escorted his visitors to his house, and entertained them with pink-coloured tea, slices of surda melon, Kabul grapes, and sweetmeats, displaying meanwhile his various certificates of meritorious service, also an English saddle presented to him by General Browne. Mr. Hughes acted as interpreter. A visit was also paid to Fateh Khan, a rival and neighbour of Abbas Khan. He received the Bishop with great pomp in a large open courtyard, crowded by some 200 Jezailchis and retainers. He seated his guests on charpoys arranged round the courtyard, in the centre of which a single chair was set on a carpet for the Bishop. Refreshments were handed round, served to guests in Russian china from Bokhara, which is found in large quantities in the Peshawur bazar. Some of the servants carried hawks, a favourite amusement with the Pathans. Some of Fateh Khan's family appeared to be in prison, and there were evidently signs of feuds among the border clans, which were still prosecuted with vigour. At the close of the visit Fateh Khan presented the Bishop with a useful-looking Kabuli horse, which was gravely accepted, and as gravely returned as a gift to the donor's son; a ceremony which his rival, Abbas Khan, took care to repeat with a fine Arab, as the party passed his house in leaving the village.

The C.M.S. Mission at Peshawur occupied a large plot of land in cantonments, the authorities not allowing the Missionaries to live in the city. Besides two bungalows, there is a boarding-house for twelve Afghan boys, and separate quarters for a few young men. One lad of sixteen was the son of a Yusussai chieftain, who had placed him unreservedly under Mr. Hughes, from the age of eight, to receive a liberal education. The Mission also makes large provision for the entertainment of strangers, or of native visitors who desire to converse with the Missionary, or to have the honour of being his guests. The "hujrah" is an Afghan custom, and Mr. Hughes has wisely adopted it in order to increase his influence amongst the Afghans. A constant stream of visitors is continually arriving and departing day by day, many of whom come long distances; some from curiosity, others from friendship, others to seek counsel in their difficulties; a few, no doubt, from genuine religious interest. All who come are

hospitably entertained. Every evening a report of the arrivals is brought to Mr. Hughes, who either at night or in the morning receives and converses with his visitors either singly or together. At the time of the Bishop's visit Mr. Hughes was entertaining an aged and learned Wahabi Moulvie, whom he had reinstated in a post from which he had been ejected by the jealousy of the Akhund of Swat.

The Mission has also a good house in the heart of the city, and an institute with a lecture hall, known as the Anjuman, by which useful influence is gained over many of the educated young men. There is also a school for 473 boys, occupying a large pile of buildings, formerly a native palace. Of the whole number 185 are Mussulmans. The Christian boys are provided for in a separate boarding-school at Batala. In the school at Peshawur religious teaching is given only to those who have reached a certain standard of secular proficiency. Mr. Hughes, in teaching Mussulman boys, is able to bring to bear on them his own intimate knowledge of their doctrines and traditions. Within the school compound there is the temporary Mission church, neatly arranged, with a side chamber for purdah ladies, protected by a screen of pinjra work. Here the Rev. Imam Shah holds Daily Services. A good site has been secured for a permanent church, which will shortly be commenced.

The Bishop of Calcutta spent a week at Amritsar, arriving there on November 15th. It is a place which possesses special interest as the Sacred City of the Sikhs, and as the headquarters of the C.M.S. in the Punjaub. It had recently suffered terrible losses from the heavy rains, which have flooded the land, and caused great destruction of property. This had been followed by an epidemic; and it was estimated that of a population of 150,000, one-tenth had died, and 60,000 had fled! On November 17th there was a gathering of some 90 of the Rais and other chief citizens to meet the Bishop of Calcutta and the Bishop of Lahore. The audience consisted mostly of fine old Sikh gentlemen, and addresses were given by both Bishops in Urdu and English. At the Wednesday evening Service the preacher was the Rev. Imad-ud-din, the well-known convert from Islam, and chaplain to Bishop Milman.

After visiting the various institutions connected with the C.M.S. Mission the Bishop saw the famous "Golden Temple" in which is preserved the "Granth," the sacred book of Nanak. The regulations, however, as to the removal of shoes on entering the precincts, effectually barred the interior of the temple against the visitors. The general effect of the gilded exterior, standing in a large tank, the steps and pavements of which are of marble, is very pretty, though the scale is too small to be grand or impressive.

A. L. O. E. and her Labours: One of the most Impressive Sights in the World: Indian Guilds: A Clean Sweep: In Tinnevelly: Resolutions of Bombay Missionary Conference: How these Heathen Serve their Gods!

From Amritsar, the Bishop paid a visit to Batala, 24 miles distant. It is a large town with the remains of fine old palaces standing in their extensive gardens and grounds about the suburbs. Mr. Baring has established here a Christian boys' Boarding-School, renting for the purpose the grand old palace of Shere Singh, with grounds containing a good tank for swimming and boating. The only European resident in Batala is Miss Tucker, well-known under the *nom de plume* of A.L.O.E. She presides over the whole institution. She may be seen among the boys, now by the sick-bed of an invalid, now leading the singing at the Daily Worship in the little chapel, now acting as private tutor to a candidate for the Entrance Examination, now setting her own words to stirring tunes as "Batala Songs" to be sung in schoolboy chorus. And the way in which she shares the meals, interests, joys, and sorrows of each and all, and succeeds in raising the tone and taste of the boyish society, and is herself the object of warm personal affection and chivalrous deference from all, cannot but excite admiration. It is the ideal of what a Christian lady CAN do. The oldest boy in the school is an Abyssinian lad, picked up during the war, as an orphan baby to be made the soldiers' pet, and then to find a home at Batala. Of the remaining 40 boys of ages varying from 5 to 18, six are Afghans, two or three are from Calcutta, two from Lucknow, the remainder mostly from one or other of the races and tongues found in the Punjab. They have a good head-master in Babu Singha, and a resident native pastor, the Rev. Mian Sadig, who has also the charge of a small Christian population, and conducts Mission work in the neighbouring town. Batala has become a place of refuge for young converts, hindered or persecuted by their heathen relatives, and there are some of the congregation here who have shown constancy under extraordinary difficulties.

The Rev. W. Cunningham in a letter to the *Cambridge Review*, describes the view from the Fort at Delhi as one of the most impressive sights in the world. The contrast between the past and present of India is here strongly forced upon the mind. The old walls are still standing with their massive gates, whilst the gardens of the beautiful palace have been remorselessly swept away, and the courts and most of the buildings have been pulled down to supply materials for barracks. The Audience Hall and Pearl Mosque contrast strangely with their modern surroundings, whilst the marble baths with their inlaid decorations retain their original splendour. The whole plain round Delhi is

heaped for miles with the ruins of the various capitals which were built and deserted before Shah Jehan founded the present city ; in the immediate foreground is one of the pillars on which Asoka's edicts were inscribed ; while in the far distance rises the Kutub Minar—the slender column which the Mogul conquerors reared ; and this overshadows an iron pillar that perpetuates the memories of Hindu victories over early invaders from the North-West. These monuments tell of magnificent taste and great mechanical skill ; but of the taste and skill of empires that have perished.

There are certain points in which the justice and benevolence of British administration fail to make themselves felt in India. The condition of the villages is more prosperous when they provide their own simple necessaries of life, instead of importing Manchester goods. The village artisans find a maintenance, and the village is more able to weather bad times. The apparent result of this is the disruption of a cherished system, rather than an improved social organisation. In some towns much of the old organisation remains. Each craft has a regular guild, which meets in its own lodge for the settlement of the hours of labour and rates of wages. When all the craft are of the same caste, they have common feasts twice, or thrice, a year, and assemble for common worship in the temple at the lodge. The collapse of this system destroys an old protection for the weak and poor, and it may be doubted if we shall ever be able to provide a satisfactory substitute. Every step of progress in Western civilisation means the impoverishment of some class. Old social institutions are being overthrown, and we are helpless to develop anything in their stead. A more gradual introduction of Western inventions might have saved much misery. The time-honoured conditions of village life might have been preserved, and whole classes would not have been so suddenly exposed to the strain of foreign competition. But we have entered on the other course. Our revenue system has destroyed the old relations of capital and labour ; and our Missionaries are engaged in vigorous assaults on the system of castes. We cannot expect the people of India to become attached to British rule, whilst we are making a clean sweep of their institutions.

Bishop Caldwell's fourth annual letter gives an account of the state of the Tinnevelly Mission in the year from June, 1880, to July, 1881. In the year under review there was an increase of eight villages in the number containing Christians, which now reaches 659. There are six European Missionaries and thirty Native clergy, besides catechists, who have each two or three small village congregations in their charge.

There has been an increase in the congregations, but a diminution in the congregational lists of 153. The people who relapsed were mostly labourers who had enrolled without probation, and before they had made up their minds to embrace the new faith. The numbers are 45,256, of whom 28,660 are baptized. The number of adults baptized during the year was 964, and 746 were confirmed. Bishop Caldwell has removed from Edeyengoody, where he worked for forty years, and has made Tuticorin his headquarters. Before leaving Edeyengoody he completed and consecrated a large and beautiful church. Bishop Caldwell refers to the successive visits paid by Bishops Wilson, Cotton, Milman, and Johnson to Tinnevelly on their tours through the province, and speaks gratefully of several good practical suggestions which he received from Bishop Johnson.

The following resolutions were passed at the Conference of Missionaries in Bombay on October 5th, 1881 :—

I. That in view of the difficulty experienced in weaning Native converts from the use of heathen or quasi-heathen rites in marriage, burial, &c., the Bishop be requested to appoint a Committee to collect information on the symbolic rites used among the natives of this country on such occasions, and the possibility of adapting for use among Christians such of them as have no necessary connection with superstition or idolatry.

II. That in the opinion of this Conference any alteration in the standard of public worship ought to be the work of a Provincial Synod, and that the Offices of the Church of England as they stand, or as shortened by authority of the Ordinary, should be the standard of Morning and Evening Prayer in all organised congregations, but that in all Services held by individual Missionaries away from an authorised place of worship nothing more is necessary than that all the essential elements of public worship as authorised by the Prayer Book be retained, and due proportion observed between them.

Upon the next subject of discussion, the discipline of the Native Church, it was resolved :—

I. That it is desirable that a regular form of public excommunication be authorised for use in the Diocese in the case of contumacious offenders, and also a form of reconciliation of excommunicate persons.

II. That it is desirable that the Priest should have the advice of the communicants of his congregation in the administration of discipline, and that all cases of repelling from the Lord's Table be signified to the Bishop in accordance with the Rubric and Canon.

III. That the Archdeacons, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Black, and Mr.

Rivington, be requested to form a Sub-Committee to draft a form of letters commendatory for Native Christians.

On October 7th, the Conference, after a long discussion on the Act relating to Native divorces, finally passed the following resolutions:—

I. That this Conference understands that the Apostle St. Paul, in laying down that the heathen partner of a convert may be allowed to depart, and that a brother or a sister is not in bondage in such cases, implicitly ruled that the Christian husband or wife thus deserted is at liberty to marry again, but this liberty ought in the opinion of this Conference to be exercised in British India only under the conditions of Act XXI. of 1866 for the dissolution of the marriages of Native converts.

II. That in the opinion of this Conference converts who have been married in childhood, and have never cohabited with the husband or wife, ought to have liberty to sue for dissolution of marriage even in cases where the unbeliever is willing to enter on cohabitation; and without first suing for conjugal society in cases where the unbeliever is not willing to enter on cohabitation; but that no belief in the greater liberty which will be accorded in this manner by the Catholic Church can justify Missionaries in encouraging or abetting marriages which would be bigamous in the eye of the law.

III. That the President and Father O'Neill be requested to take steps for ascertaining the opinion of theologians in England on the subject of the right to re-marry in cases where the husband or wife converted after marriage is compelled to withdraw from cohabitation on the ground of danger to his or her faith.

A resolution asserting "that in the eye of the Church divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* can never be granted after cohabitation," and affirming "that no priest can ever be justified in performing the marriage ceremony for any person whose marriage has been dissolved in such a case," led to much discussion, and was finally withdrawn, as the Conference could not attain to unanimity on this point.

One of the "All Saints" Sisters in Mazagon, Bombay, writes as follows:—

"I think you would all be very much astonished if you knew how much some of these poor heathen try to serve their gods. A little while ago I was talking to a Brahman woman; it was on a Monday evening, and she told me she had fasted all that day, not even touching a drop of water. When I asked her about it, she said she did it for her son, and that she had done so every Monday for eighteen years! and all day she kept on asking God to bless her son. In her "Caste" it was the custom for the mother to fast every Monday for

a son. The Pundit who teaches me Marathi said that it was the rule with them to observe the anniversary of a father's death, and on such days to feed a certain number of poor Brahmans."

CENTRAL AFRICA.

The Village of Mbweni: Christian Road-makers: Practical Wisdom: Biblical Time.

The Rev. Luke Rivington in a letter from Zanzibar on January 11th, describes the Mission village of Mbweni: "The occupants are freed slaves. It reminded me very much of some of the smaller Christian villages in Tinnevelly, though in the latter the inhabitants have been freed from spiritual slavery only, and the villages do not belong to any Mission. They are not all Christians at Mbweni, but they are all obliged to attend some Service on Sunday, and they can, of course, be ejected from the village for misconduct. They build their own huts. The church is not yet finished. The Mission has a 'Traction Engine,' so that as this is the only one in the island, the Christians are the road-makers of the country. The Sultan is only too glad to borrow it, or hire it, when they can spare it. Mbweni is about four miles from the Cathedral, in a healthy part of the island, which abounds with the most luxuriant vegetation. Mangoes—an expensive fruit in India, they are considered by some the prince of fruits—were found lying all about the ground, in some places. The trees from which they had fallen are the finest of the kind I have ever seen. At Mbweni there is all the machinery for carrying on school work. The Mission is conducted with great practical wisdom.

"The clock at the church at Zanzibar keeps Biblical time. On landing early in the morning, I observed that it apparently pointed to afternoon time. But the Bishop explained that at 10 A.M. it pointed to four, as the fourth hour of the day. This is the way in which the natives compute time."

WEST INDIES.

Among the Cays: Sponging: "A very Attractive Place": On the Grand Bahama: A Parish with Sixteen Churches.

On January 19th the Bishop of Nassau sailed on a visitation tour through the Parishes of St. Peter and St. Stephen. After a splendid run, the Bishop's party reached Hope Town on the 20th, and spent some time with Captain Brady, who was there with the *Richmond*. On the 21st they reached Green Turtle Cay, where the Rev. H. Philpot met them, and after Evensong introduced them to the principal

members of his congregation. On Sunday the 22nd there was a Confirmation. The yacht was detained here by bad weather for four days. But, on the weather moderating, they sailed for Blackwood, a station on the mainland. Five candidates were confirmed at Mr. Bethell's sugar factory. Thence they returned to Turtle Cay, and the next day to Hope Town. On January 29th they started for Grand Bahama. But owing to head winds they had to put into Stirrup's Bay, Berry Islands. The Bishop held a Confirmation at Bullock's Harbour, and then went to Golden Grove, Grand Bahama, where he held a Confirmation on February 2nd. The next stations to be visited were Barnett's Point and Eight Mile Rock. But a south wind springing up, these stations could not be approached, so the vessel had to go on to West End, in order to find a harbour. Services were held here on February 4th and 5th. On February 6th there was a Confirmation in the restored church at Eight Mile Rock. The weather again baffled them in the attempt to reach Barnett's Point. But this enabled the Bishop to visit an out-of-the-way place called Little Harbour, where he confirmed five out of fifteen candidates, the other ten being away "sponging." The yacht returned to Nassau on the 10th. It was a pleasant though somewhat stormy voyage: forty-seven candidates were confirmed, about half of those who had given in their names; the remainder were on the new "sponging" ground at Eleuthera.

The Rev. A. T. Pelham, Rector of Cound, Shropshire, who accompanied the Bishop on the voyage, gives a few additional particulars. "Green Turtle Cay, or New Plymouth as the Metropolis of Abaco is more correctly called, is situated on a tongue of land, and is a very attractive place. As you approach it in its inland sea within the Cays, the cocoa-nut trees seem to be standing out of the water! There is a white sandy shore, and the houses are close upon the sea. The people built their church, stone by stone. It is a credit to them. There is a pretty walk on the cliff to the east of the town. The school is in the middle of the place. On January 26th we crossed to Blackwood. Here is a nice little church, which is also used as a school. There is an efficient Catechist, Mr. Minns, who keeps school three days a-week. Hope Town is charmingly situated. There is a pretty landlocked harbour. The church, built by the two Catechists, Mr. Malone and Mr. Russell, is commodious and does them credit. Failing to reach the Grand Bahama, we anchored off the Stirrup's Cay Lighthouse, having Goats' Cay, Lignum-vitæ Cay, and Cistern Cay, near to us. The venerable and devoted Catechist, Mr. Levi Smith, came on board in the early morning, and it was arranged to hold a Confirmation at Bullock's Harbour in the afternoon. We had quite an expedi-

tion to get there. We proceeded by boat up the harbour, past the wreck of the *John Wesley;* then there was a pleasant walk in the 'Bush' across Lignum-vitæ Cay, then a wade across a creek to Cistern Cay. Here there is a substantial church with stone walls and palmetto roof. In the afternoon we were punted up the creek in the local Mission boat to Bullock's Harbour. The creek is fringed with mangroves; on either side in the background there are beautiful tropical forest trees. The church at Bullock's Harbour is one of stone, with palmetto roof and gable ends. There are no houses to be seen, and no sound to be heard but the sea on either side. The people came out of the 'Bush' and brought three children for Baptism, and three candidates for Confirmation. On the following morning there was a Celebration at the Lighthouse on Stirrup's Cay, and we made acquaintance with the Lighthouse keepers and their families, and with the coloured people on the Cay. On the Grand Bahama, Golden Grove and West End were visited. At the latter place the navigation is difficult, the water being shallow, with bars of sand below. There is a neat church dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. It has a bell fixed to the top of a post in the churchyard. In the evening there was some risk and difficulty in re-embarking on the yacht. In the return to Stirrup's Cay we had to beat against a strong head wind. The flying fish seemed to enjoy the rough weather. The rocks on the north side of the Cay reminded one of the lava smouldering at the crater of Vesuvius.

"I carried away a very favourable impression of the people at the various settlements. The greater number are coloured people. They seem to love their church. They have not let things drift, but have done what they could to help themselves. For the most part they have built their own churches, and the Catechists are doing a good work. Mr. Philpot has sixteen churches in his parish, which includes the whole of Abaco with its 'Cays,' Grand Bahama, Bimim, and Berry Islands. It must be some hundreds of miles in circumference, and it took us three weeks to visit only a portion of it in the Bishop's yacht. Mr. Philpot has to get about it as best he can in small boats, and the landing at several of the 'Stations' is difficult. The church is disendowed, and will in future depend on the voluntary offerings of its members. The great need at the present time is a Theological College for the training of Candidates for Orders. Such an institution would be a good tribute to the memory of the late Bishop Venables."

ERRATUM.

P. 110, in last verse but three, *for* "we trod," *read* "He trod."

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS AND THE CHURCH.

By the Rev. H. W. Reynolds.

SOME months ago the writer of the following pages happened to have a friendly conversation with a well-known London Socialist, who is generally a prominent figure at the mass meetings in Trafalgar Square and on Clerkenwell Green. In a strain that reminded one of Horace's lament over the decay of the *proles mascula militum*, this veteran politician bewailed the degeneracy of the rising generation, and the indifference displayed by it with regard to the burning questions of the day. According to his account, not only the leaders of the various political societies amongst the artisan class, but also the rank and file, are for the most part either grave and reverend seniors, or men of mature age; and the comparative dearth of younger members is one of the most striking features of these organisations. On being asked how he explained this state of things, his answer was that the rage for amusements had largely contributed to the decline of a healthy public spirit, and he considered that music-halls in particular were the chief sources of a widespread demoralisation, being destructive both of manliness and seriousness.

Of course it may be argued that young working men between the ages of twenty and thirty have something better to do than to dabble in politics. But it should be remembered that much of this so-called "dabbling" proceeds from a very keen and lively interest in the affairs of the nation, and the progress and welfare of the country; and it is by no means unreasonable to expect such an interest to be felt by the younger section of the community, especially as young artisans usually marry and settle, and become possessors of the franchise, early in life. Still, however this may be, the reason assigned for the alleged apathy is the main point; and the witness referred to had unexceptionable opportunities for forming a judgment thereupon. His testimony is interesting as that of an independent authority, regarding the question from the political, and not from the religious, point of view.

Now the difficulty of retaining its hold upon the young, experienced by the Church, is in a great measure traceable to the same cause. The corrupting influences of the amusements most in vogue in our large centres of population are the secret of the enormous loss we suffer, in the endless leakage from our body of Sunday scholars, Sunday-school teachers, and Confirmation candidates. How many of them begin

well, promise well for a time, and then disappear entirely beyond our ken, every parish priest can testify. Now and again we are startled by the publication of statistics, showing the number of prisoners in this or that gaol who received a religious training in Church schools, the moral invariably drawn therefrom being the evil of intemperance. Undoubtedly drink is the partial agent of the ruin of these unfortunates. But, in nine cases out of ten, the downward career would be found to have begun with the frequenting of the low places of entertainment, which have been suffered to grow and multiply silently in our midst. The multitude of these places is a fact of which few people are aware. Within the metropolis alone there are no less than 415 halls,* licensed by the magistrates, and capable of holding 176,000 persons. The authority for this statement is given below, and the above calculations exclude the 57 theatres within the same radius, which provide further accommodation for 126,100. It would hardly be maintained that some of the houses which come nominally under the latter head are devoted to the cultivation of the legitimate drama, but that may be

* The subjoined table is extracted from the *Daily News* of March 11th:—

There are 472 places of amusement in London, including theatres, music-halls, concert-rooms, &c., under six separate jurisdictions:—

		Nightly.
		Persons.
I. The Crown	Two patent theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, each capable of holding 4,000 persons, making ...	8,000
II. The Lord Chamberlain	Forty-five theatres, holding	80,000
III. Divisional Magistrates	Licensing 10 theatres, holding	38,100
IV. Middlesex Magistrates	Licensing 347 music-halls, 75 large and 272 small places, holding	136,700
V. Surrey Magistrates	Licensing 61 music-halls, 3 large and 58 small places, holding	32,800
VI. City of London	Licensing 2 places, holding	1,400
	About 5 places in the City of London presumably unlicensed, holding	5,000
	Making a total of	302,000
	Deducting 45 Lord Chamberlain's theatres	80,000
Attending nightly 425 halls licensed by the magistrates and 2 patent theatres		222,000

vaived, and we will leave the entire total of theatres out of considera-ion. There is quite enough matter for serious thought in the number of the licensed halls, of every size and grade, ranging from the imposing Palace of Varieties in the principal thoroughfare to the squalid penny gaff and dancing saloon in the slums. The attractions offered by the chief of these buildings are duly advertised in the daily papers, and on he walls of the railway stations. Details of the performances in others are placarded on boardings in their immediate neighbourhood, and posted up in shop windows; while the proprietors of the remain-ler, having a regular clientage on whom they can rely, have no need o resort to the expensive expedient of advertising.

A faithful account of the entertainments afforded at such establish-nents would in all probability be thought, by those who are unable to verify the facts for themselves, exaggerated and overdrawn. It is to e borne in mind that the proprietors are not hampered by the restric-ions imposed upon the managers of ordinary theatres, are not amen-able to the same controlling power, have a comparatively unlimited choice in the selection of their programmes, and cater for quite a different kind of audience. The police surveillance being of an ex-ceedingly negative description, it is easy for them to keep out of the clutches of the law, so long as no actual disorder occurs upon their premises. Of the ample freedom and liberty that they thus enjoy, owing to the curious anomalies of our legislation, they are not slow o avail themselves. It would be simply ridiculous to credit them with any desire for the promotion of art, or with a wish to devise means of wholesome recreation for the populace. Their enterprise is purely a commercial speculation, often conducted in connection with a thriving liquor business, to which it serves as an auxiliary and feeder. Fully sensible of the tastes of their patrons, and careful to furnish what they know will draw, they have their reward in the nightly gathering of appreciative throngs, filling the seats from floor to gallery. Not a spark of grace or wit or talent enlivens these entertainments. From beginning to end they are characterised by a dreary sameness, a monotonous succession of sillinesses, vulgarities, and indecencies. The charm consists in the fact that here are to be seen and heard songs and exhibitions which would not be tolerated on any respectable stage, and in the free and easy *abandon* permissible to the company. Smoking is allowed during the proceedings, refreshments also can be partaken of without stint (a portion of the payment for entrance being sometimes returned in this shape), while the choruses to the songs afford an opportunity for healthy exercise of the lungs, and lend an air of good fellowship and conviviality to the scene. One hall, situated in

the midst of a dense labouring population, and chiefly patronised by the residents of the locality, was visited on a Saturday night. It holds between three and four thousand people, and was found crammed to its utmost capacity, there being scarcely standing room. Two-thirds of the assembly were composed of young persons of both sexes, most of whom were imbibing continuously throughout the evening, many couples joining at the same glass of beer or spirits. As for the performance on that occasion, certain items in it were marked by an ingenious wickedness indescribable in this paper, but greeted with thunders of applause and cries of *encore*, girls as well as boys expressing their approbation in language more forcible than elegant.

The fullest and most trustworthy information on this topic, based upon the results of a wide personal experience, is to be found in the work mentioned at the foot of this page,* and may profitably be consulted by readers desirous of further particulars. When we take into account that London music-halls have their counterparts in nearly every provincial town, flourishing and lucrative sources of gain to their owners, highly popular with the classes for which they are intended, we may gain some estimate of the extensive influence exercised by them for evil. There is no Pharisaism in condemning them. Even those who are least squeamish in the matter of propriety would find it difficult to invent arguments in their favour. If their tendency is not distinctly immoral they have at any rate effected the degradation of character. They have developed the novel and abnormal type of being represented by the irrepressible 'Arry and 'Arriet of our modern civilisation. They have produced a literature (heaven save the mark !) of their own, which may be studied in the penny song-books that form the poetry of the proletariat, and are sold by thousands in the bookshops of the *suburra*. But they have done more than this. They have directly fostered the growth of immorality. The old argument urged in defence of certain representations upon the stage, that vice is displayed in its true colours only in order to pourtray the conflict of virtue with vice and the ultimate triumph of the right, ceases to be applicable in this case. What is called "fast life," the life of empty-minded, godless, and sensual frivolity, is glorified and held up for imitation as the crown and end of existence. Success depends upon the art and style brought into play to pander to the lowest animal passions, and not only by meaning gesture and inuendo,

* *The Seven Curses of London*, by James Greenwood (the Amateur Casual). Compare also an article in the *Saturday Review* for April 26th, 1879, on "London Music Halls." It will be seen from the facts mentioned in these references that the evil is by no means depicted in exaggerated terms in the present paper.

but also by open and undisguised acts and words, the purpose in view is steadily pursued.

Two conclusions are to be drawn from the foregoing remarks. In the first place let us recognise the fact that the existence, the temptations, the depraving effect, of these places of entertainment are primary causes of the prevalence of intemperance and vice. Yet how seldom are they regarded as primary causes! The writer has before him the reports of two Church Congresses held, in recent years, in important manufacturing towns. Pastoral work, Sunday-schools, lay co-operation, the Church's duty in counteracting drunkenness, were each and all discussed. But in neither of the volumes is a single passage to be found, which so much as alludes to the amusements habitually frequented by our young people, or to the necessity of providing something better. Much was said about the licensing of dram-shops, the merits of the Permissive Bill, and the Gothenberg system; something, too, about coffee-taverns and coffee-carts; while as to the vast network of elementary schools of profligacy which covers the country, in the shape of music-halls and concert-rooms, an absolute silence was preserved. Surely the whole question is one of those social problems that need to be fully dealt with, and openly faced, at a representative gathering of clergy and laymen. Naturally enough, the places referred to are a *terra incognita* to the majority of speakers at Church Congresses; yet there the real danger to society, and the real hindrance to pastoral work, lie. There the lessons learned under the shadow of the Church are rapidly obliterated from the mind, and the habits engendered which ultimately convert so many of the Church's children into drunkards and unfortunates. The circumstance that the music-hall system is the product of the last thirty years, and that within the same period intemperance amongst women has been continually on the increase, speaks for itself. Ten years since the number of divorces was in the ratio of one to every six hundred marriages. It has now reached the proportion of one to every three hundred, and a careful perusal of the trials in Sir James Hannen's Court would throw no little light on the connection between popular amusements and the growing disregard for the sanctity of the marriage tie.

Secondly, what are the essentials necessary in agencies set on foot for the purpose of counteraction? Of course immense efforts have been made of late to meet the needs of the working classes, and to deliver them from the tender mercies of the cruel and pitiless harpies who have so long been accustomed to make them their prey. Wholesome refreshments have been placed within their reach by the general

establishment of coffee taverns; wholesome literature, instruction, and opportunities for social intercourse by means of libraries and Mechanics' Institutes; while the G.F.S. and the Young Women's Help Society are doing a noble work for the sisters and daughters of working men. But, excellent and invaluable as these and other organisations are, they have not for their aim the provision of amusement pure and simple, and parochial concerts and penny readings, tea parties, and other devices of the same kind, are but spasmodic and intermittent attempts to fill the gap. There are large bodies of young people who are bent upon incessant enjoyment, who resent supervision, and view with dislike benevolent schemes in which the imparting of useful knowledge forms a preponderating element. Opportunities of indulging to the full their pleasure-loving propensities they will and must have, and, in default of better, they avail themselves of the baser sort which the publicans and their allies offer them. Accordingly those who fall under this category must be left to take their chance as best they can, unless they are met upon their own ground, and unless a further step be taken beyond the point we have already attained. What we want are public places of entertainment throughout the country, able to hold their own against the rival competitors hitherto in sole possession of the field, equally numerous, equally or more attractive and alluring, unfettered in their management by fussy rules and regulations, the observance of ordinary decency and decorum being the only limitation. If counter attractions to the "styes licensed by the law" are to be of any use, they must be accessible night after night the week through, for it is in the incessancy of their operations that the power of the hostile forces consists. The well-known experiment made in the case of the Victoria Theatre, beloved of natives of the New Cut, serves as an example of movement in the right direction. In the early days of its transformation some difficulties occurred, through over strictness and a too eager zeal in gaining proselytes to the cause of total abstinence; now, however, the difficulties have been surmounted, and the enterprise bids fair to run a course of long-continued prosperity. Its promoters may well be congratulated on their energy and courage in thus establishing a precedent worthy of universal imitation. It was the hope of men like the late Sir Arthur Helps and the circle whose views were embodied in the conversations of *Friends in Council* and *Realmah*, that a day might come when similar undertakings should be considered by the State a part of its duty—a hope which, as far as present appearances are concerned, may be counted amongst the delusive dreams that pass through the ivory gate. Small attention to cures and

remedies for the eating cancers of social evils is to be expected from Parliaments and Governments that devote their "best energies and warmest interest to the compound householder and the Fenian cottier."* Meanwhile the work remains to be accomplished by private individuals and joint-stock companies. And capital could scarcely be laid out to more useful purposes, the reformation of morals and manners could scarcely be attempted by a more effective method, than the furtherance of ventures akin to that inaugurated with such zeal and spirit in the Waterloo Road.

Another excellent specimen of an institution designed solely for the supply of wholesome amusement is to be found in a Gymnasium, erected some eighteen months ago at Oswestry. It deserves to be widely known, and some account of it will no doubt be interesting to readers of this paper. For the following description the writer is indebted to the kindness of one of its founders: "The Gymnasium at Oswestry was commenced in July and finished in December, 1880. It is a hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, with a semicircular orchestra at one end, and a width of fifteen feet at the other end, covered with tan to the depth of three feet. Over the tan are suspended the trapeze and pair of rings, and the horizontal bar is also fixed on the tan. The walls are fourteen feet high, ten windows on each side, eighteen inch brickwork. The roof is corrugated iron, rising to twenty feet in the centre (from wall plate). A dressing-room with lockers opens out of one end, serving also for a green-room for theatricals. A billiard-room is also attached to it, and the orchestra is used as a smoking-room, game-room, and refreshment-room (temperance), when not in use as an orchestra. There are 300 members who pay 10*s.* 6*d.* per annum, this sum entitling each member to free use of the room from six till ten every night, and from two till ten on Saturdays. During the day-time the room is engaged by schools (boys and girls), and by private families for instruction in drill, athletics, fencing, &c., and it is also used for lawn tennis during the winter months. The drill instructor is the sergeant-major of the Oswestry troop of Yeomanry, and we have valuable assistance from a neighbouring clergyman, a gold medallist (for athletics) at Oxford, who comes a distance of fifteen miles on Mondays and Thursdays to give instruction. The best performers in the different exercises are now sufficiently advanced to take classes of beginners. There is a large swimming-bath opening out of the Gymnasium, to which the members have access free of charge. A quoit-ground is also attached, and a row

* See W. R. Greg's *Political Problems for our Age and Country*, p. 248. The whole chapter on "The Price we Pay for Self-Government" is worth reading.

of hurdles for practising hurdle jumping. When required for lawn tennis, everything can be run out of the way by ropes and pulleys, or run to the side of the building. The whole cost about £1,300, including the billiard-table and all the machinery necessary to a gymnasium."

The completeness of the above building, and its adaptability to various uses, are worthy of especial note. Since its erection it has exercised a most beneficial effect upon the neighbourhood, and may well be quoted as an instance of what may be done in a country town by a little exertion, and at a comparatively small expense. Very often it happens that the recreation of the children of the poor in country towns is as little cared for as it is in populous cities and in crowded centres of commerce and trade; and the result is nothing more than what might be expected. In one such parish, comprising some three thousand inhabitants, a careful examination of the parochial registers disclosed the startling fact that, of the infants brought to baptism during the thirty years previous to 1873, no less than nineteen per cent. were illegitimate! We may rest assured that until a blow is struck at the real root of the mischief, until Christian men and women recognise that the multiplication of pure amusements is just as much a necessity as the increase of facilities for obtaining pure food, or the increased diffusion of pure literature, the influence of our churches and schools will continue practically inoperative. It is in vain to reduce the number of public-houses, unless the channels and sluices which act as conduits to them are earthed and stopped up. We have to reach a class as yet almost untouched, the class which considers bread and the games the two sole objects of life, and is at present dependent for the gratification of its tastes on the lures and baits held out by pestilent speculators, wiser in their generation than the children of light. Yet this very class constitutes the bulk of our youth. And if you cannot appeal to their heads or their hearts, it is surely better to try to reach them through their eyes and ears, to give them what they ask in a form free from the contagion of polluting sins, than to suffer them to grow up as they are doing, *mox daturos progeniem vitiosiorem.*

WHO BELIEVES IN MISSIONS?

By an American Churchman.

H! the Service was beautiful! There was the Decana side and the Cantoris side, and the Creed had been sung, and the Service was in F sharp, and the Amens were in Sarum tones, and the Processional and the Recessional were solemn and effective!

"Oh! the Service was beautiful!" said the Rev. Gabriel Tucker, as a few of his friends were smoking their after dinner cigars on the last day of the Convocation. They had been talking about the best method of conducting Sunday-schools and Guild meetings, and, when something had been said about music, Brother Tucker had concluded his observations as already quoted.

"Yes," replied the Rev. Bickersteth Brush, "but how much of it was the fol-de-rol of heathen art, and how much true religion?"

"Brother Brush, you 're an incorrigible Evangelical. There 's no doing anything with you," said the Rev. Gabriel, with a cajoling kind of laugh. "What do *you* think of the Service, Brother Porous?"

"I 'm very deaf, you know," replied the Rev. Pliny Porous, an old man who continually cut into their conversation, like a knife into a watermelon, and made both sides of no account whatever—compared with the knife.

"The Service, the music, you know!" roared Mr. Tucker. "Very good! Very fine!—eh?"

"Oh, well, I don't know much about that, and I don't care very much! In the 13th chapter of my work on the 'Oneness of Christian Truth in all Ages,' I review very carefully the effect of art, in the period of the Renaissance, upon Christianity. I show, as I think very conclusively, that——"

"Oh, horror!" muttered Gabriel Tucker, *sotto voce*, "he 's on his book again!" And the brethren smiled and were silent, and appeared to listen.

First in this listening group round the fire was the host, the Rev. Gabriel Tucker, who got over the hard places of this world, and the difficulties of theology, as a seal gets over the rocks and the ice, by an inherent faculty of slipping along. He was a fine-looking fellow with a florid complexion, and was pre-eminently a musical Churchman. Then there was the Rev. Pliny Porous, M.A. He always put the

M.A. to his name, because Liddel and Scott did it in England. He had not had a parish for the last twenty years, but he always turned up at convocations and conventions and such meetings, and was sure to get upon his "new interpretation of the prophet Daniel," or "The Oneness of Christian Truth in all Ages," or "The Apocalypse Reviewed." These manuscripts had been left with publishers for six months at a time and had been returned with an additional covering of dust, and with "the publisher's regrets." But under all these oddities the man was a philosopher, and every now and then would walk up and down the floor pouring out a flood of magnificent wrath against some error or abuse, monologuing all the time in a way that was perfectly inspiring. Sometimes he hit wildly, and at other times he hit the nail square on the head. He was always welcomed at these gatherings.

On the other side of the fireplace was the Rev. Bickersteth Brush, a thin, grey-haired dyspeptic, with a cast in his eye and a stoop in his shoulder. He had been through the Puseyism fight and the war against Tracts for the Times, and Tract No. 90. He had spent his energies in this far-off campaign, and now felt like some old soldier who had been through the Mexican war and was hardly adequate to another such undertaking. He did not belong to this age, expected soon to be gathered to his fathers, and had a dim hope that the new organisation known as the Reformed Episcopal Church would try and carry on the Evangelical Missionary work he and his friends had begun.

A hitherto silent observer of this company sat behind Mr. Brush upon the sofa. He was a cousin of Mr. Tucker's, and happened to be a guest at the house. He had formerly been a Unitarian minister in New England, but had resigned his church, and was at present studying law. He had been a student of German Theology, and was absorbed in writing a book upon "Ethnic Religions." His name was Theodore Parker Squeeze, but as he did not relish some of his namesake's later radical views, he always signed himself T. P. Squeeze.

Sitting in an arm-chair behind the writing-table was the fifth and last member of this group, the Rev. John Hardpan. Mr. Hardpan had spent fifteen years in Foreign Missionary service in India, had read, studied, and translated the Scriptures, and had been a close observer of heathen human nature. He had become broken down in health and was travelling for the purpose of recuperating his wasted energies, meaning to return to his far-off field of labour as soon as his health would permit. He had come to the Convocation with his old

friend Pliny Porous, and was taking it all in, and chewing the cud of thought over it, as he puffed almost angrily at the long pipe he held in his hand. He was a silent man, with a black, beady eye, and a mouth that looked like a curb-stone as it seemed to bank his will up. But hitherto he had said nothing. He had been visiting a brother in this country who had made an enormous fortune out of pork-packing, and who, in marrying a lady high up in the social world, had in some way been induced to change his name from Thomas S. Hardpan to "T. Symmington Hardpane."

Well, as we were saying, the party listened quietly to dear old Bro. Pliny, until he had finished his description of the 13th chapter of his book. He ended his remarks by saying: "So what I affirm is this, we oughtn't to take up so much time in all this ecclesiastical furnishing business; we ought to make our Missions realities; it seems to me as if we didn't half believe in them, anyway."

"The Church used to believe in them in my day," replied Brother Brush, "but, ah me! these latter days— Well! well! as I have often said, I don't live in this age."

"Do any of your churches really believe in Missions in themselves, and apart from the natural desire to see your own Church grow?" inquired Mr. Squeeze.

"Why, of course every Churchman believes in aggressive work and Church extension," replied the Rev. Gabriel Tucker.

"But I mean, do you believe in *Missions themselves*," said Mr. Squeeze, "apart from this glory of your Church's growth? Now, in my forthcoming work on the Ethnic Religions, I take the ground that Zoroaster's fire-worshipping faith, and Mohammed's revelation, and the pantheism of the Buddhists, have, each of them, the seeds of growth and development. How does your faith differ from theirs in the matter of growing? Do you happen to have it simply because you belong to the Aryan race in Europe, and talk and think from an Indo-Germanic—and not from a Sanscrit or Zend—basis?"

"Oh, well, as for that," said the Rev. Gabriel, "we believe in Home Missions, because we must occupy the land God has given us—but dear me—'Who really believes in Foreign Missions?'"

Here, then, were five different representatives of Christianity, so called, facing this subject which had been suddenly sprung upon them by the *faux pas* of the musical brother. By the look and manner of the Missionary it was very evident that he was bound to see this thing through. He had been pained and surprised by the shallowness and superficiality of the afternoon's talk, especially after such an apparently solemn and devotional Service in the forenoon, a Service which,

though some thought too florid, he himself had enjoyed. It seemed to him, coming as he did from millions of heathen to a Christian land, that we might well ask ourselves the question David Frederick Strauss had asked in his "Old and New Faith": "Are we still Christians?" Everywhere he saw signs of Church-growth, as he saw signs in this enterprising country of the growth of cities, banks, engine-houses, hotels, and benevolent societies, masonic orders, and oddfellows' lodges. But where was that faith in the revelation of Christ as the highest revelation possible to man, which ought to turn the Christian world into a powerful lever, whose impact upon heathenism ought in these days to be everywhere telling? He was painfully aware that he was not wanted to preach this subject of "Foreign Missions." He had meant to say something about it at the Convocation, but the time had slipped by in discussing such questions as the rightful authority for the custom of bowing in the Creed, and the propriety of always standing when the plates were put upon the altar, and the great impropriety of kneeling in any place before preaching, save at the chancel-rail. He couldn't get a chance to speak, though he longed to do so, and he supposed he had lost his opportunity. But now it had come very unexpectedly, and he was determined to warm up on his brethren regardless of costs.

The Rev. Gabriel Tucker felt badly. He had forgotten for the moment that this brother was from India. His florid face flushed a little, but he endeavoured not to appear in any way disconcerted, and inwardly resolved to try and slip along over the uncomfortable ground as glibly as usual. An assorted variety of explanations, apologies, misinterpretations and "erroneous impressions, you know," would carry *him* through, if the other brethren would only let the Indian bear alone, and not poke sticks at him, to rile him up any further! The Rev. Pliny Porous, on the other hand, as an old philosopher, wanted to hear his friend talk. He was glad to have this chance of trotting him out and would very gladly stay all night at it. The disheartened and depressed Brother Bickersteth Brush was pleased to hear any one advocate a cause he and his friends, once upon a time, had so much at heart, and in fact, picked himself out of a reverie and straightened out his shoulders, with some show of eagerness. Theodore Parker Squeeze, formerly the Unitarian minister and now the law student, also wanted to hear this man talk. He had left the ministry simply because he felt the lack of religious "ozone" in his life, and could not bear to be a hypocrite. He had been preaching a good deal lately upon comparative Theology, and felt that Buddhism was for the Hindoo and Mahometanism for the Turk, very much as Christianity was for the Indo-European

races and Judaism for the Jew. He was a true and honest doubter, and when he felt that the striking weight and the running weight in his own mind would not correspond with the rather conservative standard of his Unitarian parish, he very wisely resigned, and renounced the ministry. As we have seen, he would not go the full length of Theodore Parker's later views, and yet he felt cramped and threadbare in trying to balance and weigh out the articles of his faith to suit the conservative requirements of those to whom he ministered. But he always regarded any man of strong and living convictions, who lived up to his belief. One of his favourite sayings was that of Kant's, that the two objects which awakened within him feelings of the profoundest awe, were the starry heavens above him, and the law of duty in his own soul.

"I feel very much interested to know how you look at this subject of Foreign Missions," said Mr. Squeeze. "For myself, of course I don't believe in it, because I think God has implanted some truths, perhaps enough truth, in the minds of His children in all lands to save them. As St. Paul said when he spoke to the Athenians upon Mars Hill, 'That they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us!' For my part, I can see the answer to this strange problem of humanity's different faiths—only in believing that there is some truth in them all, and that our Heavenly Father above is very merciful to His children in their darkness. I fully believe those words of St. Peter to Cornelius: 'Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him.'"

"Why, of course, I do believe in Foreign Missions after all," remarked Brother Tucker, trying to get himself straight before them all, and wind up the conversation before it could get any hotter, "of course we ought to believe in them. Take Africa for example! The great Augustine of Hippo was in Africa; Cyrill was in Africa; St. Jerome was there too; and the Donatists, but they were schismatics. Yes! The Church ought to be in Africa. It is very fitting. And in India too. St. Thomas went there, and Bartholomew went into China, or Parthia. Mathias went into Scythia, some have supposed into Russia. Of course we ought to follow the example of the Apostolic Church and have Bishops and Clergy enough for every heathen place."

"I agree with you there, Brother Tucker, for once in my life, though we differ so totally in other matters," replied the Rev. Bickersteth Brush. "I have worked all my life for the dying heathen—but when I think of the millions and millions of them dying as they have lived

and going to Hell,—why I 'm simply dazed. I can't bear to look at the subject, any more than I can go to a hospital and see the surgeons operate there. It shakes my faith; I declare it actually makes *me* doubt—and we know God don't love doubters, and it 's all a muddle. Some of the brethren in our clerical prayer-meeting, the Rev. Simeon Sufficit for instance, have actually taken to believing in Annihilation. What do you think of that, Brother Porous?"

"Oh, well, as for that," said the old man, "who cares very much for their latest *theory:* what are they *doing* about the matter? The Church of Rome is about the only Church to-day that, through and through, believes in an actual physical Hell, with billows of fire for ever and ever, and even the Church of Rome has the back door of Purgatory. The Church of England divides on the subject and could no more define Hell to-day than it could weigh the star-dust of the Milky Way. But I think that our whole trouble consists in the fact that we first of all *de-nationalise* the heathen, and then, having vaccinated them with our peculiar methods of national civilisation, try to make Christians of them afterwards. I mean to show this in the 27th chapter of my book on the 'Oneness of Christian Truth in all Ages.' It 's all coming out before the world, one of these days!"

"Of course, that is just the trouble," remarked the Missionary, "and every man who lives among the heathen finds it out sooner or later. Look, for instance, at Norman McLeod. He went out to India, on his visit to the Mission stations, a provincial Scotchman, of the Scotch National Church, he came home again an enlightened Christian cosmopolitan. Think of that famous speech he made on the subject in his manly and yet radical way. It nearly killed him in his state of health. It was the last thing he ever did. I have an extract from it here. Standing up before that large audience, he spoke for over three hours, and among other things, said: 'Did they realise what they expected the Hindoos to do? What they blamed them for not doing? They were asking Hindoos, men of flesh and blood like themselves, and far more sensitive than Scotchmen, of great intelligence and culture, to give up hoary traditions, to cut down the tree of that religion under which they and their fathers had sat for teeming centuries, and to accept the religion of a people whose touch was pollution. They were asking these men, in many cases, to give up father and mother and brother and sister, and were much astonished that they did not make the sacrifice! But suppose the Hindoos, who were observing and intelligent, were to turn on them and say, You are sending us Christianity, to believe which implies enormous sacrifices on our part; but what are your own clergy doing? You are asking us to sacrifice all

our traditions; but you won't sacrifice the custom in your parishes that has been brought in by your venerable predecessors!' And a little further on he asked: 'Was it necessary to give minute and abstract statements to Orientals, whose habits of mind and spiritual affinities might lay better hold on other aspects of Divine truth, and who might mould a theology for themselves, not less Christian, but which would be Indian, and not English or Scotch? Let them prepare the Hindoos to form a Church for themselves! *Give them the gunpowder, and they will make their own cannon!*'"

"Isn't that a little too free, Brother?" inquired the Rev. Gabriel Tucker, very cautiously. "If you're going to have a Church at all, mustn't you keep to the Apostolic pattern of the Church of the first three centuries, and make all the world come into that, or stay out and be lost?"

"That's just what some of them said to him," replied the Missionary; "and then he uttered that noble sentiment which will live on as an inspiration for the coming men. He said: 'I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, Who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good; and Who hateth nothing and no one that He hath made. But while I long for that breadth of charity, I desire to be narrow, narrow as God's righteousness, which as a sharp sword can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong.'"

"Very true, very true," sighed Brother Brush, "yes, yes; but how do you keep your faith and courage up?"

"Well, on this wise," replied the Missionary. "First of all, we never try to take their nationality away from our Indian converts. We respect their habits and manners of life as far as we can. Secondly, we believe in native Missionaries, and anything which looks to a self-originant native Church. Thirdly, whether few or many of them are going heavenwards or the other way is a matter upon which we do not waste our time in fruitless speculation. When the disciples asked our Lord if there were few that would be saved, He refused to answer them. No more will He answer us now on that same point to-day. Fourthly, as to the 'ethnic religion' theory, I believe that is all very well as far as it goes. I think all successful attempts at Foreign Missions must begin on the basis of recognising the broken light that is in the darkened faith. But oh, then is the very time to go on and evolve the truth out of that germ! Tell the heathen about the full Revelation to the world at large, through the Incarnation of Christ. Show him, and convince the so-called Christian world, that there can be no higher Revelation than that which was made through the Son of God from Heaven. Already philanthropy insists that it is the plain duty of man-

kind to civilise and enlighten the darkened nations of the earth. Go on with this work; only go on with it in the name and for the sake of Christ. Show these poor creatures what sin is; convince them that it will ruin them, first here, then hereafter; touch the common human heart; bring in the world's loving Saviour, Jesus Christ; do your best with a living faith in the Holy Spirit as your guide; don't be in a hurry; remember how the world waited centuries for Christ Himself; consider that one day with the Almighty is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; it is *His* world, not *ours*; we can fight like soldiers in the smoky battle-field, but we cannot see our Leader's plan of the campaign; if you don't believe in God's promises, and you doubt of Christianity, say so! But if you are a professed servant of Christ, don't go around masquerading in or out of the ministry, and, —by the blood of your Redeemer!—don't you ever DARE to *say*: '*Who believes in Foreign Missions?*'" *

MONEY AND THE CHURCH.

By Rev. H. C. Haydn, D.D.

NOT everybody who accounts himself of the Church is truly so. The Church is a militant body. To say, "Thy Kingdom come," means, to very many, nothing of real aggressive life for Christ's sake and the Kingdom's. They utter these words without perhaps once realising how much of a mockery the saying becomes upon *their* lips! "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" Benevolence, Christ-like and Christ-begotten, must go before methods of beneficence, or our words only beat the air. The trouble with fifty per cent. of the Church is deep and disastrous to their piety and to the work of the Church. They need re-conversion, re-adjustment. They are like those who had not so much as heard of the Holy Ghost; they miss at once the meaning of the simple, plain command of Christ:—disciple all nations; and the teaching of Christ, with its awful emphasis, as to our stewardship in this world's goods. What is to become of them, dying as they live? What is to be said of the spiritual training of the people who recognise no claim of a perishing world upon their sympathies and their purses? Who treat their money

* *Who Believes in Missions?* Abridged from a pamphlet published at 2, Bible House, New York.

as if it were their own, to be spent or hoarded as they please? Who having, as they fancy, got salvation for themselves, and being glad to sit down under the tree which yields so many and such precious fruits, have really no care whatever that two hundred millions in Africa and five hundred millions in Asia, and more, know nothing of all that was purchased as truly for them as for these who sit so complacently doing nothing, yet professing to believe that the millions we speak of are nations over whom Christ yearns till they are given to Him for an inheritance, even the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. That this accusation can be made against multitudes is astounding, but true. How to account for it, in view of the fact that they have in an open Bible the words of Christ, is a difficult problem, since very many of God's unlettered ones have no trouble on the point at all. It is singularly clear to *their* apprehension.

Let all ministers of the Gospel dig about the roots of these barren trees, for lo! the axe is laid at the root of them. Let all such awake to righteousness and bring the buried talents out of their hiding-places ere the day of solemn requisition break on their astonished souls.

The vocation of the Church as distinguished from that of its units, is to bring the whole world under the law of love, that Christ may "see the travail of his soul and be satisfied." The Church has no calling to enter the race for money, for its own sake, or for selfish gratification. Nobody has. The Church must not, whoever else does. It is forbidden. Yet the Church must have money, has the grandest of uses for money, cannot fulfil her mission without it. Hence the duty of her members to enter the arena of business and to make money; to welcome it when it comes and to rejoice in the opportunity of turning it into channels which will hasten the final and glorious establishment of the Kingdom of God: —a Christian civilisation over the face of the whole earth; churches and schools for all people; God's word on every man's tongue; Christian homes; Christian literature; Christian government and laws; Christian traffic; Christian intercourse between nations. Do YOU accept this vocation? Are YOU making money or wanting to make it for the advancement first of all, and most of all, of the Kingdom of God? If not, what then?

THROUGH SIBERIA.

By the Rev. W. W. Tyler.

MR. LANSDELL'S *Through Siberia*,* which has just been given to the Public, is a work from which the reader will not only learn much that is of great general interest in connection with the immense territory it refers to, but much also in regard to the Russian Church and to its Missions in the distant East. Siberia, be it remembered, measures some 4,000 miles by 2,600. It contains a million square miles more than the whole of Europe; it is twice as big as Australia; and, to employ a more homely comparison, is nearly a hundred times as large as our own England. It has no railways; but there are many steamboats on its numerous rivers, and there are large numbers of post roads throughout the entire country. Mr. Lansdell's journey was undertaken principally with a view to the dissemination of the Scriptures and of other works within the prisons, hospitals, barracks, posting-houses, factories, and other places of general resort, lying between the Ural Mountains and the Pacific; and many thousands of volumes in Russian, Polish, German, Tartar, Mongolian, Finnish, French, and Hebrew, were distributed upon this lengthened tour.

The Russian Government is proverbially sensitive as to the doings, within its own limits, of foreigners generally; but through the good offices of Earl Cairns, who was Lord Chancellor at the period in question, and to whom the volumes are inscribed, not only was permission granted for the projected effort, but a most unusual, perhaps we ought to say an unprecedented, concession was granted in the shape of a crown *Podorojna*, or permit, to prosecute the benevolent intention in all its entirety. This crown authority embraced many other advantages which might be mentioned—a prior claim on posting horses, of which 1,005 were actually used; the co-operation of provincial and all other governors; the opening of prison doors, and, in in fact, an unusual leave to go anywhere, to see everything, and generally to do whatever was desired. The question will naturally be asked, how is it that Siberia needed such a visitation? A sufficient answer to this query is given in the readiness displayed by the Russian Government to permit the enterprise, and in the appreciation which it everywhere met with until its conclusion. There are two distinct

* *Through Siberia*. By the Rev. H. Lansdell. 2 vols. Sampson Low, 1882.

classes of population in Siberia—the native, and the Russian. The former consists of nearly thirty heathen tribes, which are described as being generally quiet, inoffensive, and honest to a fault, but whose religious rites are, for the most part, grossly and degradingly idolatrous. Shamanisty very largely prevails throughout Siberia; and the Siberian type of the medicine-man is, it would seem, not less repulsive than that of his North American relations. On the other hand, the criminal classes, exiled from Russia, are almost as badly off as the native heathen, all religion being discountenanced by their unhappy associations, and vice and immorality being rampant.

For ecclesiastical purposes Siberia is divided into six dioceses, presided over by 7 bishops. It contains 1,515 churches, and 1,509 clergy; has 14 monasteries, with 147 monks; and 4 nunneries containing 62 nuns. Russian dioceses are subdivided into rural deaneries, each consisting of from 10 to 30 parishes. Like our English parishes, there is a wide difference between the numbers of inhabitants in large and small parishes here; 5,000 people in a Siberian parish is, however, somewhat exceptionally large. "Every *selo*, or town of a certain grade, has a church; and in some of the *derevni*, or villages, churches and small chapels, or oratories, are built, in which latter Services any other than the liturgy or the Holy Communion may be performed. The churches and vestments are kept in repair by parochial committees, of not less than five persons, elected annually, who, on retiring from office, are called *Church Elders*." These latter are promoted to the office of assessors, and collectors of Church dues.

The vestments of the higher orders of the Russian clergy are, even in Siberia, gorgeous and rich in the extreme, being lavishly embellished with diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, &c. The Church Services are of a monastic character, long and tedious, and are read in Sclavonic, which is to the modern Russian what the language of Chaucer is to the modern Englishman; so that what with its ancient form and the rapidity with which the ecclesiastical language is read, it is practically unintelligible to many of the people. The musical part of the Church Service is purely vocal, instrumental music being forbidden. The absence of this is, however, amply compensated for by the excellence of the singing. In large cathedrals, such as St. Isaac's at Petersburg—where they have 30 choristers dressed in blue and gold tunics—it is exceedingly grand. I do not remember to have heard elsewhere such extraordinary harmony. The basses descended to depths almost abysmal, and the treble soared to and were sustained at a height perfectly marvellous, whilst other voices were so profusely blended that I can compare the effect of the whole to nothing so well

as to an exquisitely coloured window. The hymn called "The Cherubim," with music by Bortnyanski, I heard sung at Petersburg and Kasan; and at the latter place was not surprised to see tears falling from the eyes of a peasant woman near me, for my own were uncomfortably moist. I made bold to approach and look over the music of one of the choristers, thereby alarming the monk director, who, mistaking my interest, said afterwards, he thought I had perchance come from the Imperial choir to take away some of his best voices.

Through Siberia tells us much about the *status* of the clergy, parochial and monastic, otherwise called the white and the black, or the secular and the regular. The former may marry, and can rise to the position of "protopope," *i.e.*, the head priest of an episcopal church. The episcopal dignity can only be enjoyed by a celibate. Town and country clergy, who, here as elsewhere, vary in ability almost as much as in the extent of their parishes, have stipends of from £125 to £180 a year, and those who have large families are oftentimes but little better off than beggars. In a note the author says, "The Russian priests labour under great social disadvantages. They are less instructed than what are called the 'educated classes' of their countrymen, and so do not mingle with them on a social equality; and in many of the towns of the interior intellectual affairs are on so low a level that the priest's most intelligent companion is the schoolmaster, lately arrived perhaps from the capital with a smattering of neology. In one parish the old priest said that the new schoolmaster had been telling him, among other like things, that it was not God who made the world, &c., &c., till the priest hardly knew what was right or otherwise." If the stipends of the ordinary clergy are small, and their learning is also small, their clerical duties are enormously in inverse ratio to both. There are three daily Services, one at 4 A.M., the Communion Service at noon, and Vespers in the evening. As winter does not jest in Siberia, such an early Service as at 4 A.M. must be very trying. "To these daily duties must be added occasional Services in district churches or chapels, as well as in houses, at every birth, every death in the parish, when a building is begun, when it is repaired, and when it is supposed to be haunted; together with the blessing of school-houses, and of children before they begin work after the holidays; to say nothing of processions through the streets, with miraculous pictures, in times of harvest, pestilence, and danger. In Siberia we saw one of these processions, with a picture, lanterns, and flags, leaving a village church at four o'clock in the morning.

The parish priest is also compelled to be an important instrument for State purposes. Individualism is a vital principle under an

autocratic government, strange as the expression may sound. Everybody is known, and no one can stir any distance without a character-certificate, setting forth particulars of birth, baptism, and marriage. This registration the local priest is charged with, and to this never-ending duty is superadded the obligation of keeping an account of his own doings, for a surprise visit from his superior can never be unexpected, and any delinquency results in a scolding, a fine, or an endorsement against him on his own character-paper, &c. It may therefore be safely affirmed that ecclesiastical discipline is not a dead letter. The monastic clergy are under still more rigid rules. Both orders have to fast 226 days a-year, but the former are absolutely forbidden animal food at all times.

The author delivers his judgment on the influence of the Church thus: "Very different thoughts arise according as one looks at the every-day religion of the people, or at their formularies and their theology. The former may cause pain and grief, the latter excite sympathy and hope. Would the priests only endeavour to instil into their people half the abstemiousness and self-denial respecting drink that they teach them to observe concerning forbidden food, they would render Russia and Siberia such a service as I have no words to express."

Missionary enterprise, which must always be, more or less, of a voluntary character, and undertaken with enthusiasm, can, it is evident, scarcely be inquired about in Siberia. The few references which are made to it are almost of a painful nature. For example, referring to the Yakutt tribe, we are informed that "the method of their conversion was said to be extraordinary; for, the Russian priests not making much headway against their superstitions, an 'Ukase' was one day issued setting forth that the good and loyal Yakutts were thought worthy to enter, and were consequently admitted, into the Russian Church, to become a part of the Tsar's Christian family, and be entitled to all the privileges of the rest of his children. Such was the tenor of this strange proclamation; and success attended the measure. The new Christians showed perfect sincerity in the adoption of their novel faith; and the Russian priests have established their sway over the Yakutt race." We are also told of a patriarch amongst the Goldi tribe, a candidate for baptism, who as a preliminary meditated a sale of his various wives, each of whom was expected to fetch from £50 to £70. As a rule, those in similar circumstances to the gentleman here referred to, are compelled to select one, be canonically married to her, and the rest, by a happy arrangement, are returned to their respective fathers at "*half-price!*"

Decidedly the most interesting example of Missionary work is that amongst the Buriats in Eastern Siberia. Their intelligence is above the average presented by that of their countrymen. English Missionaries, more than forty years ago, taught some of them Latin, and even prepared an elementary work on Geometry and Trigonometry in the Buriat language. They laid a more solid foundation still by translating the Scriptures, and it is deeply interesting to note that their translation is in the hands of the Russian Missionaries to this day. About forty men are engaged in Mission work amongst the Buriats. Converts—such as they are—can be numbered by tens of thousands. Mr. Lansdell speaks in kindly terms of one Missionary at Khabarofka, on the River Amur, whose custom it was to preach a sermon every Sunday. He was reckoned to be a very good man and very learned. So he had a crowded church. "I suppose," is the *naïve* remark of the author, "he did not profess that his sermons were all original; for when he caught sight, on board the *Onon*, of a tract I had given to the steward's boy, he immediately seized it, and wrote thereon a sermon."

Being in holy orders the author was occasionally called upon to perform some of the duties of his office. At Rasdolnoi he was invited to baptize a little girl, at 3.30 A.M., and this occurring just before the steamer was expected resulted in his detention till the return of the vessel on a subsequent day. On the passage down the River Ussuri, towards the coast, the captain requested the same office to be performed for three children, and stopped the steamer while the minister went ashore and officiated. At Nikolaefsk, the first "English Service" on the Amur was conducted by Mr. Lansdell. At this 33 persons were present, who represented at least 7 nationalities. At Vladivostock, on the sea-coast, the congregation, on another Sunday, numbered 27 persons, many of whom were struck by an appeal to the intellect, in contrast to their "Service of Worship" only. An officer remarked that he had never before been impressed with a sermon.

On Sunday, Oct. 5th, after leaving Japan, in which country the Russians carry on a more successful Missionary work than in Siberia, the last religious Service on board a Russian man-of-war is referred to in these words: "When all was ready the officers and choir were ranged in front, and the men behind; the Commander read prayers and a psalm, the men responding and singing. The Service was of short duration, but highly impressive, and very reverential. So, too, was their daily Evening Prayer, just before going to their hammocks at dusk, when the men, drawn up in double lines, facing each other, at a signal, doffed their caps, and chanted the Lord's Prayer."

But we must take leave of one of the most interesting books of the

season. A feeling of compassion will be excited in all who peruse it, for the many thousands of exiles who are deported from Russia proper, and whose "Sabbathless," almost "Hopeless," existence may well command our warmest and most generous sympathies.

POWER AND PROGRESS.

By Rev. Arthur H. Pierson, D.D.

WHERE the principle of Missions is not firmly rooted and practically fruitful, not only is the prompt, energetic prosecution of Missions abroad prevented, but the "Home-Church" is in danger from breathing its own atmosphere. Dr. Duff was right. "The Church that is no longer Evangelistic will soon cease to be Evangelical." The weapon of aggressive, is at the same time the shield of defensive warfare. Missions are both the dynamics and the apologetics of the Church. They are the vindication and justification of our Faith, and the sure means of its strength and of growth. And, therefore, nothing is more needed for the sake of our Home-Churches than a true "Missionary Revival," which shall enshrine and enthrone the principle of "Missions" in the heart of the Church. That Missions need a plea in their behalf may well be a startling sign of ebbing spiritual life. As Christlieb says: "Is it not the very nature of the Word of life to run and spread? You cannot gather water together in heaps unless you allow it to freeze!" Fire will spread while it finds fuel, and when it can no longer lay hold of new material it dies away to embers, and from embers to ashes.

The plea of inability to give is but the cloak, nay, the thin veil of self-indulgence, that, even in the depths of a financial crisis finds plenty of money for extravagance and frivolity. It may be that such selfishness is but the cover of an unregenerate heart; for a personal Faith in the Christ of the Gospel must beget a personal Love for the souls Christ came to save, and "He who cannot stand on this platform is the *object* of Missions not the *subject* of them."

We do not need Max Muller to tell us that Christianity is a "Missionary Religion" in its nature; converting, advancing, and aggressive, and "encompassing the world." There is Christ's command: "Go ye unto all Nations." This strikes the key-note of all Church History and of all Church Life. A church that is cold toward "Missions" must not be surprised to find "Heathenism," in its popular forms,

gaining ground in her own courts, till even her own candidates argue in their theological theses that "Belief in the miraculous is an epidemic insanity!" *

The men and money furnished for Missions at Home and Abroad are shamefully, disgracefully inadequate to the extent of the field and the needs of the work, and to the number of professed disciples and the amount of means at their command. The territory of Mahomet is scarce approached, as yet, by the Army of Christ, while it might have been surrounded, penetrated, possessed. The ploughman is overtaken by the reaper in the whole Mission World; our Missionaries require to be multiplied tenfold in Syria, Persia, and Egypt; a hundredfold in India, Turkey, Japan; and a thousandfold in China, Africa, and elsewhere.

The apathy and lethargy of a sluggish church, permit the missionaries of infidelity to pre-occupy the field and sow the tares before we have sown the seed of the Kingdom. They furnish the educated pagan, in advance, with a coat of mail wherewith to ward off the arrows of the Truth. All this to a church lacking in Missionary principle and spirit means disaster that it will take centuries to repair.

While the world, from its four quarters, wafts to us the Macedonian cry, our "Missionary Boards" bow year after year under a load of debt, which is lifted by a herculean labour, only again and again to be renewed. God bore from Israel's unbelief in the Desert less than He bears from the sluggishness, selfishness, and carnality of His Church to-day. He pitches His tabernacle amid our pilgrim tents, and floods it with the uncreated glory of the Shekinah; condescends to go before us in the cloud-pillar, leading us by His luminous, though mysterious Providence; brings us to the very borders of a millennial inheritance; and we hesitate to go up and possess the land, terrified at the giant Anakim that threatens us there, and looking back with longing to the flesh-pots, leeks and onions of Egypt! We need a more complete Organisation of Church activity. No congregation, however small, must be suffered to pass "Missions" by. The feebleness which is assigned as a *cause* of such neglect, is nearly always a *consequence* of it. For nothing keeps a Church so weak as doing nothing outside itself. Unselfish effort for a lost world makes the pulse of such an one quick and renders his sinews strong. "Self-extension" reacts to promote "Self-support," and if Churches that scarce live at all would nourish and cherish a "Missionary" spirit, they would grow in numbers and in grace, in vigour and in power. The Moravian Brethren, with but 20,000 adults, have no rival, as a

* Bonn Theses.

Missionary Body. Out of their poverty they give an average of 5*s.* annually for each individual. From every, even the smallest of their Churches a yearly "Missionary" offering is expected as a necessary feature of "Church Life." The revival of the "Missionary" spirit must begin with the Clergy. "Like priest, like people." The tide in Church Life reaches no higher flood-mark than is attained in the hearts of the Ministry. The Chinese, to this day, feel the power of the person of William Burns, because, in himself, he was a living proof of the Gospel. Our people will lift the standard of Missionary zeal when we burn and shine with the ardour and fervour for Missions which represents the enthusiasm of Christ, and the fire of the Holy Ghost.

And now let us come to the core of the difficulty. Help us, Thou Spirit of God, in candour to ourselves, to pierce to the heart of our own apathy! Dr. Duff, when leaving for India in 1829, uttered these remarkable words: "There was a time when I had no care or concern for the 'Heathen.' That was when I had no care or concern for my own soul. When by the grace of God I was led to care for my soul I began to care for the 'Heathen' abroad. In my closet, on bended knees I then said to God: 'O Lord, Thou knowest that silver and gold I have none to give to this cause. What I have I give to Thee. I offer Thee myself. Wilt Thou accept the gift?'" Such a consecration on the part of all true Believers and of all true Ministers, would represent a religious revolution that would turn Christendom itself upside down.

More than twenty years ago, in common with many others, the Writer of this Paper was compelled to face the question of our Duty to the Heathen World. He heard it talked over among his fellow-students of theology, heard arguments used and motives appealed to as grounds for the choice of "Home Fields," which he trembles now to think of as the basis of so momentous a decision. Disguised in the garb of plausible language, or veiled in ambiguity, they were often simply the pleadings of pride, avarice, and ambition. Let us strip them of their disguises. Some of us at heart say: "We have gifts and graces that would be wasted on a Mission field—let the rude, rough, uncultured men bear the Gospel to the brutal pagans; we who have refinement, accomplishment, urbane culture, will remain at home." Ah! We forget the graceful urbanity and the exquisite polish of a Henry Martyn, a Stoddard, a Riggs, a Jessup! How many of the heroes of Modern Missions have been models of manners as well as of morals! If God withholds large blessings from us may it not be a call and challenge to the Church to put more

reapers where the "White harvest" comes to ripeness so fast and so full? Never since the first Pentecost were there such "Herald-Lights" in the Eastern sky. Let us have an "Aroused and Consecrated Church," and the World will be subdued before the Cross, with a speed that no one of us has ever dared to hope for. But we shall never have a "Missionary" Church without a "Missionary" Ministry.

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

By the Rev. E. Dodgson,
"Vicar of Tristan."

FOR the last few weeks I have been having daily Evensong, with short sermon, which I am glad to say seems to be much appreciated. Before very long I hope I shall have all the people regular communicants. They are all a very simple-minded, teachable, and religiously inclined congregation. I am getting on capitally with the schools, both day and night. The children are tractable, and remarkably good. I give them a singing lesson every morning, which they enjoy immensely, and they can sing a good many catches now very fairly. The whole people have learnt a lot of hymn tunes, and have also learnt to chant by heart the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis," and to sing the responses to all our Services.

I have had a little doctoring to do, which has been very successful. The school teaching is very elementary, and the sermons have to be as simple as possible; for the people are very ignorant of even the simplest facts of Bible history. I have Sunday-school every Sunday morning. This is attended by all the children and unmarried people, and I am still going through the order and meaning of the different seasons, and special days of the Church. The people, old and young, are wonderfully well-mannered, and really "Nature's gentlemen and ladies."

They lately told me that if I would choose a place, and mark out a plan of the walls, they would begin to dig the foundations of the church on my birthday. So I set to work to make out a plan for a church, to hold about 140 people; for as the population is increasing, it would not be wise to build it to hold less. I enclose a rough sketch of it. The dimensions are 54 ft. by 18 ft.; the walls will be about 3 ft. thick, and about 10 ft. high; and it will have a pointed thatched roof, boarded

ithin. I gave the schools a whole holiday upon the day selected. o directly after breakfast I was able to mark out the ground, and ng the bell to summon all hands, and all spades, and picks, and attocks available. They set to work vigorously, till about three clock. Then we dined together. After this we had Service at 6.30, nd shortly afterwards we all met once more for tea and cake, followed y dancing. It is a real treat to watch them dancing, they do it so well, nd the behaviour is so perfect. I think everybody enjoyed the day.

I have just taught all my scholars to sing two verses of "God save ne Queen!" in two parts. Only fancy! they had never even heard ne tune before! We sing everything in the Services now, except the Psalms" and "Te Deum." On Saturday nights we have a short ervice of preparation for Holy Communion, and I give an address on ome point connected with that subject.

The people here are getting desperate at the prolonged absence of ship. They have given chase to two within the last few days, but ith *very* slender chance of catching either of them. I don't suppose here is any place in the world where you can realise more thoroughly he truth of the words, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." A hip came pretty handy last Sunday, but I am glad to say the tempta- ion to board her was resisted. As long as there is no disease among he animals or the potatoes there is no fear of our starving here.

We are revelling in sea-birds' eggs, which are very good. Parties o off in boats to the penguin rookery, and bring back hundreds of enguin skins to "try down" for oil. As the birds are just beginning o come up out of the sea, we may expect them to begin to lay eggs in nother week, and then for a few weeks we can have thousands of resh eggs, just for the trouble of fetching. The people supply me nost liberally with fish and eggs, so you need not fear that I am eing starved.

The Vicar was told that the *Eliza Adams* would bring some hings for him from St. Helena. But five of the whalers arrived before he *Eliza* appeared, and when it did appear, first a storm, and then dead calm, made it very doubtful whether it would come to the hore at all. The Vicar concluded after a time that the ship had eft the island; but on the morning of Christmas Day he woke up ejoicing to see it again in sight. After some further delays he got is expected parcels and letters. These were the first he had received ince his arrival in the island.

He tells us later that on Christmas Day the girls decorated the hurch very prettily with green boughs and roses. "We had most earty Services, and I dined sumptuously on roast beef and sour grass

tart—a sort of sweet spinach, but very good." In his last letter but one he says that: "The schooner *Themis* hopes to keep up a regular communication, about every two months, between Tristan, the Cape, and St. Helena. If this plan is carried out, it will be a grand thing for us in every way."

The last letter sent us says that a man-of-war had brought some gunpowder, so that they could begin at once to blast the stone for the church. We have heard, since this last direct communication, and through a mutual friend, of the arrival of H.M.S. *Diamond* at Tristan. The *Diamond* took out a number of things for the "Vicar of Tristan" and the islanders; and among them we may mention an harmonium for the church, the generous gift of the S.P.G. *

COSAS ESPAGÑOLAS.

By Rev. T. L. Gulick.

AMONG the mountains of Navarra, a few miles from Pamplona, the compact little village of Unzué nestles at the foot of a rocky hill, and looks out upon a plain covered with a forest of ancient oaks which extends between it and the railroad station, about a mile and a half away. This peaceful-looking village has lately been the theatre of some strange events.

Cipriana and her husband, both Christians, living in Pamplona, had gone to visit the mother of the former in Unzué. They spoke to their neighbours, and they distributed to them tracts and other writings on the love of Christ, and on Salvation through Him. The next night their house was attacked by a mob with guns and stones, several shots being fired through the doors and windows. The house was considerably damaged; but the inmates escaped with their lives. Last October they again visited their native village, and again at night the house was attacked. Two bullets which were fired through the window, were flattened against the wall of their bedroom, and fell beside their bed. In the house next to them lives a certain Josefa, a poor widow, with her aged parents and her three young children. As the attack was going on, Josefa heard Andres and Cipriana praying for their enemies that they might be forgiven and converted. This made a profound impression upon her, and she said to herself, "This *must*

* We are indebted to Miss E. Dodgson, the "Vicar's" sister, for the above interesting account.—[Ed.]

be the true religion." She knows how to read, and from that night has taken the Bible as her faithful guide. In the face of all the persecution developed she began to confess Christ openly. On the 20th of November last her house also was attacked; and every night for seven nights in succession the two houses were besieged with stones and guns. Two doors and five windows were demolished. Bureaus, cupboards, dishes, and inner partitions were broken to pieces. The roofs were in ruins, about half the tiles being broken.

Perhaps some one may ask: "Where were the authorities all this time?" They were, naturally, sound asleep. Between the priest, the alcalde, and the town-council, a supper had been given to the mob, and six dollars were offered them to drive Josefa out of the town. The sixth day the alcalde received a message from the governor in Pamplona, telling him he knew what was going on, and that it "must be stopped." It is known that the message was received and read on the Saturday; but the following night the attack was more furious than ever. Josefa's aged father, while in bed, was hit by a heavy stone in the forehead. It cut an ugly gash and left him senseless. His wife and daughter dragged him into a corner, where he remained insensible for a quarter of an hour, and nearly bled to death, as his doctor told me. The next morning Josefa escaped for her life to Pamplona, leaving her three fatherless children with their grandparents.

I found her a few days after in the house of our good evangelist, Don Eulogio Maté, in Pamplona. I decided that it was my duty to visit Unzué, in order to strengthen and comfort the persecuted. Don Eulogio went with me. We found everything in the two houses in ruins. In some of the rooms the stones had been piled up; from others they had been thrown out into the street. One woman had her pocket full of bullets which she had picked up in the house. I have before me two which were flattened against an inside wall. There were stains of blood on the bed and on other parts, but most of the stains had been removed. By six P.M. it was dark, and Don Eulogio feared it would not be safe to return to the station through the forest. We decided, however, that it was best to return this way. Our presence might expose our friends to another attack. So we took a winding path through the forest and reached the railroad station in safety. I had just opened the door of a carriage, and was on the point of entering with Don Eulogio, who stood beside me, when two or more men fired upon us from behind a low wall, about four yards off! I turned, and by the flash of their guns saw two men fire again in my face! Two bullets went through the glass of the door, within three inches of my head, making two smooth round holes

the size of my finger. More than *eighty* bullets of different sizes left their mark on the side of the car! Not one hit either of us. This was the more remarkable as it was bright moonlight, and our assailants were so near to us. We were standing talking, with our backs towards them, and they had the breast-high wall to rest their guns on and take deliberate aim.

The Pamplona and Madrid papers which reported the affair said our escape was "Miraculous." Several people on the train saw the firing. We learned afterwards that our enemies had lain in wait for us in the "forest," expecting to assassinate us there. But, by an overruling Providence, not knowing the road that we had taken, they had missed us, a longer path having been followed than we were supposed to have taken. The parish priest, we have been told, has declared, since we left the village, that were it not for his "corona" (shaven crown) he would have killed us *himself*.

"IT IS ALL LIGHT."

By H. E. Waring.

When Bishop Selwyn was dying he said, in the sweet Maori language: "It is all Light."

(*Life of the late Bishop.*)

"ALL light!" Triumphant song! Thrice happy saint,
Most blest in dying, could thy pure eyes see
God thro' the bars where hearts less cleansed from taint
Lean with strained vision o'er death's mystery?
All, all was Light to thee.

Were those eyes seeing, too, the toilsome way,
Ploughed by thy faith, in Love's own radiance shine,
Burning beneath thy zeal to perfect day
In heathen souls, with glory all divine?
It was "all Light" in thine.

"All light!" Sweet song! When death's dividing wave
Shall lift Christ's toilers o'er its shining crest,
Sing it who gives, as this apostle gave,
For God's dear Church's sake his first and best:
Sing of the Light—then rest.

WHAT SABADOU SAW IN ENGLAND.

By the Editor.

THE *Missions Evangeliques* contain the following graphic account, by the Chief Sabadou, of what Africa saw in England during the recent visit of the three Uganda princes.

It had been long thought that much good would result to the cause of the Gospel in Central Africa from the sending of a certain number of Uganda Chiefs to England, and from the impression that would naturally be made upon them by our European civilisation. As long as the Missionaries could only state their own opinion upon the comparative greatness of England and Uganda, not only was the statement disbelieved, but they were told point blank: "You are lying!" These blacks moreover could not understand why the Whites should come at all amongst them, unless, indeed, by their crimes they had been compelled to do so in order to escape the hangman, or had been banished, or coveted the wealth of other lands, and hoped, by witchcraft, trickery, or violence to become their masters. Evidently it was of paramount importance that King Mtesa should send some of his Chiefs to England. Accordingly three of them came, *Katarouba*, *Namkaddi*, and *Sabadou*. The account of the journey given to the King by Sabadou reaches us through *Mufta*, the dragoman of the court of Mtesa, and runs as follows:—

"The moment we passed, O King, out of our own land we left our wives behind us. Then our arms were taken from us, and even our long sticks; so that for a moment we might have fancied that Mtesa had sold us as slaves to the Whites. We journeyed for three months over an immense desert, and then reached Kartoum; leaving which we travelled for two months more over a second desert before our eyes at length rested on 'The High Mountains' (Abyssinia). Finally we came to the sea and were taken on board ship. Those ships are of enormous size. They are as high as hills. We arrived after a time at the capital of the Turcs (Cairo). But we soon remarked that it was not the Turcs who governed the land (Egypt), but the Bazoungous (Europeans), for the Turcs have no power.

"Leaving Cairo we sailed over a different sea from the first one, and came to an island (Malta) which belongs to the Queen of England, and we said to ourselves, 'Ah, she lives here, of course, and we have come at last to the end of our journey.' But no such thing! We had

to go on board ship once more, and continue our course, which seemed as if it would last for ever. We came to a country belonging to the Bazoungous, but inhabited by Arabs (Algeria). After this we stopped before a very steep island; and then entered a third *Njandscha* (the Atlantic). It was not till after many days that we reached England. Oh, the mighty crowd of shipping that we beheld there! Their masts were like a forest rising out of the water. As we went up the river (the Thames), the captains of all the vessels we approached sprang into the rigging of their ships, and shouted with all their strength, 'The Bougandas (Mtesa's envoys) are come! The Bougandas are come! Room, room, for the Bougandas!' And all the big ships fled before our own.

"At last we came to London. The Queen sent one of her chiefs, and a carriage with two horses, to meet us. It is impossible to count the London horses, there are so many of them, and the houses are all built of stone. O King, it is wonderful! Wonderful! The houses touch each other, and form two long walls, one on each side of the road. There is no end to them, and there are other houses inside these walls. In fact the whole thing is one immense house, but divided in such a way as to hold an incredible multitude. You can't count the inhabitants of a single house (street). Oh, London is a very great city! Nothing but stone houses; and twenty-four miles long!

"We were taken to a place where we saw a great Chief. (The Secretary of the Church Missionary Society.) He came towards us, put up both hands, and cried: 'Ah! The Bougandas! The Bougandas!' Two days after our arrival the Queen summoned us to her presence. We found her in the midst of a crowd of ladies, all dressed alike, so that we didn't know which was the Queen. O King, another wonder! The house of the Queen is a mile and a-half in length. The day following our reception we went to see a great field filled with soldiers. (A review at Aldershot.) Each Chief had dressed his men in different colours. We were in one carriage, and the Queen was in another, so this time we saw her perfectly. Then we went to the place where they make the cannons. And what cannons! It takes two hundred small barrels of powder to load a single one of them. They carry nine miles. Next we saw where they make the guns. Very beautiful guns, and in great numbers we found there. We saw where the powder is made, and where they make cloth and cotton. (Manchester.) Some days before this we travelled to another spot in a wooden house, which, as soon as you got in, ran off of itself to where it was wanted.

"When we got back to London we made known to the Queen that we wished to begin our journey home. But she said: 'Not yet. You haven't seen my wild beasts and my cattle.' So we went to see them. They included every animal under the sun. It took us three days to see the lions; two more to see the leopards; and again three days to look at the buffaloes. Many days were spent in examining the elephants. And six were occupied in looking at the birds. There were birds from every country. And such crocodiles! They were not at all wild. You took a piece of meat, called one, and he came at once and took it out of your hand! Here Mtesa asked:—

"'And where do they get the food for all those animals?'

"'They give them cows and goats,' replied the envoys.

"'Living?' asked the king.

"'No, they kill them first. They never give them anything living. We saw also serpents and every kind of beast.'

"'Do you hear?' said Mtesa, turning to his Chief, 'what quantities of cattle these Bazoungous give to their Queen?'

"'They must be very powerful,' answered a Chief.

"'You ought to give me,' cried the King, 'enough to make me as powerful as she is.'

"After we had seen the wild beasts (the Zoological Gardens, where the veracious narrator spent *three hours*), they took us to see the cows, sheep, and horses (the Agricultural Show). What a power of cattle these Bazoungous possess! We saw thousands of pigs: Each of them had six young ones, and the whole were being bred to furnish the daily and favourite dish of the Queen, who prefers pork to anything.

"We went at last to take leave of her Majesty; and she gave us a ship to bring us home. The journey to England had taken twelve months. With this new ship we were hardly more than a month in getting to Zanzibar. There we saw *Said Burgasch*, who gave us presents. But he only reigns over a very small country. The Arabs lie, O King, when they boast of possessing vast countries along the coast. The coast belongs to the English, and the Arabs are their slaves. England is a very great country. It is an island as long as from here to Zanzibar. And it rules so many other islands that you can't count them. Our country is nothing. The land of one Chief in England is as large as the whole of Uganda.

"'Repeat that,' said the King, 'you know I like a man to tell the truth.'

"'Our country is nothing, sire.'

"'Do you hear,' cried Mtesa, 'our country is not worth speaking of!'

"'In England no man has more than one wife, but each wife has thirty children.'

"'Prodigious!' cried the Chiefs.

"There are other women in their houses besides their wife; but these are only servants occupied in house work. The Bazoungous who come here have no wives; but when they return to their own land they will be made great chiefs; and each will receive a wife as the reward of his services.

"We saw a church, the bells of which are so big that you can hear them sixty miles off! The churches are built on the inside, of beautiful wood and precious marble. The Bazoungous have only one religion.

"The interior of the Queen's house is one mass of mirrors and gilding. We sat upon chairs of ivory.

"'Hold!' cried the King when he heard this. And he dismissed the court and forbade Sabadou, under the severest penalties, to tell any one what he had seen in England."

Mtesa, it may be added, was first a pagan, then a mussulman, then almost a Christian, then again a pagan, then once more a mussulman, and then, and finally—nobody knows what. Before the Envoys returned he expressed a great desire to follow them. Then he offered to sacrifice the whole of his wives to Princess Beatrice if she would accept the distinction of becoming his spouse. Next he declared that, unless the illustrious lady consented to the proposal, Christianity should never be preached within his dominions. The C.M.S. Missionaries have had much to suffer whilst remaining at the Court of this African Monarch. All honour to them. They have strikingly proved that they had thoroughly learnt "to endure hardness" for the sake of Him, the story of whose love had moved them to their noble selection of this perilous post upon the Church's battle-field. Whatever the result may be in regard to those whom they have thus sought out at the peril of their lives, their own reward is certain.

In conclusion we may add that when the *Illustrated London News* arrived at Uganda, and Mtesa was enabled to feast his eyes upon a striking representation of his three Ambassadors, a mighty feeling of satisfaction at once possessed him. It is needless to add that the noble presents sent to him had their full effect. Let us hope that the interest taken in his own and in the spiritual welfare of his people, aided by "what Sabadou saw in England," may not remain altogether fruitless.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

INDIA.

Is Theism an Offshoot of Christianity in India? The "Oxford Mission": The Native Mind: Lectures in the Town Hall of Calcutta: Tour of the Bishop of Bombay: A very Sad Scene; or very Legal and equally Scandalous! The Poona Mission: A Sensible Plan: Zenana Work: "Caste" and "Common Sense": Thank you, Mr. Black! The Sisters at Poona: An Interesting Lecture: At Ahmednuggur: The "Prakashak": Mr. Johnstone's Statement: Laying a Foundation Stone: In Tinnevelly.

The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh has been to Calcutta, taking part in the work of the Oxford Mission, by giving lectures to educated natives. He has been arguing that there were no pure Theistic ideas in India before the introduction of Christianity, and that therefore the Theists of the present day are indebted to Christianity for them. A set of men at one of the three places borrowed his lectures to read over again by themselves, which shows that they have produced some effect. The Oxford Mission has commenced, on a small scale, a boarding-school for Christian boys, which seems to be much needed.

Mr. Willis, at the invitation of Mr. Hastie, the Principal of the General Assembly's Institution, gave some lectures on Butler to the students, in December, 1880. In February, 1881, he gave a lecture at the church in Cornwallis Square, to an audience of more than 100. He distributed printed papers of the "heads" of his argument. This lecture made a considerable sensation. An intelligent young native who came afterwards to controvert some of the points in it, acknowledged that most of the audience had left the church with the feeling that Mr. Willis had proved his case, that Christ was sinless. Between 200 and 300 were present at Mr. Willis's last lecture at the Albert Hall on March 22nd. This was very good, considering that it was a grand Hindu Festival, and also a Festival of the Brahmos, who were holding religious meetings at the very time of the lecture. Mr. Sandel, the old native pastor of the Cathedral Mission, together with his son, who is a pleader in the High Court, has been of great service in introducing the Oxford Missionaries to native Christians. The Bishop is anxious to put the Cathedral Mission under their charge. It would

be a great opening for influencing native Christianity if the staff of the Mission could be sufficiently increased.

In the January quarterly paper there are some extracts of letters from inquirers, illustrating the mental and spiritual state of some of the young men with whom the Oxford Missionaries have had to deal. One of them affords an example of the fatalistic ideas which prevail. Another shows a high appreciation of the character of Christ as an example of holiness. The paper adds, "Nothing can be clearer than that Hinduism is practically dead for the great mass of the educated natives of Calcutta, and that the restrictions of caste are fast losing their hold. For many reasons we feel thankful that there does still remain, as a test of sincerity, some outward difficulty and sacrifice to be faced by a man who wishes to become a Christian. So great is the readiness to accept new ideas, that were it not for this, we should often have to fear that Christianity was assumed in name only, and denuded of many of its essential principles. And more and more are we thus led to recognise the Divine wisdom and foresight which enjoined that men should be required not only to accept a set of doctrines, or even a standard of ethics, but to enrol themselves by an outward rite in a Visible Society, and so proclaim what they are to all the world."

It is proposed to hold a large Missionary Conference in Calcutta at the close of 1882, similar to one held at Allahabad in 1872. The support given by some Missionaries of the Dissenting bodies to the movement for disestablishing the Indian Church may preclude such cordial co-operation with Missionaries of the Church of England as was realised on the former occasion, when twenty-five C.M.S. clergy attended.

Mr. Joseph Cook has been giving lectures in the Town Hall of Calcutta, which have been largely attended by all classes of the English-speaking community. He also delivered a lecture entitled, "Does Death end all?" in the General Assembly's Institution. In a lecture on "Eternal Hope, or, Repentance after Death," he argued very forcibly from the eternity of sin to the eternity of the punishment of sin. In his last lecture on "The Religious Future of India," he pleaded that owing to the rapid spread of education in India, mental isolation had become a thing of the past. India was subject to the same influences, and had to deal with the same forces as the rest of the civilised world, including that of Christianity. Whilst he exposed the fallacies of Theosophy and Spiritualism, he spoke in a laudatory way of the Brahmo-Somaj and of the "New Dispensation."

On the Wednesday evenings in Lent there was an interesting course

of sermons, by the Rev. M. F. Argles, of the Oxford Mission, in the Cathedral of Calcutta. The subject was: "The Effects of the Fall."

In December last the Bishop of Bombay started on a visitation tour through the northern part of his Diocese. On January 12th he returned to Bombay to preach a funeral sermon in the Cathedral, on the death of Lady Fergusson. He then resumed his visitation. On Sunday, February 4th, he was at Ajmir, and held Confirmations for the Europeans and Natives. The address on the latter occasion was given in English, and interpreted by Mr. Cleophas in Urdu, Marathi being the only vernacular which the Bishop has yet mastered. There is every reason to hope that, with support and encouragement, the little native community of Ajmir will develop into a thriving and self-supporting Church.

A sad case has occurred in Bombay, which illustrates the difficulties affecting the marriage law as regards converts from Hinduism: a Hindu girl married a European. She had been married, when six years of age, to a Hindu lad, but had never lived with him; and he was married to another wife at the time of her marriage with the European. She was married to the European by the Christian rite, and lived as his acknowledged wife till she became the mother of eight children. At last her husband became tired of her, and the High Court of Bombay decided that the marriage was illegal, and her children illegitimate.

The Report of the Poona Mission recently issued, states that the Missionaries are beginning to form a Christian settlement in a corner of the city, in the hope that it may prove to be a real centre of devotion, the power of which will make itself felt upon the neighbouring heathen. The numbers are 174, of whom 50 are confirmed, and 49 are communicants. Thus the Hindus will be enabled to see put into practice what they have often heard of from the lips of Missionaries. In grave cases when a member of the congregation is suspected, the Priest in charge calls together his communicants and inquires into the matter with them, and if the person is adjudged by them to be guilty, the case is laid before the Bishop, who will then issue a form of excommunication to be read publicly in the church.

There is provision now for the industrial training of Christian lads. A carpenter's shop has been set up, and there are seven apprentices at work under an efficient instructor. It is hoped to develop this, and even to make it a source of profit to the Mission. Six lads have been apprenticed to the workshops of the Engineering College, for a term of three years, and two have been taken in at the dockyard workshops. The Wantage Sisters have started a laundry for the employment of

native Christian women; eight are now at work in it. The printing press, obtained partly by the help of the Christian Knowledge Society, will employ some of the Marathi Christians, and will be useful for the production of vernacular tracts, and other literature, as well as for printing in English. The work of the Poona Mission now includes Evangelistic operations in the neighbouring villages. The Rev. H. Lateward has been stationed at Poona for this work. He has visited some five or six villages, and has held open-air Services for the out-caste Mangs and Mahars, in the Wadas or quarters of the town in which these people live. Attempts have also been made to reach the educated classes by means of house-to-house visitation, and by attending some of the meetings of the Prathana Somaj, a Theistic community. Zenana work has been efficiently carried on by Miss Hurford. In the early part of 1881 a wealthy Brahmin, in whose house Miss Hurford had been teaching for more than two months, asked her to omit the Christian instruction, observing that his children had already begun to doubt about the truth of their own religion. She declined to visit his house on these terms. Invitations to the Zenanas are not accepted unless the ladies are received as Christian teachers. Some of the Zenanas contribute a monthly fee towards the hire of a carriage to help in carrying on the work. Some ladies learn English, others are interested in fancy work, and pay for the materials. A few of the leading Brahmin families in the city have received teachers most kindly. In one house a marked change was observed at the time of the Gunputti Festival. The heathen Festival passed almost without notice; no image of Gunputti was to be seen. They said: "The servants may get their own image, and take it to the river side, but the Brahmin and his household will have nothing to do with it." More help is much needed in order to add to the present work the visiting of Penitentiaries, and the commencement of a school for high-caste girls. With reference to the alleged move in the direction of the recognition of caste in the Poona Mission (MISSION LIFE, 1881, p. 449), the Rev. W. Black, of the Cowley India Mission, writes as follows: "I regret to learn that there is an impression at home that Mr. Cecil Rivington keeps up caste distinctions among the native converts at Poona. This impression is quite unwarranted. Such a proceeding would be regarded, by the heads of the Mission, with the gravest disapproval, as being anti-Christian. Caste, as it comes before us, is a distinction between various classes of men, enforced upon religious grounds. Its distinctions are almost innumerable; and the restrictions it puts upon the various classes of men are of the most stringent kind, forbidding intermarriage, or any real social intercourse. Many of the

classes, most clearly distinguished by caste, are undistinguishable, by the eye of an Englishman; but this is not the case where the distinction is one of *race*. This is the case between the highest and lowest castes—at least on this side of India. The distinction is as marked between them in colour, language, and habits, as in that between ourselves and the Hindus. This distinction is one of race and civilisation, and only becomes 'caste' because enforced by the tyrannical rules of a false religious system. Now where men or children who belong to this high grade of society become Christians, we do not think it wise to throw them among the lowest peasant converts. What would be thought at 'Home' of the opinion of a Clergyman who preached that it was a very shocking thing, and quite alien to the spirit of Christianity, that the squire should send his sons to Eton or Rugby, and not to the village school? The distinctions among society here are just as marked as at home, and are the result of a civilisation which in many ways is advanced, and which is much older than our own. The confounding of such proper and natural distinctions does but harm. Instead of raising the many, it degrades the few. A native gentleman does not cease to be a gentleman because he becomes a Christian, and his rank should be recognised. In view of this, Mr. Rivington very wisely gives these young men who have been used to greater refinement in their homes such food as they have been accustomed to, though of course they lose luxuries. He also gives those who may be fit for it a higher education than the majority of the peasant lads who display no aptitude, and who become carpenters and blacksmiths, &c. But in all other matters, and in any *religious matter*,—in worship, in sitting in church, &c.—all are on an absolute equality. There is nothing at Panch Howds which can by any justice be called *caste* distinction."

A similar imputation is made against the All Saints' Sisters in Bombay. But all that they did was to issue a circular in Mahratti to some native ladies of good position, saying that they were ready to commence a school for their daughters. "Such distinctions are not considered unchristian in England, and why should they be so here? I know as a matter of experience that if such a distinction is important among boys, it is much more so among the girls of India. How little this has to do with caste will be seen when I tell you that the only girl to whom the Sisters have as yet given a higher education as a young lady is by birth a Mangine—of the lowest and most degraded of the outcaste tribes in the Deccan. It is important to correct this misapprehension, as the Bombay Missions stand in need of all possible help and sympathy."

The Rev. Luke Rivington adds his testimony to the same effect: "The social distinctions maintained in the Poona Orphanage differ '*toto cælo*' from any observance of caste. The Brahman pupils are classed with a young Mahar, who is thought adapted for a different mode of life. Thus they break their caste rules every day. Most Missionaries, it is true, make a point of mixing all up together, whatever be their natural station in life. But this is no part of the Christian creed, and is contrary to all English ideas of education. And I think it operates badly. It is certainly not necessitated by the repudiation of the observance of caste."

"There seems to be a much more favourable disposition amongst the young men in Bombay, and I must do some work amongst them this year. I heard an interesting lecture delivered at the Prathana Somaj by a Hindu on the text, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' The room was crowded with young men, many of whom stood for nearly two hours. The lecturer maintained that the Jews were influenced during their captivity by Buddhists and Zoroastrians, and then came the announcement of the text by an ascetic, John the Baptist. So the Hindus have been under foreign yoke like the Jews, and have come like them into contact with Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, and we may now expect a new religious movement to come forth from them. Among the principles of the new kingdom will be that of *faith*, and *regeneration*, and *love*. He explained regeneration as conversion, showing under what particular Christian influence he had come. He repudiated the idea of a vicarious sacrifice, as maintained in the Christian doctrine of the atonement. He avoided the term 'New dispensation,' not willing, I suppose, to identify himself too closely with Keshub Chunder Sen. About the latter there is a clever remark in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, 'that he is doubtless a great man, but it is a pity he said so.' There is ground to work on, I think, in this general expectation of something new. It is a great thing for the young men to be thoroughly imbued with the idea that there must be some change."

The Rev. T. Williams, of Ahmednuggur, writes that he has just returned from a two months' tour in the remoter parts of his district. The new church at Ahmednuggur is progressing rapidly, and he hopes it will be ready for use two months hence. Engravings of cathedrals and churches are found useful in the Mission. They inspire enthusiasm, as the natives think of buildings of similar grandeur which the future may have in store for them. "There is a large and good bungalow near our compound, which Mr. Bosanquet wants to sell for

10,000 rupees. Miss Dyer has set her heart upon it for her girls, as it is eminently adapted for her purpose both as to size and position. I was astonished, however, to find that the American Mission was another applicant for it. The Americans divide the town with us. If they secure this bungalow they will be at our very doors. In our anxiety not to be thus cut out by them, we are writing to friends to raise the amount required for purchase. Miss Dyer has 2,500 rupees, but the problem is how to get the remainder."

"The S.P.C.K. has again taken on the *Prakashak*, for which I am very thankful. The paper is improving. We have also applied to the Society for aid in church building. I have been thinking also of applying for a printing press, as the *Prakashak* and other works would furnish constant use for it.

"The district I have been through is worked by no one. There is a town, Bheed, of about 30,000 inhabitants. Nothing has been done in the town or neighbourhood, though it was open by the agreement to the Americans. It is incumbent upon us to do something, for it is to us only that the people look for instruction. With a little improvement in our finances, it would be easy to extend our organisation so as to include it."

The Rev. C. F. H. Johnstone in appealing for aid for the Ahmednuggur Mission makes the following statement: "In consequence of the large access of converts in 1878, a staff of 3 catechists, 2 sub-catechists, 52 schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, 18 Scripture readers, and 48 leaders or karbharies, in all 123, was set to work in the district. The increase of the expenses was from £500 to £1,100 a-year, solely for the native teachers. The S.P.G. at once granted an additional sum of £450, which met the expense of the year 1878. But the support from England and the Diocese in 1879 and 1880 was so inadequate that in 1880 it was found necessary to reduce the number of agents from 123 to 99, thus leaving many of the converts without any provision for Christian instruction. Even after this reduction the Diocesan Committee were compelled to borrow, and the result was a deficiency of £750 in their Ahmednuggur account. In 1881 by the most rigid economy the Committee reduced this debt to £550. But the increased expenditure of £500 a-year, as well as the repayment of the debt, requires an immediate access of support both from England and India, without which it will be impossible to retain even the converts of 1878 under supervision, to say nothing of the new openings in all parts of the Ahmednuggur district. The Roman Catholic Missions are pressing forward into the field, and the American Missionaries are falling back

for want of funds. The Bombay Committee are now being pressed for £240 of the debt, and are unable to meet it.

The Rev. H. F. Lord describes the ceremony of the laying of the Foundation Stone of the new church at Ahmednuggur in a letter dated December 28th, 1881. It took place on St. Michael's Day, at the same time as that of St. Augustine's, Moulmein, in Burmah. As in Moulmein, they were unable to place in the large foundation stone the current coin of the year, and had to be contented with some new specimens of the coinage of 1880. They placed a copy of the *Prakashak* periodical in it. The church is to cost 8,000 rupees. It will be small, but substantial, and a great improvement on the room in the Mission bungalow, which has served for a chapel ever since the Mission has been established. They hope to get it consecrated on St. Peter's Day.

The Rev. T. Williams, of Ahmednuggur, sends some comments on Mr. Cunningham's letter to the *Cambridge Review*, which described the condition of the cultivators generally in the Nagar district as wretched beyond endurance, whilst the attempts of the Government to improve matters had conspicuously failed. Such indeed are the views of Mr. Wedderburn, the Judge at Nagar, whose schemes of reform are regarded by well-informed persons in India as either retrograde or impracticable. To arrive at a true estimate of the way to improve the condition of the cultivators, it is necessary to have an accurate knowledge of their history prior to British rule. Without this knowledge the change in his condition, owing to recent measures of the Government, cannot be exactly measured. Mr. Wedderburn's knowledge of these matters is such as to deserve attention; but it is defective in some respects, as to the cultivator's original normal condition. Mr. Williams maintains that however bad be the condition of the cultivator now, there never was a time when it was better, and that the efforts of the Government to improve it have been a real success. In support of this he appeals to the literature of the country, and its past history, and to the appearance of the parts not under British rule. The past history is gradually opening up to us. We derive it not so much from the Sanskrit literature as from the Prakrit, from grants on copper plates and stones, and from other inscriptions. These show that there was never a settled government for many years in these parts. The country was parcelled out amongst petty kings, who were continually at feud with each other. There was little cultivation or produce, and that little was exposed to seizure by robber chieftains or unscrupulous Brahmans. Reckless war and robbery prevailed everywhere. Hence this part has scarcely any

history until the 13th century, when Abu-ud-din first invaded the Deccan. The cultivator being the prey of everybody was utterly poverty-stricken and wretched. Then literature shows that the Shudra, as the cultivators were called by the Brahmans, were utterly despised by that arrogant caste. In Manu x. 129, it is decreed that "a Shudra, however able, should not amass wealth. Were he to do so he would injure the Brahmans." In Manu viii. 413, "the king should make the Shudra a slave, whether bought or not." The Creator created the Shudra the Brahman's slave. In another place the Brahman is authorised to seize for sacrifice the Shudra's cattle, or whatever else he may have, without compensation. Indeed the wife, home, and children of the poor cultivator were to be at the unquestioned disposal of the Brahman. There are other decrees referring to the punishment of Shudras for what the Brahmans might interpret as not showing proper respect to themselves, which are horrible. All show what a deplorable, dog-like condition the cultivator was in when Brahmanism prevailed, and what it would be if it should prevail again. Brahmanism had nowhere such sway as in Mahurushtan; nowhere has the Aryan language so thoroughly cast out the aboriginal; for no language in all India is so near Sanskrit as Marathi. It was thus here that Manu's code was enforced with greatest severity. Monier Williams says of the "cultivators of the soil," "the poverty of this class of men in India was proverbial." One of the synonyms for a "cultivator" = "What destruction!"

The Rev. H. B. Norman, S.P.G. Missionary at Mudalur, in Tinnevelly, is appealing for aid in the erection of a new church for that Mission. Nearly three thousand persons, many of whom are striving to be devout Christians, are now without a church in which they can assemble to worship God, and partake of the Holy Communion. Mudalur, as the name signifies, is the "first Christian village" in Tinnevelly. It was formed in 1797 by a few Christians who fled thither to escape the persecutions which they suffered from their heathen neighbours. A portion of the place is still called Adaiyal, or the place of refuge. The village contains upwards of 1,200, and if we include the Christians of the surrounding villages who belong to the Mudalur Congregation, the number reaches 2,887. The church which was built in 1840, has lately fallen down. It had been much damaged by the floods of 1877, but the people continued to use it until the rainy season of last year, when it collapsed in a heavy downpour of rain; the roof fell in, and the condition of the walls was then found to be such that the church must be entirely rebuilt. Services have now to be held in a schoolroom which holds barely 150 people. Many who

come go away disappointed, because there is no room. Some stand outside the building, notwithstanding the intense heat of the noonday sun. The district of Mudalur is about 15 miles in circumference, and contains 23 villages. In 19 of these there are Christians, none of whom as yet possess a church. There are also 5,000 heathen in the district.

The Editor of the *Indian Churchman* in recommending this appeal to friends in England and India adds that Mr. Norman is the nephew of the late Chief Justice Norman, assassinated in Calcutta some years ago. The tragic death of his uncle led him in a noble spirit of Christian revenge to devote himself as a Missionary to the heathen in India.

MELANESIA.

Disturbances: Rules and Restrictions: Ten or Fifteen Languages.

In a letter from Norfolk Island, dated Sept. 1st, 1881, Mr. Brittain says: "There have been several disturbances in some of the islands lately, and as the Bishop left with the first shipload, and he had planned to remain in one of the most unsettled parts for the whole of this year, we have been in some anxiety about him; for he was staying just on the island where the attack on the boat's crew of H.M.S. *Sandfly* was made towards the end of last year. This was one of the small men-of-war belonging to the Australian squadron, which cruise about in the islands, ostensibly for the purpose of overlooking the labour traffic. There are many plantations in Queensland for which it is difficult to procure white men, and so vessels traverse the islands to pick up whatever black men they can get to go to work there. Formerly the behaviour of these vessels was very free and independent. The natives were often carried off by main force, and if resistance was made, they were summarily shot. All this is now altered, and there are rules and restriction now to be adhered to, and the traders are taught to respect the rights of the natives. The boys often speak of the 'aka palpal,' or stealing vessel, but we trust that these memories will soon be of the remote past. Many of them return from Queensland thoroughly demoralised; they pick up habits and see vices which they would be free from in their own islands. We have seen this in cases which have come under our care in Norfolk Island."

"We have sometimes boys speaking ten or fifteen languages. **Mota** was the language selected by Bishop Patteson for teaching, so both the teachers and pupils have to pick it up. Each of the Missionaries besides acquiring Mota, learns something of the languages of the islands which form his own district. The habits of the boys make one very observant. People would scarcely believe that untrained natives

could be so far removed from any approach to savageness. The real gentleness, unselfishness, natural refinement, and modesty that one sees, is such as to provoke astonishment. The spectacle would move many who now look coldly on Mission work and disparage it."

SOUTH AFRICA.

Unsettled: "Defunctus adhuc loquitur": Under Canvas: The "Majuba" and its "Shadows": The "Ingogo:" An Interesting Account: In Zululand: John Dunn and his Daughters: Catechumens: The Results of the War.

Writing from Umtata, Kaffraria, the Rev. F. Adkin says:—

"At present the country is in a very unsettled state, owing to the late war, in which Mr. Key lost everything. Umtata is still in a state of intense excitement, expecting the Pondos to break out. The Laager is still held in readiness for us all to fly into on the first alarm. The guards are still about every night, and a pass-word is in use. Mr. Key is trying to get a start again among his people, and I have promised to go up to his place and help him to build. The Diocese of Kaffraria is almost entirely worked by St. Augustine's men."

The Rev. C. M. Spratt, whose recent death is so heavy a loss to the afflicted Diocese of Pretoria, wrote from Standerton, Transvaal, on October 4th, 1881, as follows:—

"Very soon after the 'Declaration of Peace' I heard that the Bishop of Pretoria, having only been detained by the Boers in Heidelberg one night, and had, with the rest of the four thousand Pretorians, spent one hundred days under canvas in Laager, it having been thought advisable to evacuate the city entirely. The roads being once more open, Transvaalers were enabled to ascertain who had been killed, and to verify reports. Some who had been reported as killed were found to be alive and well, and they were glad to exchange greetings with friends from whom they had been separated for three long months. Standerton being almost deserted, I proceeded to Newcastle with a convoy of twenty-two mule waggons on their way to join the forces stationed there. The journey into the country, though a rough one, was a delightful change after three months' imprisonment. It occupied five days, and the road lay across the recent battle-fields. The cemetery at Mount Prospect, containing the graves of Sir G. P. Colley, Colonel Deane, &c., looked neat and beautiful; whilst lofty Amajuba seemed to stand in mute grief, casting a deep shade of mourning over the field of blood. We fell in with three officers returning from their imprisonment at Heidelberg, and with

two of the Natal mounted police with tattered uniforms: these had been taken prisoners, and had fared roughly, being conveyed to a Boer farm, and made to work hard. Released from their captivity, they were given a blanket each, and told to make the best of their way to Natal on foot, a distance of over sixty miles. It was pleasant to see the poor fellows enjoy some warm food and a rest; and not less so in the evening to squat round a bright camp fire, and hear one of them sing a hearty bass to some familiar hymns, A. and M., while two or three of our dark companions who had been in Mission stations, now and then joined in. The late prisoner of war had sung in a good London church choir those hymns which we repeated on the banks of the Ingogo. From Newcastle I went by post-cart to Maritzburg. Here I accepted a chaplaincy to the troops at Pinetown for three or four months. I had three regiments under my charge, and assisted Canon Crompton in the Sunday and Saints'-day Services in St. Andrew's Church. On August 1st I started to return to the Diocese of Pretoria. I obtained transport in an ambulance 173 miles to Newcastle. Beyond that point the only conveyances were uncovered mule-waggons used to bring down stores for the withdrawn troops. No sooner had we crossed the mountains than fearfully cold weather began to set in, such weather as had not been known in South Africa for fifty years. A terrific wind, driving hail and snow before it, swept the country, killing thousands of cattle and sheep, and completed the ruin which the war had in many instances begun. We were happily provided with three or four blankets and thick overclothing, or we must have been killed by the cold. We took shelter in a rough corrugated iron stable, where there was a soldier, a Hottentot, and two Kaffirs in charge of Government mules. Here I swooned, but was brought round again by some hot soup. A conveyance from Standerton arrived, and conveyed my wife and child, leaving me to follow the next day. I passed the night in the stable. The snow continued, and the waggons and harness had to be dug out before we could make a start.

"I am to stay at Standerton to the end of the month, and then to remove to Potchefstrom. The recent war has sadly affected our small congregations, both as to numbers and zeal. It is said that a thousand persons have left Pretoria, and that Lydenburg is half emptied. There is a strong antipathy to Boer rule, though the prosperity of the country depends more upon the unity and energy of the people than upon the Government. I often think of an old Augustinian's words to us, when he begged us to set aside the romance of Mission work, if we would not be bitterly disappointed with the

reality; and I am sure that if any man came to this Diocese expecting anything more than the roughest of pioneering work, he would be soon disheartened.

"The Bishop of Pretoria looks hale and strong, with unabated energy. In consequence of the altered government, he has prescribed suitable alterations in the Common Prayers. This is not because the Boers object to our praying for our Queen. A Boer who was asked about this said, 'No, the old Vrorus has need of them!'"

The 3rd Occasional Paper of the Pretoria Diocesan Fund published in February last contains an interesting account of a visitation tour of the Bishop, involving 2,000 miles of hard and anxious travelling, concluding with a scheme for supplying the chief needs of the Diocese. The Bishop says, "Our present is confusion and uncertainty, desolation and ruin, our future dark enough; but the land is far too good to go down for ever; it must and will revive; and the Church that has stood by her in the day of darkness shall share in the brightness of her revival."

Mr. Carmichael, in a letter to Miss Weale, dated January 27th, 1882, gives the following account of some incidents in his work in St. Andrew's Mission, Tugela, Zululand:—

"I generally go every other Tuesday to Tookey's Drift. I am there preparing Mr. and Mrs. Defange for Holy Baptism. They cannot read. I teach them the Creed by heart, and as it is too much for them to learn at once, I give them single words to repeat morning and evening and to think upon. For the second part, I give them '*Born, dying, rising again, coming again.*' For the third part I give the '*Holy Ghost*, the *Holy Church, Everlasting Life*,' and ask them the old words when I go again. In time I think they will know it all. I sit at a table with them under a thatched roof, and they seem glad to listen; they always give me a cup of tea. Then at Tookey's I hear the Catechism for Confirmation; they have a boy about 18, Ritson, born in England. Last time I had a talk with him I tried to teach him the Creed, but he did not know it, but he was glad to be asked, and had a recollection of Sunday-schools. I asked him who lived at a house near. He said Isaac the Hottentot. I thought Isaac was a Christian name, and I asked if he was a Christian. He said No; but his father was. On inquiring of Isaac I learned that his father was a Christian but not his mother. He can speak English nicely, but cannot read or write. He said he would like to be a Christian, so I told him to remember and think upon two words, 'Repentance' and 'Faith.' I told him what they meant, being sorry for sins, such as being drunk, or stealing, which no Christian should ever do; and 'Faith' was to believe.

I afterwards found that his own eight children and his brother and sister-in-law live with him. When I go again I must have those children for an hour. This seems a great work for me to undertake. I am glad my memory recalls definitions and answers from the Prayer Book. If the work at this drift prospers, I must arrange a Service there. It is three miles from here and across the Tugela. It is a little work to which the Bishop introduced me."

"The chief John Dunn has many daughters; eight of these were admitted Catechumens last Trinity Sunday. I have been regularly helping them with the Bishop's papers, '*Our Need of a New State in Baptism*,' '*On the Ten Commandments*,' and '*Rules for Christian Living*.' One candidate is very satisfactory, another is married, and I have to go to her house and teach her; the others are under my training at the school. I am to publish the banns for one of them the next three Sundays. She will, I hope, be baptized before marriage. The Bishop allows Catechumens to be married with the first part of the Service. If they are all baptized within the next month, the work will occupy my thoughts for the time. My ordinary early morning work now is teaching the children—two, three, four, or five—from the kraal close by. Miss Barter gives them a sewing lesson afterwards. Then night school, and visiting the white and half-caste people who speak English and are ready to be ministered to. Our heathen attendance at Services is smaller than it was. Colborn and I have been to two kraals this afternoon. We have many nearer, but they hardly know when Sunday is. I have preached twice in Zulu, Miss Barter interpreting for me. Adam's men are all round us, and there are the people at the kraals. I only know a few words and some easy sentences in Zulu. I constantly teach a few children in the morning, and our house boys in the evening."

Bishop Mackenzie, with reference to the needs of the Zulu Mission, says: "We have suffered in almost every way, and this year is to me at present a terrible dark cloud-bank. I do not see my way at all. We are expected out of income to defray the cost of putting up again most needful buildings, which were ruined in the war, and of erecting new ones, which the course of events since the war has forced upon us. That little income is reduced by £325 at one stroke, and I hear of nothing yet to make up for it. The special fund for Isandhlwana and the Mission to Hlubi never reached the meagre limits proposed, and is quite insufficient for this whole district, which is all new work, to which we were pledged more than two years ago, before I knew anything of the Diocese."

ERRATUM.

Page 201, first line, *for* "Decana," *read* "Decani."

SHAMANISM AND THE BOURIATS.

By the Rev. John Sheepshanks, *Vicar of St. Margaret's, Anfield, Liverpool.*

THE old, old religion of Asia, which is so old that it might well be thought to have passed ages ago into the limbo of forgotten superstitions, has not yet quite died out. It has been dispossessed of its fairest provinces by Christianity and Mahommedanism in the west. It has been ejected from southern and central Asia by various forms of belief, notably Buddhism—though it still is found, partially represented, at all events, among some of the pre-Aryan tribes of India. It has been supplanted among the Mongols of Gobi by the strange religion of the Lamas; yet upon Buddhism and Lamaism, and also probably upon Confucianism, it has left its impress. It still lingers among some of the Turanian tribes of Siberia. Among the Bouriats, mentioned in the last number of MISSION LIFE,* the Ostiacks, the Tungous, and the Samoides, there are yet many thousands of heathen who cling to that old religion, commonly known as "Shamanism," which is probably the most ancient of all false beliefs under the sun.

As a form of belief it may be described as being partly nature-worship, partly demonolatry, and partly a deification of the faculties of the soul of man.

As nature-worship, Shamanism assumed the form which we should expect in peoples mainly engaged in pastoral and agricultural pursuits. "Heaven" was deified as being the active beneficent power of nature, and as such was almost personified. So that hence arose the impression among European travellers (Rubruquis, *e.g.*) that the Mongol tribes believed in a Supreme God. But this was probably a mistake. "Heaven" was regarded as the active life-giving power, but the followers of the Shaman religion have had no idea under that name of any personal Supreme God. There has been just the same notion among the Chinese under the word "Tien," concerning which there have been so many disputes among the Christian Missionaries in China. It is probable that there, too, there has only been the idea of an active vivyfying principle. The Shamans, as the Chinamen, have regarded "Heaven" and "Earth" as representing the active and passive, the paternal and maternal principles in nature. From their

* See article on Mr. Lansdell's "Siberia."

coition have sprung all the forms of created life. But this philosophy (like the Chinese theory of "yang" and "yin") is probably a more modern elaboration of the ancient ideas. Heaven among the Mongols was a beneficent power, and was the sender of good men, benefactors of their race. If the people, or the chiefs, committed any bad action of cruelty or injustice, or waste of food, Heaven showed his displeasure by sending bad weather, drought, or pestilence. Lightning might indicate the presence of evil spirits, or something unclean. As a corollary to their worship of Heaven, they regarded the Sun, Moon, and Stars as objects of religious veneration. It was at the full moon, or half-moon, that they would set off upon an expedition. The stars, *e.g.*, the constellation Ursa Major, had an influence upon life, health, the prosperity of their flocks, and to them they brought their offerings of cheese or milk. As Heaven was venerated as the active male principle, so also was "mother earth" as the female, which supplied form to created things, as heaven supplied life. Earth was worshipped under the name Itoughen, or Yetoughen. To her they offered milk, cheese, and tea, and prayed to her for the fertility of the soil, and other blessings desired by a pastoral people. Her chief quality is fecundity, which is called forth in her by means of the active beneficent influence of Heaven. The veneration given to earth in general was also distributively rendered to the various hills and rivers and localities with which the people were best acquainted. Hence, too, arose the remarkable Obo-worship, which is certainly as ancient as any part of the whole system. Every locality was supposed to have its own special genius, or local divinity, who was to be propitiated. In various spots, generally selected because of their elevation, or some noticeable characteristic, mounds of earth and stones were erected for "Obo" to propitiate the tutelary divinity of the locality, and to ward off the malignant assaults of evil spirits. These mounds and heaps of stones were commonly set up by the side of the tracks, and travellers as they passed by would contribute some offering to Obo. Traces of this superstition are to be found in widely separated countries. One meets occasionally with these mounds when crossing Gobi, or Shamo, the desert between Eastern Siberia and China. It is probably connected with the Fung-Shui of China. Similar superstitions are found among the Indians of North-West America. It was connected with the popular holidays of the people, for every tumulus was erected and consecrated with festivities and games, feasting and races, and thus, as is commonly the case under such circumstances, it survived the inroad and domination of new and foreign religions. Under Buddhism especially, which has always had

he genius of amalgamating previous superstitions with its own, it still naintains a hold upon the common people. Certain mountains and ivers, such as the Selenga and Orchow, have also always been egarded with peculiar veneration. But indeed every hill and valley, lmost every locality, has its divinity. It is the divinity, and not the naterial object, which is venerated. From the original separation of Heaven and Earth sprang "fire," which has always been greatly enerated in the Shaman religion, though some of their ideas seem to ave been borrowed from the Persians. It is the cleansing, purifying irtue of fire which seems chiefly to have attracted the attention of the Mongols. It was employed in many purifying processes—as after leath, or a stroke of lightning. Nothing unclean might be thrown nto the domestic fire; on the contrary, it was thought good, especially n certain solemn ceremonies, to cast in whatever would feed the lames—butter and fat. Remains of these customs are still found mong the Mongolian tribes who now profess the Lamaistic religion; The writer witnessed some very curious ceremonies connected with he fire-worship at Kuren, the sacred city of the Mongols. A certain anctity is also still ascribed to the domestic fire. At marriages an ndispensable part of the ceremony is the salutation of the fire by the ride; this is observed by the Mongols who follow the Lamaistic eligion, as well as those who still hold to the Shaman faith. Butter lso is cast into the flame, and the hearth is sprinkled with spirit distilled from mares' milk) by the Shaman. Besides this elemental worship, there were a number of secondary divinities, some being such as commended themselves to a warlike people—as the god of courage, f war, and of victory, and others which, as a pastoral people, they would desire to propitiate. There was the god of good-fortune and f children, gods-protectors, and a multitude of others, both good and evil. The veneration of ancestors also appears to have had always a old upon the minds of the Mongols, as upon the Chinese. The souls f the departed are either good or evil, according to the nature of their ives when living. The former rest quietly in the unseen world; the atter hover upon the surface of the earth, and lighting upon men and vomen induce diseases. The Shaman ascertains what soul (ongon) auses the disease and exorcises it.

But the characteristic and practically most important part of their whole system has always been their belief in the functions and power f the "Shamans" or priests. The etymology of the word has been much disputed. Russian writers derive it from a Mandshurian word signifying "perturbed," "excited." They claim, just like the medicine-men of North America, with whom we are more familiar, to be

possessed by a spirit, under whose influence they are, and through whom they communicate with the spirit world. This theory began frequently, if not always, in imposture, is maintained until the Shaman himself appears to believe, and probably does believe, in the reality of that which he professes. Among the Bouriats a distinction is drawn between true and false Shamans; the latter are those who, not being really inspired, have assumed the office for gain; and a singular fact is that sometimes those who have taken up the office abandon it, as if not being able to acquire the inspiration. The true Shamans are those who (in the judgment of the people) are veritably possessed. Commonly such an one early manifests a "leading." He is gloomy and morose in his father's house, estranged from his relatives, disturbed, full of groans and wailings. In these things he and his friends recognise the workings of a spirit. He takes up the calling of a Shaman, and with secret rites, among which are probably fastings and lonely meditations, he is initiated.

Thus the theory is that the Shaman does not himself make choice of his vocation, but is impelled by the demon which possesses him. This is precisely the same notion as is found among the Indians of North-West America concerning their "medicine-men." Indeed there can be no question that the Indians brought this belief with them when, in ages long gone by, they crossed over from North-East Asia.

The Shaman may be said to exercise the function of the priest, soothsayer, and sorcerer. It was he who, on all accustomed occasions, offered up the prayers of the people, as for instance at their great half-yearly festivals in spring and autumn, when the grateful nomads, rejoicing in the renewed face of nature, or in the harvest fruits, brought to the gods offerings of mare's milk, spirit, and grass, and sacrificed horses and mares—white mares being then held in especial regard. Upon the entering on any important undertaking, prayers to the protector-god will be offered by the Shaman. In diseases it is for the Shaman to ascertain what evil spirit has caused the disease, and what offering he requires from the sick man. It is for him to exorcise the spirit, and with his incantations to drive the spirit into a selected animal, which is then killed. Or, as is more usually the case, the Shaman pretends to draw out the demon from the sick man into his own body. This he does with those ceremonies with which we are familiar, as practised among all heathen tribes who hold to demon-olatry, as by the medicine-men of North America, and the Kahunas of the Sandwich Islands. It is generally allowed by those who have witnessed these scenes, which are still enacted among some of the

Mongol tribes of Siberia, as, *e.g.*, the Bouriats, that the Shaman plays his part with great skill, and gives to many the idea that he really is possessed. The belief of the Mongols themselves in the Shamans, their influence over the spirits, their power of prophecy, and ability, when they choose, to cure diseases, is firm and general. And indeed, even by the more ignorant of the Russians in Siberia, they are regarded as magicians, and believed, in their tricks and conjurations, to be gifted with preternatural power. The present writer once asked Monsignor Benjamin, the excellent Bishop of the Trans-Baikal Mission, his opinion upon this interesting question. He replied that it certainly was the opinion of some that Satan does lend power to the Shamans for the deceiving of the people, but for himself he had had no evidence to show that this was the case, and he should be slow to believe it. He thought that the Shamans were chiefly conscious impostors, and also partly self-deceivers.

The great majority of the Bouriats are Buddhists, according to the Lamaistic form, but there is still amongst them a great deal of latent Shamanism. The Shamans themselves keep their religion and their doings, as far as they can, secret; not on account of any prohibitory laws, but from choice. They dress like the other Bouriats, but are held in great awe by their countrymen.

The Trans-Baikal Mission to the Bouriats has been admirably conducted and blessed with much success. During the first six years of the Episcopate of Monsignor Benjamin, its first Bishop, 10,000 Bouriats were baptized. It should be remembered, however, that the Eastern Church does not require the same lengthened probation previous to baptism, as is customary with Anglican Missionaries. This is a subject which requires much more consideration than it has usually received. During the early part of this century some Missionaries of the London Missionary Society were located for some years among the Bouriats in Eastern Siberia. They translated portions of the Scriptures into the Bouriat language, and opened a school for the instruction of the people, but did not for a length of time baptize any converts. The Czar, hearing of this, came to the conclusion that they must be English spies, and ordered them out of the country. The number of Bouriats in the Trans-Baikal district, besides those in the district of Irkoutsk, is about 112,000.

The writer of this paper had the privilege a few years ago of paying a visit to Monsignor Benjamin, at his monastery beside Lake Baikal. If the subject should be thought interesting, perhaps some account of further information, which he received there, might be given to the readers of MISSION LIFE in a subsequent paper.

THREE DAYS WITH THE BISHOP OF GUIANA AMONGST THE COOLIES AND CHINESE OF THE "NON PAREIL" COOLIE MISSION.

By the Rev. F. P. L. Josa.

"NOW, Mr. Josa, do not turn out of your room when I am coming up to you. Anything will do for me."

Said the Bishop of Guiana just before his visitation in January, this year. So we prepared our next best room. Our venerable Bishop must be made comfortable as often as possible, for, more often than we like, "the Nestor of the Colonial Episcopate" has to sleep under tents, in boats, or in benabs with roofs hardly water-tight. I recall more especially, in this connection, one day when I was visiting the Missions on the river Pomeroon, and upon the night of which I slept in the "Bishop's Palace." Well, it wasn't exactly a palace, for it consisted barely of four walls, and of a roof through which I could see daylight. I hope Mr. Heard, the noble Missionary in charge of the Mission, has improved that "Palace" by now.

However, this is neither here nor there. And so, to proceed :—

The Bishop left town on Saturday, the 13th of January, and slept at the "Enmore" parsonage. In the morning he preached to a crowded congregation of Whites, Blacks, Chinese, and East Indians. Then in the afternoon his Lordship confirmed 17 Chinese and 15 Coolies, in the beautiful little Church of St. Mark. Service was held in three different languages. A Processional hymn was sung in English, after which a short litany was sung alternately in Hindi by myself and the Coolies. The music of this had been adapted by Mr. W. Colbeck, a brother of the well-known Missionary in Burmah. The Confirmation Service was read in English, and I interpreted it in Hindi. Immediately before the solemn act of the laying on of hands, the "Veni Creator" was sung, in Hindi, to a native melody.

The Chinese Service was then commenced, and the candidates having been duly presented, our good Bishop addressed the English portion of the congregation. He urged strongly the duty devolving upon all of supporting the "Missionary" work of the Church by prayer, by example, and by whatever means they were possessed of. Addresses in Hindi and Chinese were next delivered by myself and the Chinese catechist. Another hymn having been sung, the Bishop

nounced the Benediction, and the interesting heart-stirring Service as concluded.

It was getting late. So I drove the Bishop to my house, some ree miles from this church. And here, on this evening, I gave an East Indian dinner," served *à l'Indienne*; 120 Coolies sat down to e meal. The plates were primitive ones. They consisted of plantain aves; and the knives and forks were equally primitive, being precisely e same that men and women used in the earliest days of the world's story.

After this I held a short Service, and then, worn out by the day's certion, we went to sleep. That is to say, at least, I did, and right ell I slept too; but whether my venerable companion slept, or ayed, I am quite unable to say. I was tired enough. But let myself, any other, be as tired as we will, we can never manage to tire the ishop. A succession of young men have been continually attempting for the last forty years and can't do it even now!

The next morning we heard a moaning, a groaning, an utterly describable noise proceeding from underneath us! What was it? /hat could it be? It was only four o'clock! Well, it appeared that me twenty-five of the Christians who lived at the further end of y district had slept at the Mission-house, and, before parting, they id assembled in my little oratory, an ex-coachhouse, and there ey were saying their morning prayers. What really had awakened ; was the *singing* of a hymn, which was evidently started by three four amateurs, and as each of those gave out a different tune and uck to it, why, of course, there was a wonderfully harmonious whole!

A little before seven we were ready to begin the visitation of the hools in the district. We got into my waggon, and went as far as Enmore," where a carriage and pair, sent by Mr. C. Baxome, carried us Plantation "Hope." Here we visited the school. The Register ows that there are 60 Coolies, 8 Chinese, 3 Creoles, and others. A tal of 71. The children were examined in English—in the three R's, id then in religious knowledge. They were questioned both in nglish and in their own language. After this the hospital was visited id a few cheering words were addressed to the inmates. Then we eakfasted with the Hon. H. Jones. When time was up, the same team rried us to the next Plantation, "Core and John." The hospital here o was visited; after which the Chinese ranges were viewed, and the hristian Chinese were delighted to see the Bishop. They offered m, amongst other things, a glass of beer:—"Velly good Be-ah; mee ord, velly good!" His Lordship was much obliged to them. But e was not accustomed to drink beer so early.

Another hour's drive brought us to Plantation "Enmore." This is the largest estate of the district, giving homes to some 2,000 souls. The school was crowded; but a great many of the children are Creoles. After the visitation of the school we went to the hospital. And here we found a boy, about thirteen years of age, who was to have been confirmed, but who was very ill indeed. The poor child had, by accident, fallen into boiling liquor, and after this he had leaped into cold water! We held a short Service for him, at the end of which the Bishop gave his blessing. Three weeks ago I administered the Holy Communion to this poor child. And on Saturday last he fell asleep in the Lord. He rests in peace. His illness was borne with very great patience, and much, very much indeed, must he have suffered.

After the hospital came the ranges. In 1878 there were only twenty Christians here, we now have 89, a steady progress. My catechist's little baby was very ill, I therefore baptized him during this visit. The child has since died. The Bishop next went round and had a look at the Mohammedan and Hindu places of worship, and was much struck with the cleanliness of these places. In passing near a certain tree he gave evidence of the by no means ordinary memory which he possesses:—"Why this is the very tree you preached under years ago!" And so it was. We spoke to some Coolies, and next to a Brahman. And this individual told me in the presence of the Bishop—what certainly was not very complimentary to myself:—

"You preach the Gospel because of your stomach! If you received no salary you would not preach."

The Bishop said the man must have been very hard up for an argument when he had to resort to such a one as this.

As the rains had fallen very heavily lately the paths were heavy; but the Chinese, thoughtful as they usually are, had provided planks and pieces of wood, which served as "stepping-stones." Beer and Chinese cakes were again offered—we took the latter. It was now dusk, and my waggon being ready we travelled homewards, and we had only just time, on arriving, to change our soiled clothes and boots and to dress for dinner.

The next morning we started about seven, and visited Plantation "Enterprise," where there is a small school of some 42 children. These were examined as usual, and then we proceeded to the hospital. Here we met a Chinese convert, lately baptized, and found him cheerfully working away at his Catechism. At the time of his baptism in hospital, there was little hopes of his pulling through, but, I am glad *to say, he is* still alive.

A great deal of good is done by the continual visits we pay to our ospitals. When a man is low in spirit, and weak in body, it is more kely that he will set his mind on thinking about his latter end. And ere is no religion that provides such comforts for the sick and dying s the religion of Jesus. Some three weeks ago another of these poor llows was baptized in the hospital, and the nurse who attended his ying moments told me that though many deaths had been witnessed y the speaker, none so happy as the death of Benjamin, who rested n hope on Easter Eve.

A short drive brought us to another large estate, Plantation "Non areil." This gives the title to the whole Mission over which I preside. n the school on this estate there are 110 Coolies, 4 Chinese, and 8 reoles; and on the books an average attendance of 81 for last quarter. he usual work then followed. The Bishop seemed pleased with all hat he saw. In 1878 we had here no Christians at all; now we have enty-six.

In the hospital we found a wretched man who had cut his throat fter murdering his wife in a most horrible way with a shovel. The rime had originated in jealousy, and the unhappy culprit is to be xecuted next month. Coolie wife murders are very—terribly—fre- uent. Somehow or other hanging does not appear to be a deterrent. he only remedy will be found, I imagine, in an importation of more omen, and the enactment of severe laws for punishing those who are uilty of enticing away Coolie women. After this visit we breakfasted ith the manager of the estate, and immediately after started for the ission-house, where we changed my horse and waggon for a carriage nd a pair of splendid mules. These in about three-quarters of an our landed us at Plantation "Lusignan," where we have a school which oes great credit to its teacher. There are 94 children on the books, ith an average attendance of 64. The children were plied with uestions of all sorts, and they gave satisfactory answers. On this lantation there is a magnificent hospital, worthy of the gentleman ho owns the estate. It is the most airy and best looking building f the kind in the colony

After an hour's drive from "Lusignan" we reached the next estate, lantation "Mon Repos." This was the last estate that the Bishop ntended visiting. The school register contains the names of 63 Coolies nd 18 Creoles. The average attendance is 40. Here also the teacher as her work at heart, and the children are instructed in a very ntelligent way. The hospital was visited, and then the Christian ouses were inspected. In 1878 there was only one Christian here; e have now 16 Coolies and 4 Chinese Christians.

At a quarter past six in the evening we were off again; the Bishop went to town by train, and I to my own home, rejoicing in the happy thought that something had been attempted, and, with God's blessing, something also done.

Our Bishop is a man who makes both himself and his host so thoroughly at home that it is quite a pleasure to be in his company. He has a cheering word and a kind nod for everybody. He loves to look at the bright side of everything. The spirit that animates him seems to be this—"Do *your* best—leave the rest to *God*."

AHMEDNUGGUR AND PEITHAN.

By the Rev. T. Williams.

I.

THE account given by our masters of the Mahar marriage ceremonies shows that there is scarcely a feature of them which can be retained. In two instances a baptism preceded the marriage ceremony. This enabled me to bring out the connection between the two rites, and to show the sacramental character of marriage. At Sandulwadi there was no baptism at the time of the wedding, but there was one two days later, on Christmas Day. This was an opportunity for pointing out what Christ does by His incarnation and mystical marriage with His Church. One of our catechist candidates composed some verses on the occasion on Hindu marriage as compared with Christian. His recitation of these, in portions separated by short intervals of preaching, told excellently upon the audience, which was composed of all castes and religions; the non-Christians mustering densely round the door, through which Christians only were admitted. The marriages went off with great *éclat*, and made our Christians proud of their novel rite.

January and February were occupied in a tour in the eastern districts, visited by me two years go. I was much encouraged by the reception I then met with, and promised to return as soon as possible. I had received a request from the Bombay Auxiliary Bible Society to visit that district, and to sell copies of the Scriptures, and this seemed a good opportunity for redeeming my promise. We started with carts and books on January 2nd. At Jarub Gav, ten miles distant, none were sold, for the villagers could not understand our selling books instead of giving them away, as on former occasions. At Kasar

Pimpalgav it was necessary to investigate a charge of adultery against our Kharbhari, and his guilt being proved, he was formally excommunicated at our evening Service. At Teesgav two small books were sold, and a large crowd was attracted to our preaching. We were furnished with a Rig Veda, Manusuriti, Bhâgvat-Purâna, Koran in Arabic, and Betts' portable globe. We made a long address without interruption. We did the same thing at the large village of Pathurdee. Here the place of preaching was determined by our seeing a group of Brahmins sitting on the *Ota*, or raised seat by the door of a house. They gave me a seat amongst them, and listened with surprise to the tale of the Aryans of the West becoming Christians, and now in India meeting again with their long separated kindred. I held up a copy of the Gospel, and said that by means of the story in that small book all the superiority which the Western Aryans possessed had been acquired. A Brahman here asked whether to become Christian it would be necessary to change colour. I reminded him that some Brahmans were quite black, and yet retained their rank. It happened that his own colour was remarkably dark, and this raised a laugh at his expense. His object had been to create a diversion. I was not sorry to see the tables turned. It seems that the people were expecting us, and had met in good numbers at one of the gates. If we could have remained another day, we might have had large audiences, and have sold many books. But I was hastening on to reach parts not visited heretofore.

Kharawundee is a hilly district, difficult of approach from the west. Here the Patheel is by caste a coppersmith, and bears a high character in the country round. I was disappointed with the results of my visit. There was another visitor there, a Brahman agent on the estate of Sridhur, a Poona Brahman, whose widow now lived at Govândi, on the Godavery. This Brahman was as insolent an intriguer as any of his caste, and the aged Patheel, Government schoolmaster, the Police Patheel, and other influential people of the village, seemed to be under his control. This proved an obstacle to our efforts, and the insolence of the Police Patheel provoked an indignant protest from us. A few books were sold, and our Services on Sunday were well attended. At Bhodegav both Marathas and Mussulmans were glad to see us, but this Kharawundee Brahman had anticipated us, and the village Brahmans scowled at us, and lay in wait in corners and recesses to prevent purchasers from taking our books. The superciliousness of an old Brahman, as he turned over the pages of my Rig Veda, a word of which he did not understand, was worth seeing. A young Mussulman woman, about twenty-two years of age, goes

about this village stark naked; she is an idiot, and tears off whatever clothes are given her. The people are beginning to call her a deva, and to do her puja. A neighbouring villager having vowed that if she would cure one of his family of cholera he would make her an offering, upon the sick person recovering, he gave the idiot girl twelve rupees' worth of clothes; these she instantly tore up. This, however, only contributes to her divinity in the estimation of those poor people. I reported this to Mr. Elphinstone, the collector, imploring him in the name of Christianity to put an end to this great scandal. At Hatgar also we found the Brahman had been before us, and reduced our bookselling to a minimum. But the Government schoolmaster's relatives and the Patheel were old acquaintances, and I had one of my best preachings. I sate on the timber brought to repair the Patheel's large wada, and told my story to the end, and every word was acknowledged to be true. "Saheb persuade the Brahmans, and we will become Christians," was the remark of a Vaishnava Marwadi.

As we entered the village of *Mungee* in the evening the villagers, with their Patheels at their head, motioned me to a wide *Ota* in front of the Government School. This the Brahman schoolmaster objected to as interfering with his school work. When we moved to a neighbouring site, the same master was seen sitting outside his school watching us, and doing no work at all as long as we were there. I drew the attention of the Patheels to this. I was much struck with the independence shown in the remarks of one of them. They are quite aware of the thraldom they are in with respect to the Brahmans, and of the sinister advantage taken of this. But as yet they do not see their way out of it. It cannot be that they will remain in it for long. The more I itinerate, the more I realise that the Brahman is the chief obstacle to the reception of Christianity.

At *Peithan* I entered the Mogulari. The situation is splendid, all that the antiquity of the place would lead one to expect; but in the whole of my tour I saw no town that presented such a ruinous, wretched, and dirty appearance. Only a few books were sold, and at the preaching there was a large crowd, including some noisy and grossly ignorant Mussulmans. There was less disorder the first day, when I preached from the platform of the chief police-station. On the next day I sate in the street where the bazaar is held. For a long time all went well; but at length a young handsome Mussulman, evidently the worse for drink, began excitedly to put me through my facings. His excitement communicated itself to the rest, and soon I was in an uproar worse than bedlam. We rose, and as it was dusk, we made that the excuse for leaving. We were followed by the crowd

some of whom threw dust, others gravel, and half-a-dozen mischievous boys, getting on a low house near, began pitching the tiles upon us indiscriminately. A stern-looking, tall, muscular Mussulman was hit, and soon put a stop happily to the tile throwing. We did not mind the dust and gravel with which we were more or less rained upon up to the gate. As a set-off to this we were agreeably surprised to find among the two watchmen sent us for the night, one of Narayan Sheshadri's Christians, who had but lately left Jalva to take up his deceased father's post of Jâglâ (watchman) at *Peithan*. We were also followed to *Peithan* by two Mangs from near Mungee. I had a long talk with them, and they seemed to be sincere inquirers. They had often heard Christian preaching at Peithan. I sent them to our nearest congregation at Shergav, twelve miles off. *Nimbgav*, the next place we visited, turned out to be a small place; no books were sold, but a few people attended my instruction, and seemed to be quick of apprehension.

Ambad is an old decayed town and the capital of the Taluka. There were a few Christians here belonging to the Narayan Sheshadri, so that we were not yet out of the beat of the Evangelisers. I called upon Mr. Narayana at Jatna, and ascertained how far his agents travelled. At *Ambad*, whilst I was preaching, I was encountered by a bold-looking Marwadi, who with great pomp put to me the question, How many heavens are there? I said, various opinions were held on this point, and that Mussulmans said that there were seven. This he flatly contradicted. I put the Arabic Koran into his hand, and asked him to show me where that contradicted me. Of course he could not, and became wholly subdued by the bystanders laughing at him. He then said he had often posed Mr. Ruttonji at Peithan and Aurungabad with the same question. After a time he returned with a party of Brahmans, and seating them on the other side of the street opened an avenue through the crowd across to me, and asked with a loud voice, Now, Saheb, what is a Brahman? I replied that a Brahman is one who does Brahma, and that Brahma is properly prayer or praise, so that any one who prays or praises, let him be who he may, even Mang or Mahar, by so doing becomes a Brahman. I followed this up by quoting from the Manusuriti slokas, that show that neither by religion nor yet by race is there a true Brahman, even in the Brahman's sense, to be found. The Marwadi and his Brahman *protegées* quickly disappeared. As I proceeded I heard some scuffling, and looked round. A low-caste man was being violently hustled out of the crowd. He loudly protested, saying, I am as much a man as you are. He was a Mang, but had learned some Christianity from Narayan Sheshadri's

people, which had stirred him up to assert his rights as a man. At a village called *Hissan* I was unexpectedly accosted in English by a Marwadi, who had spent some time in Bombay, and had learned something of Christianity. He was evidently the oracle of the village.

At *Sawergaon* a disagreeable incident occurred in the night. The Patheel, to give us good shelter, had broken through a hedge, and trampled down some wheat, in order to reach some fine pomegranate trees. The owner of the field, it seems, had not been consulted, and in great wrath came as the carts, about 11 P.M., were starting, and forebade their leaving. He had stopped up the gap, and was making a great noise. It was not until I myself went, and laying hold of him pushed him to the side that an exit could be made. In the morning I told the Patheel that I should not pay anything for the damage done to the wheat (it was but trifling) in consequence of the conduct of the Kunbee. At *Gan Sangve*, a large village, we were met by the Patheels, one a Brahman and the other a Maratha, and well received. The Marwadis, however, kept the people from buying books. One of them removed an Arab Sepoy, who brought some official paper to the Brahman Patheel sitting in front of me, and loudly demanded that his business should be at once attended to. It was manifest to all that his object was to silence the preaching. As I ignored him, his anger began to rise, when an aged Marwadi got him away. I was then listened to, and the globe was produced, and told its story fully. But there was a strange dread of even touching the books which I brought for sale. At *Pimpalgav*, a large and flourishing village, cotton cleaning was going on. Here the Marwadis were in great power, domineering even over the Patheels. It is also the most enterprising of the castes in these villages. But when any of them were disposed to buy books, they were prevented by a disapproving nod from one of their influential men. At *Govandi*, we were again encountered by the Kulkurni of Gan Sangve, and were badly received.

We visited a large ruinous old Temple of Mahardeva. The Mussulmans had made great havoc of it. We were about to attempt some preaching, and were invited into the village chowdi. This was but a ruse however. No sooner had I taken my seat, than the agents of the Brahman whose acquaintance we had made at Kharawundee came bringing what looked like Government letters. These were opened, and loudly discussed under my nose. I glanced at them, and on the one then being discussed there were only two or three words, and these not official. It was all a trick to prevent my preaching. There was the Kulkurni in front, and the agent on my right, and on my left some fierce-looking Mussulman Sepoys, while beyond all these was my

audience. I determined not to be beaten, however, but producing my globe, and Hindu and Mussulman Shastras, I pitched my voice at its full strength, and for some eight or ten minutes there was quite a Babel. The victory was mine. The others simply succumbed, and for some time I went on uninterrupted. Then an old Shastri was summoned to discuss with me the Sanscrit quotations I was making. The poor man's face had been sadly disfigured by having fallen into the fire in his childhood. He however proved the best Sanscrit scholar I had met for many months. He was seated in front of me, and I was called upon to give my Sanscrit. Taking up my Manusuriti, I read out slokas that told against the Brahmans. I no sooner read them than the old man without a slip rendered them into Marathi. Each one received its proper comment. This the other Brahmans did not approve of, naturally, and I was asked to take up another shastra. I took up the Rig Veda and read out the first verse. At this the old man arose, and after him the rest, and like a string of school-children they marched out of the chowdi to the great amusement of the bystanders. That verse is part of the Brahmans' prayers. Ordinarily they do not object to my reading it. Here, however, it produced a stampede. I met the old Shastri afterwards, and was much pleased with his conversation. At *Gevrai* we pitched near the large Chintamani's Temple, and had some talk with the Pujaris. One was from Sungumnair. He was disposed to place our Lord on a level with Rama. At *Bheed*, a large place of 30,000 inhabitants, and the capital of the collectorate, we attempted to dispose of some books, sending out three or four of our people each day with parcels. A few were purchased by the prisoners, who were at work in gangs in the place where our tents were pitched. Many of them could read, and their keepers allowed them to come and purchase some small books. My preaching was mostly attended by Mussulmans. One of them, who was more favourably disposed than the others, moderated their noise and excitement.

One is obliged to exercise great patience, or soon a Mussulman audience will be all ablaze. Their ignorance and arrogance, combined with the blind hostility with which they regard Christianity, make them peculiarly difficult to deal with. The great argument which occupied them on this occasion was the fact that Christians may eat bacon. They threw themselves into this with a vehemence and earnestness that was astonishing. It is best to take with one the Old Testament in Hebrew, the New in Greek, and the Koran in Arabic. A Mussulman seems somehow as if the wind were taken out of his sails when these three books in their original tongues are laid before him,

and discussion invited. Of course he knows neither Hebrew nor Greek, and very seldom anything of Arabic. But he feels he is fairly challenged. Since I have tried this, I have not had anything like the same display of violent excitement. The Koran requires him to respect the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel, as well as the Koran itself. If he objects as to whether any of these be the false or true, he feels that the demand that he should show where they may be false is a fair one. I have also found that if I stand upon as much as is said of our Lord in the Koran by Mahomet himself, that supplies answers to all the ordinary objections against Christianity brought by Mussulmans, and against none so much as against the exceedingly common one that God cannot have a Son, for the Koran especially guards against its being thought that a man was the father of our Lord, if so, the inference is clear.

There is a grand old Hindu temple at *Bheed;* its general shape marks the transition from the ancient to the more modern Jain style. It is therefore one of the few testimonies which the Dekkan supplies to the fact that Jainism once prevailed in these parts. At the large village of *Rimpalnair* we found that the Mussulman Patheel had recently been displaced by an intriguing Brahman. This Mussulman was inclined to make the most of my visit. He took us into his Wadi and crammed it with an audience of villagers. In my geography lecture he quickly apprehended what I said, and often repeated my words that the others might take them in. The young Brahman schoolmaster also attended with a Government school geography in his hand, and pointing out to his scholars what I was explaining by the aid of my globe. From a conversation I had with him I concluded that he had freed himself from many of the Brahminical traditions. The hill on which *Dharoor* stands surpasses anything I have yet seen for steepness and roughness. After the toil of the ascent man and beast alike required a day's rest. The town is strongly situated on the crest of the Ghât. It was a strong robber's lair until it was seized by Aurungzebe. The appearance of the place is depressing, and I was walking through it, feeling unusually disinclined for any preaching effort, when, "Come in, Saheb," in a loud rough voice, led me to enter the house of the Brahman Nayak of the town. He seemed to be the highest in authority in the place—very big and very black. In that Brahman's abode I had one of my best preachings. There was an audience gathered from almost all castes, and it ended with the Nayak presenting my wife and myself with a pansupari. He was very urgent in persuading me to stay another day, wishing, he said, to hear more of my story, and also to provide a feast. Our little success in book-selling determined me, however, to move on.

The town of *Amba* is healthily situated on the Ghât just where the river Van breaks through by a deep gorge to leave the plateau and low northwards to the Godavery. It is one of the stations of the Hydrabad contingent. There is a large jatra here in honour of the goddess Jogari, one of the aboriginal objects of worship, appropriated as usual by the Brahmans. Her temple is a very old one in the Chalukhya style. There are also two rock temples like the old Mahadeva one in the ground near Poona. The western side of the town abounds in shrines, but almost all under a cloud, owing to the active hostility of the Mussulman Sepoys stationed there. While conversing with the devotees, I was struck with the wonderful vitality of Hinduism. While I sat conversing, the only interruptions were those caused by pilgrims, who put down their pice, did namarkar, and left. The devotee in charge appropriated these, and immediately following the pilgrims urged them to do something more substantial in the shape of building a few steps, or a wall, or a door, or such like, promising that their name should be ever remembered to the divinity. He failed then, but he told me he sometimes succeeded. I found the village of *Sawaleshwar* almost deserted, the people having gone on a pilgrimage to a neighbouring village. At *Kullum* I had a large and attentive audience. At *Wasi* I fell in with the Revenue Survey officer in the employ of the Nizam. I connected the irritable manner of the Brahman Patheel with his presence there, for his investigations as to boundaries must have been very unpalatable to him. He did nothing but flatly contradict everything I said. I had a short conversation with the Mussulman Tehsildar (or Mamlutdar) of the place. He objected, however, to my quoting the Arabic Koran, saying that no one should read it who had not received authority to do so. At a place called *Ramakhund*, on the descent of the Ghât, there has recently been built a group of temples on a peak, by means of the contributions of the Gujars or Marwadi Jains of the country round; they contain images of Pariswanath and Mahavira. I was allowed to go over them after taking off my shoes. The devotees there seem to be quite aware that the Brahmans are their hereditary enemies, and that it is through their hostile efforts that Jainism and Buddhism were extirpated in the Dekkan. At *Bhoom* I had an intelligent and attentive audience of Brahmans, many of them educated in the Government series of Marathi books. Some of them were the estate managers of a wealthy Maratha who lives at Hydrabad.

At *Mankshwar* I visited a temple which is in good preservation, though probably 400 years old. It is Chalukhyan in style, but very late. It is clearly a Mahadeva's temple, having the ling as a feature

in it. The demolition of parts of it was ascribed to Aurungzebe by the Maratha Gurava, who, however, has found worse enemies in the Brahmans of the place, who have seized upon nearly all the estate that belonged to the temple. Close by there is a temple to the goddess Mankeshwari, the deva who had possession before the Maha-deva was introduced. The town of *Purrainda* is an utter waste, though there is a formidable fort with some immense guns. A few books were sold, and I had a conversation with some Mussulmans in a Musjid. At *Kharda* I was grieved to find that some intelligent Marwadees I had met on a former occasion had perished in the outbreak of cholera last September. There are several schools here, and a large number of small books were sold. Here in British territory the appearance of the people presented a favourable contrast to the Mogulari. Here I sold my first Marathi New Testament. At *Nânunj* a few books were sold, and in the midst of the preaching or exposition an insolent Mussulman Sepoy pushed himself to the front, and began to raise a cavil, and to demand that I should speak in Hindustani, as it was beneath me to speak in Marathi. After bearing with him for some time I sternly bade him leave. His habit of obeying the word of command made him, to the surprise of all, turn round and leave in an instant. A troublesome Brahman was got rid of by being simply ignored, and then I continued my address undisturbed. At *Jawatha* I preached in the church to the *élite* of the village, but towards dusk I was respectfully told there was a Brahman feast on the *tapis*, and that a large part of my audience must leave. At *Arungav*, in British territory, a Brahman came to see me who was a guard of some forest tracts in the neighbourhood. When I informed him of our sale of books he promised to encourage the villagers to buy. A good many were sold. It appeared, however, that his motives were not wholly disinterested, for he afterwards sought my interest to get him a better post in the Forest Department. In the chowdi afterwards there was a large audience. He said they could not become Christians for fear of being obliged to marry Mahar women, as it was never known that a Brahmanine was converted. I opened my Manusuriti and read a sloka (3.13), which showed that 2,000 years ago Brahmans married indiscriminately women of all castes. It was therefore too late to shut the stable-door after the horse was lost. The point was immediately seized by the rest, and their instant smile caused him for a moment to lose his Brahman collectedness. Some of the Government schoolmasters of the lower castes find it hard to maintain their position against the intrigues of the Brahmans.

We arrived at *Jamkhed* on a Brahminical fast day, and found that some of the Brahmans had gone for a visit to Rameshwar, six miles away. Here I stationed myself on a platform of earth in front of the Marwadi's house, and had a large audience. Soon after I had begun there came in the Foujdar, an intelligent Mussulman educated by the American Missionary, Mr. Ballantyne, and with him a party of Brahmans holding office in the Government Kucheri, and the Mamlutdar's Court. In the midst of my discourse an earnest-looking Marwadi asked how he might know Jesus Christ, and followed up my reply by asking for a prayer which he might use. I told him that there was a prayer which Jesus had made, but that I did not like to say it before all that assembly, for fear of irreverence. Nothing, however, would content him except my saying it, and he called upon the people to listen reverently. I took up my Greek Testament and read the prayer sentence by sentence, rendering it freely into Marathi. The effect upon the audience was remarkable. The giving it first in a strange language was exactly like what they were accustomed to; while the giving a clear meaning, and one that thoroughly commended itself to them, was the part that so strongly arrested their attention. The Marwadi was able to repeat something of almost every petition; and he promised thus to pray. At *Ashte* I found that the Tehsildar and a Revenue surveyor, although Mohammedans, knew English, and dressed like Europeans, and were free from the bigotry of the uneducated Mussulmans. At the chowdi I had a mixed audience, including four Brahmans high in office, who, as a token of good-will, handed me pansupari, though my doctrine must have been unpalatable to them. They had not a word to say in support of Brahmanism, and even spoke lightly of it. Here also I met the Mussulman Sepoy who had been so noisy at Bheed; instead of the angry look which I expected, he came up and welcomed me to Ashte. These Mussulmans have warm hearts, though crusted over by so fierce a fanaticism! The Taluka of Ashte, though mainly Mohammedan, contains many plots belonging to English subjects, for whose benefit there is a small court of justice at *Kade*, presided over by a Munsuph. There is a Poona Brahman now in office there, who domineers over the benighted people in true Brahman style.

Everywhere we met with the reply, What is Jesus Babu to us? I sat by the door of the Rameshwar Temple, and had just begun to address the Brahmans, when the Munsuph stalked by, and entering the temple was followed by most of his caste fellows. He soon came out and carried away his friends with him. A good audience, however, remained. I met the Munsuph afterwards, and he asked me

in good English why I troubled myself to teach these ignorant people, and why I spoke of and read the Rig Veda and Hindu Shastras, as no one understood them, not even the Brahmans. I was glad of the opening which he thus gave me, and did not fail to tell him what the ignorance of the Shastras on the Brahmans' part meant. The boys hooted at us as we left. He made no attempt to check it. This dominance of the Brahmans will continue as long as Government employs this caste so much to the exclusion of the others. Every official one meets here is a Brahman, and yet the Brahmans are the great obstructives to all Government measures for the good of the people, except where they see a prospect of securing some profit for themselves. They alone prevent education from reaching the masses. I feel indignation at the supineness of the Government in allowing this interference with the objects of its administration.

At *Chichoudi* the Patheel was friendly, having had much intercourse with the American Missionaries. At the chowdi there was a large assembly, increased by the school children, who had just been dismissed. I produced my globe, and this formed my chief topic of instruction here. The motions of the earth, the seas, and continents, the comparative extent of Hinduism, the Buddhists of Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, China, and Japan, the countries occupied by Aryans and by Christianity, the portion of the world ruled by them, and the part still remaining ignorant and idolatrous were successively illustrated from the globe. The boys were questioned afterwards, and showed that they could reproduce it all. The next day I examined the Government School. There were very few Kunbi boys, and none of lower caste. It was evident that the Brahmans had a monopoly, and it is of this that I complain.

We found that *Loni*, an out-of-the-way place, and the residence of one of the great Nimbhalkar family, had never been visited by a Missionary. The inhabitants seemed glad to have a visit from the Padre. They know something of Christianity, for some of the Mahars are related to our Christians on the north side of Nagar. The schoolmaster was trained at Poona, and was for some time in the army. He brought out his boys marching in good order, and singing abhangs. The Mahars headed by their Gosavi came and begged for a school. They want to know Christianity, and observe Hinduism only from habit. After examining the school, I formed the children in a semicircle in the court in front, the chief villagers drawing up behind. I then produced my globe, and made it tell a tale for Christianity; scarcely a sentence but told dead against what they had been accustomed to hear.

The Brahmans wished me to talk of the Shastras; these were as eloquent as the globe. The position given to the Brahmans, &c., as Aryans pleased them; but the Shastras proved that the difference in colour between the European Aryan and the Indian one was due not only to climate, but also, as Manu shows, to intermarriage with the aborigines of the country—a fatal blow to Brahman pride. The story of Japan, which the globe made intelligible to them, suggested that as they found it not impossible to cast their old skin, and put on that of the Aryans of the West, much less impossible ought it to be for the Indian Aryans to do so. When it was further shown that the Buddhism, which once dominated here, and which the Brahmans ruthlessly destroyed, had found a home in adjacent countries, and now numbered as its followers more perhaps than any other religion, they remained dumb with astonishment. The last place visited was *Sheeredhond*, and the tour ended on February 25th.

Though the sale of books met with poor success, more was done in preaching than I expected. I would suggest that every Missionary should have a supply of Bible parts and tracts at his station. He should not buy them there and then, but give an account of them every quarter. The sale would be better entrusted to a native colporteur than to a European Missionary. The latter is expected to give rather than to sell, and a native knows better how and when to offer his goods. The books should be sold in preference, for fear of Christianity being regarded too cheaply if there is an indiscriminate distribution. The Rev. W. Black accompanied us as far as Bheed. He hoped that at some future time Peithan might be made a centre for the Cowley Mission, and that the valley of the Godavery might be worked thence for some distance. The C.M.S. has a Mission at *Aurungabad*, and the Presbyterian Free Church at *Jalna*, but we found that neither of them worked this district. At the great yearly pilgrimage to Peithan, the C.M.S. agents from *Aurungabad* used to attend; but there was no permanent occupation. The whole tract from Kopargav on the Godavery due north of Nagar down eastwards, for hundreds of miles beyond Peithan, is unworked by any Society. It is extremely fertile and populous; and soon there will be a railway crossing the Godavery a little below Peithan, and connected with the Nagar line at Khodambe. The town of Peithan is historically very famous, still showing the site of the palace of the famous Salivahana, the great enemy of Vikramaditya, and from whom arose the name of the era called Valivahana, which begins A.D. 78.

Due east from us at Nagar, and along the south of the tract just described, is a tract extending up to Hydrabad, where there is

absolutely nothing done. The town of Bheed is due east about eighty miles. It has a population of at least 30,000—about the size of Ahmednuggur—and is the capital of a collectorate. If the S.P.G. Mission here does not take it up, no other will. All the neighbouring Missions regard it as ours. Ought we not to try and work this tract? Some will say that our whole time and strength should be given to improving the Christians already made; but there is a point beyond which the present generation of Mahar Christians are incapable of improvement. To try to reach a higher status would be like trying to wash the blackamore white. We must aim at reaching other and higher castes, by turning our attention to the heathen that surround each congregation. But where are the funds? The money now spent upon our agency within the Christian area as far as it now exists is as much as can be demanded. Additional outlay should be made only in the direction of increasing an itinerating agency. In this eastern district there are no other agencies to interfere with our work. Our Evangelists should itinerate, and where a congregation is formed, it should maintain its own organisation. In this way England was evangelised. Let us supply the organisation, and the congregations the maintenance. In the meantime let us convert and baptize as many as we can, without waiting for the completion of the organisation. But in order to effect this, we must apply our efforts to the castes that can when converted maintain their own agents.

In districts where a different principle has been forced upon us especial attention must be directed to the higher castes. By their admission the agents now maintained by the Society will then be maintained by their own congregations. But to effect this we require a *superior agency* to the one we have. Our European Missionaries will want a longer training for this work, especially in the Sanscrit language and literature, which supplies one with breaches ever new through which Hinduism may be effectively attacked. The native agents employed in the proposed Eastern itineration should be men of exceptional ability. Thus, though our numbers are small, our work will be real and telling.

By the new Government scheme of education we hope to gain the benefit of grants for all our schools. We have applied for their admission to examination under the new rules. It will also be a great step towards the ignoring of caste. The Commission having only just begun its labours, it would be premature to speak of the form this move may ultimately take. Our Church has reached the eaves. It will not require long to do the wood and tiling work that remains, but it may be that before the rains it will be completed.

A JOURNEY IN THE ICE-LAND.

By Nina Bompas.

IT is not often that I am permitted to accompany my husband on any of his more lengthened Missionary journeys, for he deems the necessary privations, exposure, and hardships, far beyond my powers of endurance, although these have been very sufficiently tried. This summer, however, circumstances combined to induce us to a temporary change of residence at a northern station, and thus far I went with the Bishop on his way to a more remote part of the diocese.

Much is involved in the way of preparation for such an expedition. Every possible want which may occur in the way of provisions, clothing, furniture, from chairs and tables to pins and needles, must be carefully anticipated; my library and medicine chest well stocked, chiefly for the benefit of the Indians among whom we may be thrown; every department must be duly supplied, and this with much care and consideration; for the boat which will take us to Fort Norman is but a small Hudson Bay craft, manned by eight or ten Red Indians, with a possible sail, should the wind be favourable. Such a vessel clearly must not be overloaded. Nor must we make too great inroads upon the Mission stores, from which seven other stations may have to obtain their supplies. But we were all ready to start when the day came. My dear many-sided husband had forestalled every want that could possibly occur during the next six months, and by his lawyer-like power detected at once every flaw in any arrangement which had seemed to me faultless. And now we are off, our willing, good-tempered boatmen pulling vigorously at their oars, at small credit to themselves, however, for we are going down stream and the current is running at the rate of five miles an hour.

We had with us two Indian children: little "Owinda," called "May" since her baptism, the child of Miktell, who shot his wife some twelve months since and left this poor little one on the river bank for seventeen hours, crying her life away, until she was rescued by some kind-hearted Indians who were passing in their canoe, and who brought her eventually to the Mission-house. She will not know that we shall pass by the very spot where the dark deed was done, and the bank where she was picked up, looking so pitiful, in her starving and well-nigh frozen condition, that the Indian who saved her

said, "She seemed to take hold of my heart." May is now a bonny two-year old, bright and thriving, and as full of fun and mischief as a child can be. Caroline le Noir, the other maiden, is a bright-eyed, merry-faced girl of ten, who has never been so far from her "own country," as she calls Fort Simpson, before, and who looks rather grave at the thought of the 200 or 300 miles before us. She is sister to Allan Hardisty, our native catechist, the cause of difference in their surnames being that old Baptiste le Noir, an Indian hunter, on the occasion of his second marriage "threw away," as they term it, his two eldest boys, one of whom was received by Mr. Hardisty, the H.B. officer, and named after him; the other came to my husband's care, and was baptized by his name of William. Both have turned out good, steady youths. Allan has been working very well for some years as catechist and schoolmaster at Fort Norman, among the Red Indians; and William is now in the Company's service, and sets an example to his fellows in more ways than one; amongst others he is noted as the boy who *never* says a bad word, not even to his dogs!

The windings of the Mackenzie River from Fort Simpson northwards are somewhat monotonous, until the Horny Mountains come in sight; these are a small branch or spur of the great Rocky Mountains. Their rugged outlines and deep dark hollows formed fine shadowy contrasts to the mass of snowy surface, lighted up as they were, when first we came upon them, by the gleams of the setting sun. Ascension Day was drawing to its close, and one more fair and peaceful, more calculated to draw us to the contemplation of "things above," could scarcely be conceived. We had had our Ascension Day Services that morning in church before starting, and the Intercession for Missions went up from a few, but we hope most earnest, pleading hearts, while we rejoiced to remember all our fellow-labourers in the great Mission-field, and to ask for them, as for ourselves, the presence of the blessed Comforter which our ascended Lord would send upon His Church.

On the morning of the second day after leaving Fort Simpson we came to the "Little Rapid," a small post of the Hudson Bay Company, where the Indians congregate every spring, and to which they bring their furs for purchase by the Company, taking in payment blankets, ammunition, gay ribbons, beads, or cloth. The Bishop was hoping to catch these Indians before they left to return to their mountain homes, and we were very glad to see good proof that he would do so in the large number of camps on the high bank of the river. It was somewhat difficult for our boatmen to draw in to shore, for the river had broken up only the previous evening, and the ice was drifting in large

masses. Our good steersman, however, managed remarkably well, and in a few moments after landing we were at the top of the bank, shaking some forty or fifty hands held out to greet us.

"Marie," the half-breed wife of the man in charge of the Hudson Bay post, had in kind thoughtfulness forestalled our arrival by pitching a tent for my benefit, with soft brushwood laid ready for me to rest on, and a good-sized "kettle" of cold water in readiness. All utensils of this kind are called "kettles" in Indian parlance. Marie knows well my fondness for a bath after a few days in the boats, where our toilet operations have to be of the most summary description. The Bishop went at once to the Indian camps, where he soon gathered a goodly number for prayers, after which he baptized some of the children, and then we assembled in "La Violette's" house for breakfast, for which we were quite ready, having made but a very hasty meal that morning before 5 o'clock. In the afternoon we left "Little Rapids" and started anew for Fort Norman. A number of wild ducks were flying past us and a few geese. The boatmen shot some and gave us a share of their spoils.

One day as we journeyed along, after leaving "Little Rapids," we saw a bear, a large, black, grizzly creature, reposing half-way up the bank in happy unconsciousness of the nearness of his enemies. Of course the excitement among our boatmen became maddening. We were all hushed to silence, and for the next half-hour no one spoke above their breath. Our boat was put ashore and three or four of the men stealthily crept up the bank, but, foolish fellows, they took but one gun amongst them, and that one with only one barrel loaded! Cotsaga's brother claimed the privilege of firing, and, as usually he is a good shot, he was allowed to do so. When they were within thirty yards of Bruin my hero awoke, smelt mischief in the air, and trotted off at full speed. The Indian fired when the bear had placed some hundred yards between himself and danger, and the shot carefully skimmed the ends of Mr. Grizzly's hair. We were not to have bear steaks for supper that evening.

As we approached Fort Norman the ice became more and more formidable, but on Monday morning we sighted the Fort. Now indeed we had a good view of those Rocky Mountains I had so longed to look upon, and very grand they certainly are, not so much from their great height as from their bold, rugged peaks, on whose snowy surface the morning sun gleamed and shimmered with exquisite effects. Sunshine and shadow, sunshine and shadow, this seems the epitome of the story of most lives, and the description of all the fairest pictures of nature. But in truth our shadow that morning lay in the fact that

a great barrier of ice was revealing itself between us and Fort Norman. "I thought as much," remarked the Bishop; "the ice was later in breaking up at Fort Simpson than has been known for many years, and it is natural that it should be still more so further north. And now what is to be done?" What indeed? for it was evident that some days, even of our present hot sunshine, would be required to thaw those huge mountains of ice which formed our barrier. Should we draw near to shore and wait? This was out of the question, for every few moments large blocks of ice were sliding down the banks where they had been deposited but a day or two since, while the turmoil they made in the water, and sound as of thunder, warned us from any approach to the falling masses. At last, after some discussion, it was decided to put the boat back for a mile or two, and try to find some small creek or bay where she might be safely moored, while two of our men were sent ashore, and after great difficulty succeeded in scrambling up the bank of ice, and so made their way to the Fort in order to ask the advice of the officer in charge as to what could be done.

We shall not soon forget that day and night in the boat. It is true we were comparatively out of danger, for we found a sheltered little creek, into which the boat was run and then fastened by a strong rope to the top of the bank. Mr. F——, the officer at the Fort, summoned all the Indians to our rescue, and they were soon at work, some of them with axes endeavouring to cut a track for us through the great blocks of ice, and all volunteering to carry up our boxes, bedding, and articles of furniture, on condition of payment in tea, to which we were only too thankful to accede. Still, as we sat in the boat through that day, the huge blocks of ice came falling around us with a crash and a noise as of thunder. In some parts large portions of the bank itself seemed to give way and roll down with the ice. "What trouble we shall give our good angels this day," was my thought as I sat with the two girls in the boat, "for are not the prayers going up from many a church in dear old England for the safety of all voyagers and travellers, and shall we be forgotten even though so unworthy of an angel's passing gaze!"

The night of much peril was passed through in safety, and early next morning my husband left us, as he was anxious to see as much as possible of the Indians at Fort Norman before proceeding on his journey. He effected the dangerous ascent pretty well, but the walk through the tangled, thorny, trackless wood, by which he had to reach the Fort and Mission station, must have been even more difficult, to judge of his tattered and most unpresentable appearance when he returned that evening.

I was much interested in watching the columns of smoke issuing m the banks for some miles round Fort Norman. It appears that s is a coal district, and these banks have been emitting smoke for ndreds of years! Of course the Indians account for it by their ourite "Nahkami" (bad Indian), who, being the enemy of every be, has settled himself somewhere in the bowels of the earth, where sits smoking his pipe!

It is singular the combination of summer and winter which one meets th in this country. At the time I write, with ice all around us, and ne nights still frosty, the heat by day is almost insufferable; and the day on which we effected our final scramble to the Fort the nperature must have been fully 79 or 80 degrees in the shade, and : scorching rays of the sun more distressing than I have ever felt a Naples summer.

The little Mission station at Fort Norman, although one of the allest is not the least promising of our Northern Missions. The lians assemble here in large numbers in spring and autumn; they : all friendly and well-intentioned, and quite of average intelligence. : have, alas! only a catechist and schoolmaster here at present, but : Bishop visits the station as often as possible, and would most ıkfully place a clergyman here were man and means forthcoming.

it is, Allan, our native catechist, has done his best for the poor lians. He has had them all under religious instruction—the ldren daily in school, and the men at other times. He has, single-nded, built a small church and Mission-house, and in the former gathers the Indians daily for Evensong. They evince a touching erest in their church and Services. Allan walks down the church times during the Service to find their places in the Syllabic book, at times he will make a pause, as at "Etthi Yenithun"—"I believe, :"—which after a great deal of shuffling and page-turning they cceed in finding for themselves. Their singing is more hearty and gorous than melodious. "Abide with me" and "Lead kindly ht" are great favourites among them, and have been well translated to Slavé—the former by the Bishop, the latter by Archdeacon irkby.

We have been very busy settling into our little halting-place, and it gins to look home-like already; a few chairs and a table, some cred prints and dear home pictures, do very much to make it look ilised. I have been tracing a resemblance between the grand old ıchullins in my water-colour sketch of Loch Scavaig in Skye, and ese rocky mountains, which I see from my window; the former of urse lose in comparison with respect to height, but their bold

rugged outlines and strange fantastic groupings are not unlike those of my northern friends. One fine old cluster of rocks forms the northern boundary of Fort Norman; the appearance is but of bare rock, but I hear that there are abundance of the sweet blue berries on the top. Allan suggested that we might make an expedition there in the summer and bring back a supply for winter preserves, taking our blankets and encamping out for the night. Truly a Red Indian's idea of home and all its comforts is comprised in the one word "blanket"!

Our home here has certainly no large dimensions, just a "But-and-a-Ben," as the Scotch have it; and as the same northern singers observe, "three sparrows" might dance on the floor of my largest apartment, yet when I see the number of Indians who can assemble in it, I begin to think my eyes must deceive me strangely as to its diminutive size, or that it is capable of expansion at will.

IN TOUNGHOO.

By the Revds. W. E. Jones and T. W. Windley.

A Visit to the Paku and Sorku Karens in Burmah.

Narrative of Mr. Jones.

IN February 14th I arrived at the village of Boruvador. The chapel is in a fair condition, and the Services well attended, with a good proportion of communicants, and a satisfactory offertory. At Toomootheder the head-man and teacher are both hand and heart in the work. I was asked many questions about the teaching of the English Church, and devoted the evening, after Service, to answering them. At Kuoploder I baptized an old man at the point of death. The village of Lerko is a very happy place, and the women an example to those of many other villages. Here I had a celebration with Targuah, the priest in charge of the Paku Christian villages. The Pakus are independent to a degree. The Bwais, on the other hand, are continually begging for help. The Sorkus are a very nice people, much smaller, but quicker in conceiving an idea, and more capable of arguing than the other Karens.

As I went on into the wilder and remoter parts I had my misgivings. The houses here are generally placed between the spurs of hills, and are entirely hidden; there is no regular track to them, so that until

you come within a few yards of a village the only sign of its vicinity is the clearing of the adjacent jungle. Amongst these villages the custom is prevalent of capturing people from neighbouring villages and carrying them off to Karennee. However, I went to the village of the oldest man, the patriarch of the Sorkus, and a very old man I found him, with two large boar's tusks fastened into his hair, and giving him a most imposing appearance. We had quite a conference in his village; we had the head-men from four villages around, and it was agreed by them that as they could not erect a chapel this year, much as they wished to do so, last year's harvest having been a very bad one, they would put one up by next year, and send a letter asking for a teacher for each of their villages. After the conference, or discussion, was over, they brought me a goat and rice, saying they had no fowls or eggs. So although it was said I should not get any provisions amongst these people, still I did not fare at all badly. There are four villages beyond Saw Pidiko which have asked me to visit them. They are situated between the Baptist and Roman Catholic Sorkus, and are very important.

After leaving the Paku district I went into the Bwai country. Some parts of this were infected with small-pox. I found that there was great call for strong measures being used in cases of drunkenness; so I generally, after the evening Service, held a consultation with the Sorkay and teacher and people as to the amount of drinking in the village. Even in the very worst villages they generally denied that there was any drinking, or they said that though there had been drinking it had been given up. But on closer inquiry it appeared that they had only given it up a few days ago, and perhaps even that may mean that there was some drinking the night before. The Baptists were attempting to gain a footing in Thugader, regarding it as lost to us through drink. Bunker and Sorkdar, and other Baptist teachers, spent two or three days there trying to bring matters to a head, but it seems they were unsuccessful. I prolonged my stay on the hills on account of the necessity of making a special effort against this evil of drink. There was a young man named Ghway Ai, educated in our schools, who was tempted by the Roman Catholic Mission with a higher salary than we can give to our Karen catechists. His parents were Roman Catholics, and he has become a zealous convert. He speaks of our school with disparagement on account of our not supplying our boys with clothes.

From the Sorkus I went to Ko-oon, and from there to the heathen villages beyond Shway Ive, who have put up chapels, and are only waiting for teachers. Ko-oon is the most northern district. Most of

the villages here belong to the Roman Catholic Mission. In these parts we are weak, having no native clergymen in them. But our native priest Martway has recently been on a preaching tour in heathen villages up to the English frontier, in company with some of our catechists, and was very well received.

A Conference was held at Tibburshee, one of the largest villages, in February last. It began with a celebration of the Holy Communion, the native priest Martway being celebrant. The Conference next proceeded to the election of secretaries, readers, and censors. Then the village reports were read. The Myoke, or the subordinate native magistrate of this district, though not a Christian, sent a letter expressing his sympathy, and a donation of 20 rupees to the Church funds. The Paku Karens sent a letter which was read aloud to the people. When the reports had been read, the censors brought forward their motions relating as usual to the chief Karen vices, a warning against drunkenness and illicit marriages. The duty of attending Church Services was also insisted upon. Then followed speeches from all who had anything to say. After Service the young people kept up the singing of hymns, carols, and songs till late at night. The next day we held a short formal meeting to pass a vote of thanks to the good people of Tibburshee for their hospitality, and to accept the invitation given by the village of Tamapetee for the Conference of 1883.

Narrative of Mr. Windley.

The accounts of the drunkenness prevalent in nominally Christian villages here are very painful; but the accounts of the preaching in heathen villages, not only in the South-East, where Mr. Jones has gone, but also in the North and West, are very encouraging. The native priests are active, zealous, and earnest. The Missionary Church here is growing rapidly, but I fear there is not a corresponding growth in the spiritual life of the Christians. This must be partly the fault of us the English Missionaries, and may God help us to rectify this part at the least! Another reason for this state of things is the want of full and proper supervision of the scattered village congregations by either the English Missionaries or native clergy, and the want of properly-trained readers or teachers, one of whom ought to be in every village; and this is caused by (1) insufficient teaching and superintending power to train the youths who come to our school from the Karen hills; (2) insufficient means to help teachers who are placed in villages which are either too small or too careless to help themselves.

Mr. Bunker, mentioned in Mr. Jones's letters, is the chief American Baptist Missionary here. The Baptists insist on all Christians taking

ge of total abstinence; we do not. For we conceive that we
o right to impose a condition which the Church has not imposed,
hich few Missionaries would be able to observe themselves.
who attempted it were compelled to give it up for the sake of
. We have established a branch of the Church of England
rance Society. I trust the S.P.G. will see their way to send
other worker shortly. My own health has broken down again
ny return from England, and though I know that the thoughts of
issionary part of Cambridge are occupied chiefly with the Delhi
m, and rightly so, yet there may be men who would prefer our
r work, or find us more congenial. If a good hard-working
ould be found we would give him the heartiest welcome, and
im as fine a field of work as he could wish for.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

BRITISH GUIANA.

pper Essequibo: Chinese and Coolie Baptisms: A "Great Man": ong "Palaver": "I'm God myself!" An Interesting Discussion: Collapse of "His Godship": Facts, and Fools that spurn them.

Rev. J. Keelan has taken charge of the Upper Essequibo
ns, which were, up to the time of his sad death, under the charge
late Rev. William Edward Pierce. We hear that the Indians,
ther inhabitants, are making a special subscription for the
e of erecting some monument over the graves of Mr. Pierce and
nily in the little cemetery of St. John's, Bartica Grove. On the
tion "Industry," three Bengalis were baptized at Christmas.
more were reported by Mr. Moor as in preparation for baptism
ster. A young Mohammedan, Wayeen, was baptized in the
Air Mission"; he was one of the numerous Creole-coolie youths,
n the colony, who have forgotten their ancestral faith and tongue,
e disposed to be loyal to us if they could be induced to remain
narara. The Potaro Mission is now in charge of the Rev. A.
ier, and will be worked from the Upper Demarara, which is less
ous and nearer than the Bartica Grove, where Mr. Pierce lived.
lishop held a Confirmation in January at St. Mark's, Enmore,

which was filled with Christian coolies and Chinese. The Service was held in English, Chinese, and Hindi, and seventeen Chinese and fifteen coolies were confirmed.

The East Indian immigrants at the Henrietta Plantation, Leguan, had a feast, instead of their usual Tadja, at the gathering in of the crops in February. A Brahmin named Lutchmidath Maharaj, living at Plantation Philadelphia, was invited to attend and honour the festivities. The arrival of this great man caused an immense sensation, and coolies, not only from all parts of the island, but also from the West Coast of Demarara, Wakenaam, and the Arabian coast, came to hear him read and expound the Bhagavata, for seven days and seven nights! It is said that not less than 500 coolies were assembled on the Sunday previous to his departure. A female coolie driver presented him with a cow and calf; and he is reported to have taken away 150 dollars in hard cash. As he walked along the road, the people laid pieces of cloth on the ground, wherever he had to pass over a puddle. He boldly claimed to be regarded as a god, and when some of the coolies ventured to dispute his pretensions, he beat them with a stick.

Luke Laik, the catechist, hearing of the arrival of this man, went, with Gyadin, a Christian shopkeeper, to counteract his false teaching and to proclaim the truth. The great man said he could not discourse with them; they must come on Sunday. When they came again, Lutchmidath cursed them, and told the people that they were Christians, and wanted "high seats" to sit upon; but that he had no chairs. Luke replied, that they did not require chairs; but that, if any one had the politeness to offer him a chair, he would not be so rude as to refuse it.

Luke began by asking:—

"Whence came the book that you are reading from?" (The Bhagavata.)

Lutchmidath answered:—

"If I don't know, are you able to teach me?"

Then Luke began to speak of the law given by God to Moses; and read Gen. i. Lutchmidath was angry, and sent a man to beat Luke. But an overseer interfered, and enjoined quietness, telling them to "settle their differences in argument."

Then Lutchmidath asked Luke:—

"Where is God?"

Luke said:—

"He is at your side now. He is everywhere; but His throne is in heaven."

Lutchmidath replied :—

"The book that I am preaching from God sent to me. I AM GOD! If any one comes to me, I can send him to heaven, if I choose. If any man comes to me, and I don't like him, I can burn him on the spot."

Luke said: "Burn me, now! I know that you are a man, and not God!"

Lutchmidath replied: "You are a Minister; and you tell me that I am not God!"

Luke answered: "I am a sinful man. But pray did your godship not come to the colony in a Calcutta ship, and while on board of it, eat all kinds of food? Does God eat all things? And does He work, pray, in the fields? You want to exalt yourself, and make fools of the people. How shall *you* see the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN!"

This put the "Great Man" in a terrible rage, and he said angrily :—

"I will never believe what a Christian says to me."

He then turned haughtily from Luke, and went to Gyadin.

Gyadin said :—

"If you don't believe what a Christian says, tell me what *you* preach about?" Gyadin then spoke to him about the Second Commandment, and asked him: "Why do you worship all these things around you?"

He answered :—

"I am God! And I can do what I please."

After a time Luke asked him :—

"Who made you?"

He answered: "God."

Then Luke turned to the people and cried: "Hear what he says! Just now he said that HE was God! Now he acknowledges that he was MADE by God! Is he not a deceiver? Manifestly his object is to cheat you."

The people said nothing. But when Luke and Gyadin went away, there was a great clapping of hands, and shouting, in token of satisfaction at the manner in which they had maintained their cause.

During February the Bishop of Guiana visited the Indian Missions on the Pomeroon River, and the Cokorite Mission on the Wakapoa Lake. Large numbers of Indians were gathered at each place—Arawaks 608, Accawoios 489, Caribs 399, and Waraus 280, in all 1,776. There were 103 baptized, of whom 33 were adults, and 129 were confirmed. In March he visited the Missions on the Demarara River. Mr. Gwyther writes, that for the future the "Great Falls Mission" is to be called the "Church of the Epiphany," and "Muritaro" "St. Hugh." This latter is to be removed to Coomaroo, but the name will be retained.

HONOLULU.

An Instructive and Painful Contrast.

The work in Honolulu is suffering from the unworthy character of the church at the capital of the island, now serving as the Cathedral of the Diocese. While other Christian bodies have permanent buildings of brick and stone, the representative Church of the Diocese is a small shed. The active mind is much impressed by externals, and it is difficult to persuade them that the Church which has such a slight and temporary building can be itself a great and permanent body. Skilled labour is extremely dear, and a stone building to accommodate 500 persons is expected to cost £12,000. The requirements of Honolulu may be contrasted with the modest demands of Moosonee, for which the aid of the Christian Knowledge Society is simultaneously sought. Here the Bishop proposes to build six more churches, each of which will cost £100, and accommodate 200 persons.

TINNEVELLY.

Theosophism: Wild Rumours: A Mighty Result: "Oil and Water": Wholesale Impalement: The Life-blood of Hinduism: "Hurri, Hurri!" "Siva, Siva!": "My Wife has been my Guru."

The Right Rev. Bishop Sargent, in his journal of a Visitation tour in Tinnevelly last autumn, refers to the commotion produced in the district by the visit of the President of the Theosophical Society: "The wildest rumours were set afloat among the Hindus that a European gentleman, holding a very high political and social position, had renounced Christianity, and become a Hindu. Nay more, he had become a veritable Rishi, of the Sivite sect, in Tinnevelly, who are idolaters to the back-bone! I do not believe that any blame attaches to the President for the rumours which were thus set afloat regarding his preference for Hinduism. It was the work of native agents, who thought that they should thus gain the populace over. The President announced his preference for Buddhism, and spoke of Christians as being the common enemies of both. It was this antagonism to Christianity which drew so much sympathy towards him. The Mahratta proverb herein holds good, 'The enemies of my enemies are my friends.' But some of the audience did not approve of the President's remarks about Christianity.

"One of his objects, perhaps suggested by his Ceylon friends, was quietly to do something which might be regarded as a peaceful accommodation between the Hindus and the Buddhists, after centuries of

alienation. This would have been a mighty result; but there was no hope of its being effected by open and *bonâ fide* acts. One might as well expect water and oil to commingle, as to effect a real union between these two parties. But the planting of a young cocoa-nut tree, brought by the Singhalese from Ceylon, in the temple yard of the great pagoda of Tinnevelly, would (if accepted as a token of reconciliation by the Brahmins) have been an important ground of argument, as proving the progress of the Theosophists.

"But the populace were not to be so easily imposed upon. They removed the plant from its original site, and placed it elsewhere, and the whole temple yard had to be ceremonially purified of the contamination it had thus contracted by the intrusion of the foreigner. Had this apparent reconciliation really taken place, a few pages would have to be added to the Madura *Stala Purana*, or, a supplement to the *63 Tiruvilayadel*, which represents 8,000 Sammals, or Buddhists, as having been *impaled* at Madura, because, forsooth, they were overcome in argument and suppressed by the Brahmins of that place!

"The life-blood of Hinduism is caste, and this the Buddhists religiously reject. The above Society necessarily wants coherence. Branches may be composed solely of co-religionists, but I do not think our progress here has anything to fear from this new social or religious phenomenon."

At Sivatarkulam, in Tinnevelly, there are 120 souls who have renounced idolatry and joined in Christian worship. They have been much tried by opposition and persecution. The first thing the people saw, on their numbers being so largely increased, was the large stack of straw belonging to the chief man amongst them on fire, and some forty rupees' worth of property thus destroyed. Next, a charge of robbery was brought against one of them, and later on another charge of injury to property against some fifteen of them. But the evidence was so manifestly untrustworthy that the sub-magistrate threw the case out at once. Bishop Sargent preached to them on St. Matt. xxii. He observed how, in the person of the Missionary who in time past occupied the Nallur station, the king's messengers had come to this village and invited them; they had declined, but now, at length, some had professed to accept the invitation. Many come and look in at the door, but never enter: "You say that you have come in, and that some of you have been baptized."

"Well, here is the feast before you. What would you say if, sitting down, you folded your arms, and would not eat?"

"That would never do," said a man, sitting half-way down; "our religion is the religion of the heart."

"What is the great feast which the Gospel sets before you?"

"Jesus!" said some of the men.

"Yes, Jesus; the Son of God; and the Saviour of the World. The heathen think it is enough to repeat, 'Hurri! Hurri!' or 'Siva! Siva!' But it will not suffice to merely repeat the precious NAME of Jesus. You must take Him into your hearts; you must believe in Him, as the Saviour who has borne your sins; and from Him you must seek pardon and grace to be holy."

Bishop Sargent adds, "I have seldom addressed a more attentive audience."

A respectable man lately brought a letter from one of the native pastors, in the Surandei district, which stated that he wished to become a Christian.

Bishop Sargent said:

"You must first learn what Christianity is."

"Then, sir," said the other, "you clearly do not know who has been my Guru! My wife has been my Guru! She learned, as a girl in the Mission School at Madura, to read your 'Veda.' She has a part of the Book still with her. She has read it to me; and I have learned what your religion really teaches. It shows me the Way of Salvation. I wish to be baptized."

LAHORE.

"Imad-ud-deen": Translations: "Moulvie Syed": The Pathans.

The Rev. Imad-ud-deen, the well-known native clergyman, and convert from Islam, contributes to the Report of the Umritsar Mission the following account of his literary labours during the past year:—

"It is a matter of extreme thankfulness that an entirely new translation of the Book of Common Prayer has been made during the course of the year. Our dear Bishop has been very assiduously engaged in the work, and has bestowed a great deal of labour and attention on it. I was present with him at the Mutree Hills for about a month and a half. The Rev. Messrs. Shirreff and Hooper have also been very actively engaged in this work. Papers from other quarters regarding the translation were also on the table. This translation, beyond all comparison, surpasses the former.

"All the objectionable phraseology has been removed, and a new and idiomatic and acceptable translation is now put forth into the hands of the public.

"It is a decided improvement on the extant version. I was engaged in its revision for about three months, and similar efforts were also put

forth by other members of the Committee of Revision. I am thankful to say that the work has been successfully brought to a close.

"Another most important work which I was compelled to take in hand, was the preparation of a refutation of the new religious views promulgated by the honourable Moulvie Syed Ahmud Khan, K.C.S.I. For a long time I had given up the idea of writing controversial books, but when I found that the Moulvie's efforts were directed very largely against Christianity, and were becoming a great obstacle in the way of weaker Christians, it was deemed advisable that some effort be put forth in that direction. But this called for extra and steady application. All of his works and articles that have yet been written had to be collected and very carefully read, and his views had to be carefully sifted before anything could be said or written about them, and thus a very great part of my time was necessarily swallowed up. But as one large and consolidated work would have necessitated very great delay, I thought it best to issue my labour in parts.

"The complete work is entitled, *Taquíd ul Khiyálát.* It is hoped that twelve numbers will finish the discussion."

A correspondent of the *Indian Churchman* suggests that one of the Cowley Fathers might do good work among the Pathans in the Peshawur valley. He says:—

"This singular people have no faith in any Apostle who has not forsaken *all* for the sake of the 'Kingdom of Heaven.' A second St. Francis d'Assisi would convert his thousands among them, if such a man could be found. Some devoted Missionary should visit the Peshawur valley, in a spirit of true sacrifice, and, like St. Paul, by temporary isolation from the World—say in one of the small islands of the Indus. He would then be in a position to command the deep sympathy of the Pathans, and to enter upon his work. At present the Church's forces in this direction are utterly inadequate, being laid on lines which are a mere travesty of the ideal of 'Missionary Labour,' as entertained by the whole of the 'Pathan' people."

CALCUTTA.

In Dacca and Comilla: Enduring "Hardness."

The Bishop of Calcutta was engaged in March in a visitation of Dacca and Comilla. The latter is a place outside the ordinary track of travellers, and can only be reached at the cost of much time and effort. Even the Chaplain of Dacca, from which place Comilla is served, can only visit it on rare occasions. It is fifteen hours' journey east of Dacca by water and Dâk Gharri, and this under favourable

circumstances, the Bishop's visit being expedited by the Nawab Asunoolah's loan of his steam yacht. The district under charge of the Chaplain of Dacca includes a radius of nearly 150 miles round. This involves frequent and prolonged absence from head-quarters. The little church at Comilla is in excellent order, and stands in the middle of the park-like maidan. On the return the steam yacht ran upon a sand-bank, and this compelled the Bishop and his party to wait for some nine or ten hours for the next high tide. It was a dreary spot, and the afternoon was hot.

Chittagong was next visited, with its bungalows perched on little conical hills commanding a view of the river and the adjacent hills. The tea-planters of Chittagong have contributed liberally for the support of their clergyman. The district in his charge includes Rungamati at a distance of seventy miles up the river Kurumpuli, to which a Government steamer plies twice a week. There is much beauty along the river, especially where it penetrates the gorges of the steep hills, which are clothed with a luxuriant vegetation. The steamer by which Rungamati was reached was delayed by a heavy cargo of rice for the starving Lushais, whose crops have been destroyed by a plague of rats. On March 27th the Bishop arrived at Calcutta by the steamer *Busheer*.

INDIA.

The Condition of the "Cultivators": The "British Raj": The Cotton Fields: Opening of the C.M.S. Mission Church at Lahore: Varying opinions on "Caste."

During his recent tour in the Nizam's territory Mr. Williams has had an opportunity of comparing the condition of those not directly under British rule, with the cultivators in the Nagar district. Though the harvest has been in some parts excellent, yet the Kunbee presented in house, family, and appearance, very much the same forlorn brow-beaten look that from history and literature one might *a priori* expect. Comparing them with the cultivators in British territory there was a very marked difference, and all to the advantage of the latter. From his knowledge of the history of the people, and his intercourse with them, Mr. Williams concludes that however wretched the actual condition of the cultivator may appear to an outsider, in reality it never was any better. It was worse. If the Government has produced no beneficial effects, it has not made matters worse. The British rule has also been to the advantage of the Kunbee. He has benefited by the administration of the law, by legislation, by public works, by education, and by trade.

The law has protected him in wife, family, children, house, cattle, and produce. In none of these respects was he safe before, whether from robbers, government officers, Brahman, or Kari. He has a status whose importance is day by day increasing, and he is himself becoming aware of it. He has been the object of special legislation recently, in order to guard him against a new enemy, the Marwadi Sawkar.

Although the incidence of the law seemed rather to increase the Kunbee's difficulties, its result has been most beneficial, for it has put an effectual check upon the wholesale forging of deeds of sale and contracts, in the meshes of which almost all the Kunbees had become entangled. The Government have fed the Kunbee, as he was never fed before in the attacks of his ever-dreaded enemy, famine. Canals have been dug, roads made, and railways constructed, cheapening produce, and finding a ready market for it. Forty years ago there were no vehicles whatever, where they are numerous now. They are strong spoke-wheeled ones, the introduction of the English form being found a profitable speculation.

Every village that can muster thirty boys has its school; attendance of children is carefully watched and encouraged, and is estimated by the number of cultivators' children, not by the number of Brahmans, &c. Schemes are now under consideration for improving the education by the addition of drawing classes, and instruction in agriculture. Thus the down-trodden Kunbees are to be taught on a level with those who were wont to rob and spurn them like dogs. Then the cotton fields are giving employment to thousands where there was none before, and furnish a produce secure of a definite return in actual specie.

There are cotton factories in Bombay, and cotton presses near every large railway station. Long lines of good strong carts, in teams of twenty or thirty, may be seen going out filled with cotton, and returning with useful and (in many instances) new commodities. Mr. Wedderburn sets against this the fact that the cultivator is not yet on a level with the English or French peasant, forgetting the tremendous strides that must be taken before a class hitherto so degraded can realise the new status in store for them. Mr. Wedderburn proposes a return to the vatai system, that is, payment in kind. But he does not seem to be aware that the natives now transact all their business with money. A little boy in a village, who used to tend the cattle only for food or corn, now receives eight annas for tending a buffalo for a month, four for a cow, and two for a sheep or goat, sometimes thus receiving at the month's end four, or six, or even eight rupees! The women picking cotton in the fields receive their wages not in kind, but

in coin, according to the weight of the amount picked. Mr. Wedderburn recommends the establishing of banks; but before sufficient confidence for depositing in banks can generally arise, there must be years of education. How long has it taken to educate the poor at home to lay up their little in the savings bank? The cultivator's banks are as yet their cattle, carts, and pevas (grain stores underground), and the ornaments, silver or gold, on their wives, children, and selves. It must be remembered that the phenomenon which has occurred in Japan is one which the world has seldom, if ever, witnessed before. That a very great and rapid change is coming over the class of cultivators is manifest to all who go in and out among them; a change so rapid, indeed, that it would not be desirable that it should go on more rapidly. It must be taken as a fact, that the Kunbee is undeniably better off in every respect than he has ever been before. To arrive at a judgment on this point something more is needed than a mere flying visit; nor yet is a stay of many years enough, unless during that time the conditions which are involved in the problem be carefully studied and justly stated.

On Feb. 15th, the C.M.S. Mission Church lately erected in Lahore was opened by the Bishop. It is situated in the suburb of Anarkali, close to the large and populous bazaar, the most important mart in Lahore. The congregation numbers some 200 souls, chiefly Government officials and tradesmen, and was lately in charge of a native priest. A permanent centre for Church work among the changing native population of Lahore was much needed. The Bishop about the same time delivered a long lecture in the Lahore Mission School, defending the educational system of the Punjab University College, and pleading for more study of Sanskrit and Arabic. These languages were eminently fitted for imparting instruction in modern subjects, Western sciences, &c., besides their own literature. The audience was a crowded one, many being unable to obtain seats.

The Rev. Luke Rivington writes that the Roman Catholic Missionaries take an extreme line on the subject of "Caste," thoroughly allowing its existence. "I believe myself it is best for us Missionaries to pooh-pooh it as much as possible, and not give it a factitious existence through violent opposition. But it is not easy to reduce such a theory to practice. Father Goreh is strongly convinced of its religious character, in that it has become part and parcel of the Hindu religion."

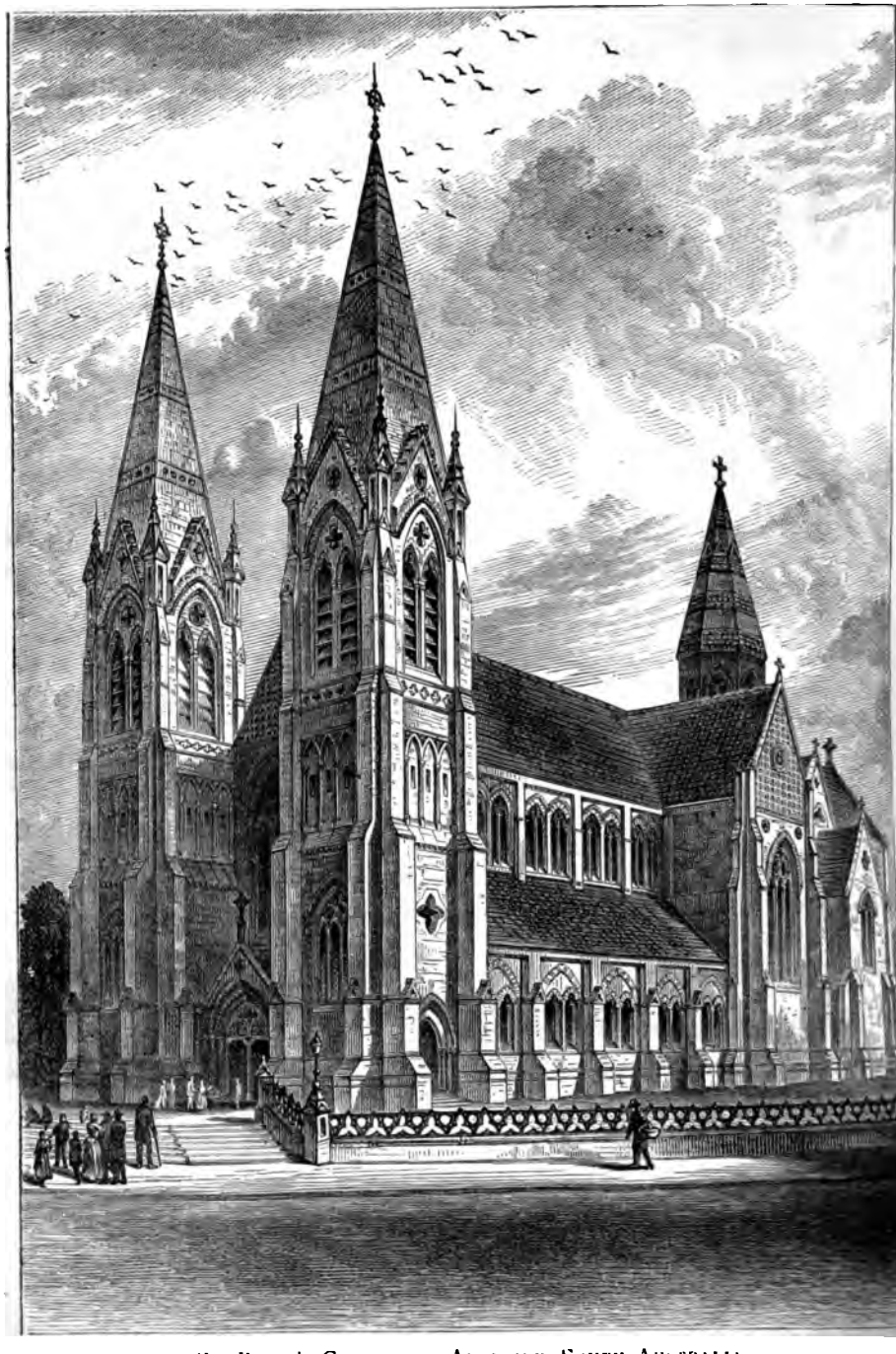

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

JULY.

PAGE

elanesia—The Bishop's Journal 281
me Customs of the Southern Seas 289
anners and Habits of S. Sea Islanders... 295
eminiscences of a Country Parish 300
'ork in Bombay 306
Day at Chieng Mai in Siam 312
anzibar 315
otes of the Month :—
Calcutta.
State-Paid Heathenism and Dis-Establishment of Christianity 322
The Duty of the State in the Hindu and Mohammedan Systems 322
The Oxford Missionaries 323
Lectures 323
Competitive Examinations 323
Lahore.
The C.M.S. Punjab Native Church Council 324
The Best Way of Attracting and Training High Class Natives 324
Complaints 325
Aspirations 326
Peshawur and Bannu 326
Bombay.
The S.P.G. Annual Meeting 326
Ahmednuggur 326
A Month in a Tomb 327
The Missionary and the Boatmen ... 327
"Where Faith is, there is God" ... 327
Central Africa.
The Church in Zanzibar and the Mohammedan Ladies 328
The Old Chief Semkali 328

AUGUST.

The Sádháran Bráhmo Samáj 329
Reminiscences of a Country Parish 337
Zanzibar 341

PAGE

My Experience of the Chinese 347
Melanesia 351
Victorian England 357
The Canal Barges Mission 363
Our Annual Gathering 368
Notes of the Month :—
India.
A Fitting Memorial 370
The Female Medical Mission 371
An Interesting Sketch 371
How to get a Headache 372
The Indian Hakim and his Patients 372
Education 372
A New Prophet 373
Translations 373
The Malabar Christians 373
Ceylon.
Visit of the Rev. Luke Rivington... 374
Buddha's Tooth 375
A Vigorous Bishop 375
The Present State of Things and its Critics 375
British Guiana.
The Coolies 376
Successful Impostors 376
A Great Barrier 376

SEPTEMBER.

Australia and its Needs 377
My Experience of the Chinese 384
The Indian Question 391
In Liberia 400
The Canal Barges Mission 403
Notes of the Month :—
Calcutta.
A Year of Work in India 410
A Sensible System 410
C.M.S. in Santhalia 411
Lahore.
"Is this the Religion of the English?" 412

PAGE

Lahore.
Valuable Literary Labours..... 412
A Real Need at Delhi 413
Progress 414
Why Peshawur is Afghan 414
Rangoon.
Holy Week at Moulmein 415
Easter Festivities..... 415
Overproof 415
The Andamans 415
Tounghoo 416
Madras.
Great Development 416
Attractive Preaching..... 417
What one sees in Tinnevelly..... 417
A Striking Service 417
The Rajah of Ramnad 418
Ceylon.
Educational (C.M.S.) Progress at Kandy 418
Reception at Kalutara 418
What Buddha was and would be ... 418
Bombay.
Poona and Ahmednuggur 419
European Teaching and Tactics a Source of Atheism 419
Who 's to Blame ?..... 420
The Mohammedan Precursor of Christ..... 420
China.
The New Bishop, his College and Work..... 420
Wants..... 421
South Africa.
The Provincial Council 421
Proposals 421
British Guiana.
The Potaro and Upper Demarara Missions..... 421
Running Short 422
Native Church Building..... 422
Native Missionaries (Honorary)..... 422
"My own Proper Work"..... 422
"As in the Time of Raleigh"..... 423
New Brunswick.
Self-sustaining 423
The Diocesan Synod 424

OCTOBER.

Church Discipline 425
Bishop Steere 434

PAGE

In the Land of Gilead 438
Sight to the Blind 446
"De Profundis" 452
Like the Cry of Ancient Macedon..... 458
The Bishop of Guiana 459
Notes of the Month :—
Calcutta.
The Position of the Bible in Missionary Work..... 462
The Brahmoists 463
Lahore.
The Bishop of Lahore and the Education Commission 464
Moral Teaching 464
A Valuable Lecture 464
The Result..... 465
What would Schwartz and Martyn say? 465
Madras.
A Disastrous Fire 465
Ceylon.
Fever at Buona Vista..... 466
Point de Galle 466
Bombay.
Church Discipline in Ahmednuggar 467
An Old Wânee 468
The Bhâgvat Purâna 468
Zululand.
A Two Months' Journey 469
The Swazi King.. 469
The Charge of Trading..... 469
Polygamy 470
The Results of the War..... 470
An Earnest Appeal..... 470
British Guiana.
The Coolie Mission 471
Conversions 471
A Confirmation Service..... 471
Newfoundland.
At "Heart's Content"..... 472
The Wreck of "The Lion"..... 472
New Westminster.
Enormous Influence of Chinese..... 472
Necessity of more Labourers 472

NOVEMBER.

In the Land of Gilead 473
Sight to the Blind 485
The Persian Passion Play..... 490
Through British Columbia..... 493
Canada 497

ISSION LIFE.

MELANESIA.*

I.—The Bishop's Journal.

E sailed from Norfolk Island on April 18th, with a full complement of Solomon Islanders. Owing to the time the vessel had been off Norfolk Island we had been able to stow hing leisurely, and so went to sea with far greater comfort than r attends our settling down.

ed not dwell on the voyage down, which was much the same as We called at Havannah Harbour, Araga, Opa, Maewo, where ded Mr. Bice, rejoicing to find everything going on well.

10th May saw us running into Wano on San Cristoval, in the norning. We could just see a vessel lying in the harbour of posite island of Ugi—when a sudden puff of white smoke and port of a heavy gun proclaimed her to be a man-of-war. A speedily followed, and in obedience to the summons we tacked ade our way over. We found her to be H.M.S. *Cormorant*, n Bruce, sent by the Commodore to take further and more d steps to punish the murderers of Lieutenant Bower—and dered to investigate sundry other cases of murder in these seas. very glad to meet the *Cormorant*, as it was very important for now what the men-of-war were going to do, and also because ght we could assist them in bringing the actual murderers to with the least injury to the rest of the natives, and with the

ording to our annual custom we reproduce certain portions of the deeply ng "Island Voyage," published each year in furtherance of the Church's Melanesia. We earnestly hope that the affectionate regard and generous ur Readers may thus be secured to a field of labour than which none greater past and present devotion, or appeals to us with nobler and more l memories.—Ed.

greatest effect on the native mind. And here I must express my thanks to Captain Bruce for the cordial way in which he listened to my views, and the great consideration which he showed in carrying out his orders.

As far as I can judge, the result has been most satisfactory. Throughout Florida—and not through Florida only, but in all the neighbouring Islands—a profound impression has been created of the power of England. And not only of her power, but, what is far more important, of her justice and her good faith.

The Captain summoned the leading men together, and told them that they must jointly and severally be responsible for the surrender of the actual murderers of Lieutenant Bower. The result has been that four out of five of the murderers have been surrendered and executed. But this is not all. Under promise of safe conduct from Captain Bruce, I induced Kalikona to go on board the *Cormorant*, and surrender his son, and with him most of the things taken from the *Sandfly's* boat, and the skull of Lieutenant Bower. He went in fear and trembling, and his people threatened all manner of reprisals if he were detained. He came back in two hours saying that an English Captain "could not lie."

The leading chiefs have also signed a paper in which they agree to surrender any future murderer at once—or to detain him till demanded by a man-of-war. And this has been attained without firing a shot, though the much derided visit of the *Emerald* in December has helped a great deal. Though she was unable to capture any of the men concerned—and from the nature of the country was most unlikely to be able to capture them—yet she showed these people what war—and a persistent war it would have been—really meant; and therefore when Captain Bruce told the chiefs of Florida that they must choose between such a war, and a hearty co-operation with him in capturing those implicated, and those only; they at once acquiesced, with the results which I have stated. Nor has this action which I deemed it my duty to take been at all prejudicial to the best interests of the Mission. In helping Captain Bruce to demand the murderers, I tried to make the people understand the nature of this demand, and that it was for their sakes that I urged it. I think they have recognised this, and though perhaps they may connect me a little too much with the power of the man-of-war, yet I am sure they feel that I have endeavoured to help them.

And certainly the Mission never showed more life in Florida than it does at this moment. The Christian community at Lango, though scattered, as all the people were scattered, by the raid of the

Emerald, soon came together again in their village, which, though deserted, was saved by its school-house bell, and its cross over a native Christian grave. They are now going on as well and as quietly as before, under that admirable specimen of a Christian teacher, Charles Sapibuana. New schools are springing up all round the island, and a considerable number of adults are coming forward in various districts for baptism.

On May 14th we arrived at Florida, and after landing our people at different places, dropped anchor at five o'clock. The man-of-war was in sight, and anchored alongside us at sundown. At Boli I found a Gaeta man who came on board, and I spent the evening with Sapi in examining him as to the details of the murder. I need not go fully into these; but it was sad enough to find how small was the force which attacked the boat, and how easily it might have been repelled. When the boat was seen to go to Mandoliana, Holabosa suggested that they should go and attack the men in it, and he and four others, including Kalikona's son, were all who went. They crept through the bush—found the men scattered, and some bathing, attacked them when thus at their mercy, and by the suddenness of their rush prevented them from getting back to the boat and their arms. A single revolver would have saved some if not all the party, but Lieutenant Bower evidently thought that he was secure on an island so far from the mainland, and his arms were in the boat.

The story of the attack, and the numbers engaged in it, were so fully corroborated by independent reports, that I had no hesitation in carrying the account next morning as a true account of the affair. The only question was Kalikona's own complicity in the matter. He certainly had nothing to do with the evening attack. He as certainly went with the larger party next morning—when Lieutenant Bower was found in a tree and shot in cold blood by Utumate. But it did not appear at all clear that he had anything to do with this last murder. The preponderance of evidence seemed to show that he remained by the boat while the island was being searched—and that there was a very strong doubt among the natives whether there were any more white men left on the island. Captain Bruce formed his own judgment on this; and finally asked me to see Kalikona and tell him that if he would surrender the five men who were actually engaged, that the matter would be considered as settled.

I sat on the open sand and sent for Kalikona, who came unarmed, with one friend. We then sat down and had a long conference. I told him how sad we all were about his conduct, and how foolish he was not to have exerted all the influence he had to save Lieut. Bower,

as Tabukoro had saved Savage. I then gave him Captain Bruce's message and terms, to which, after much doubt and talk, he assented. It was hard work telling a man to surrender his son to death, but I told him I should beg for Vuria's life, though I could hold out no promises.

Sunday, 22nd.—After Service on shore, went on board the schooner for Service, a most bright and hearty one. While at luncheon afterwards we heard a great shouting, which my boys told me meant that a canoe was coming with a prisoner, and accordingly we soon saw a large war canoe shoot out of the narrow passage and land near the ship. I went ashore at once, and heard that Kalikona had caught and sent in Holabosa, the leader of the party. I was in hopes that he would have surrendered them all, and that this horrible business would thus have been finished. But Kalikona held back his son—and the others had escaped; so this man was the only one he could secure. I told the chief to send his prisoner on board the ship, but they were afraid to do this, and the boat had to go for him. I had to be a most unwilling witness of his surrender. Captain King was going at once to report to Captain Bruce, and offered me a seat in his boat. This had to cover the other boat sent in for the prisoner. It was a sad enough sight on a quiet Sunday evening, and one that made me ask again and again in my heart whether I was doing right in thus acting. I am glad to say the answer was always clear and simple, though no sense of duty, however clear, can take away the pain and the heart-searching. Richard Baxter's saying on the criminal he saw drawn to Tyburn, came home to me: "There, but for the grace of God, goes Richard Baxter." In one way the man deserved his fate. He was distinguished among all his fellows as a fighting man, and many deaths were laid at his door. Savages as we call them, called him "Savage." But then, what had he ever had to restrain him?—What to raise him?—What to soften him? He followed his instinct and it was a bad one—but we, when we sin, go against much that now, through God's grace, and the all-pervading influence of His Son *is* our instinct. One effect it certainly had on my mind, and I hope a lasting one. It brought out in vivid reality what we as Missionaries have to do, it showed the reality of our work—and I hope by the very thoughts which I have described, will make us more earnest in doing it.

On the 25th we anchored off Mandoliana, where we were speedily joined by the *Cormorant*, having Holabosa on board. I at once went *up to Lango*. There I found everything in working order again under *Sapi's good* management. School and Services going on as usual,

all the people back in their homes. Kalikona came at once to see me and I gave him Captain Bruce's message, that if he surrendered his son at once, his life should be spared—and urged him most strongly to believe the Captain's word. The young man himself was very brave about it, and said he would go, but the father naturally doubted much. Then all the things taken from the boat were sent in, excepting some of the arms which the runaways still had. I urged Kalikona most strongly to go on board himself, pledging my word on Captain Bruce's promise that he should return safely.

ASCENSION DAY.—Sapi working very hard to prevail on Kalikona to go at last succeeded. This morning Lieut. Bower's skull was brought in, and with this and all the things we started. The people were much exercised about their chief's going, and told Sapi that if he did not return they would make an end of him and his. However, Kalikona did not swerve after he had once made up his mind; but went at once into the boat, and on board the *Cormorant* gave up to Captain Bruce the things, the head, and finally his son. I confess I was greatly pleased at this, as it showed great confidence in us, and I was very anxious that they should see that such confidence was not misplaced. I was still more pleased when some officers of the man-of-war consented to come on shore and sleep at Lango. It was an exchange of trust which could not but be helpful, and for which I was very grateful to them. We had a bright, hearty Service in the new church in the evening, at which I officiated, with a great weight taken off my mind.

June 1st.—A messenger came to say that Utumate, the actual murderer of Lieut. Bower, was taken. Told him that he must be kept till the *Cormorant* came back; not an easy thing either for prisoner or gaolers in a land where there is nothing stronger than a reed hut. I had here an instance of the way in which we are watched by the people, and especially the old people of the place. One of the young men that had been at Norfolk Island some time ago, but who had been left at home as not being fit for our work, went grievously wrong. In the evening came a deputation of old men complaining bitterly of this. I could say nothing except that it was clean contrary to our teaching, and that I would inflict what censure I could, but it was humbling enough. The next morning I expelled the young man publicly from the school, and was glad to see that he came knowing what was to happen, and submitted humbly to what was to him a great disgrace.

On the 13th the *Cormorant* came in, and I spent two pleasant days on board, which did me much good. We heard at daybreak on the 15th that they had brought Utumate down in the night, and that he

was on the beach. A boat was sent in for him and I went ashore at once. He was executed at nine, in the presence of a large number of natives, who came back deeply impressed with the solemnity of the whole proceedings. The *Cormorant* sailed at ten. Five days afterwards she returned, and the next day the captain and some of his officers came ashore to see some native dances. I was very glad of this, as it showed the people that the men-of-war only desired justice, and were most anxious for friendly relations as soon as possible.

At Lango everything was most quiet and orderly, as far as the people themselves were concerned, and school and church were going on regularly as usual; but a new complication had arisen. Sapi had been over to see Tabukoro, who had received him very coldly, and had told him that he and Lumasa, the chief of Savo, were going to revenge Holabosa's death on the Gaeta people. So the Gaeta people were in a great state of perturbation, and immediately after my arrival commenced making a stout fence across the road, outside of which they slept on picket duty every night. My presence was supposed to be a little help, but they were quite certain that sooner or later the enemy would come. I said I would go and see Tabukoro, but for a long time could get no one to accompany me.

I had meanwhile an opportunity for a quiet little lesson. Out for a walk with half a dozen school-boys, they speedily found an opossum, which they hunted from tree to tree, and finally shook to the ground and secured. From its pouch came the ugliest, baldest, most uncouth little opossum, nearly blind, and utterly helpless. Close by lay the mother, snarling and biting at everything and everybody. The boys anticipated a delicious roast when they got home, and wove a basket for it with great glee. Then said I, "What will happen to the little one?" "Oh, it will die," said one. "Perhaps we shall kill it," said another. Then said I, "I want to buy that opossum." They guessed at once what for, and then said, "all right;" so I bought it, and we selected a tree and let it go, and they were as excited as possible driving it up the tree, lest some men who were coming should kill it. Then we went home, and much talk did I hear about the Bishop's rule, that we must not kill the mother with its young. There was the lesson, how long it will last is another question, about as long perhaps as other clergymen's lessons to other boys about birds'-nests. But one is glad to get any chance of warning against the unconscious cruelty which strikes one everywhere.

June passed very quietly, everybody most friendly and pleasant. One day Kalikona came saying that people had come from a neighbouring village who had seen some of Tabukoro's men. They asserted

that Tabukoro had fully determined to attack Lango, and that he also wished to kill me. So we resumed watching, and tied up our gates faster than ever, a great nuisance, the more so as most of it is pure myth and the rest brag. I could stand the state of siege no longer, and as there was no chance of anybody taking me across to Hogo, I determined to go to Boli, and see if I could get a crew there. So we went round in a strong breeze to Belaga, and stopped there for the night. Here one of our cleverest, but at the same time one of our most unmanageable, youths, Heywood Nenere, had been sulking for two years, hindering if anything, rather than helping; we had taken no notice, and the neglect has been a wholesome lesson to him. This year he has put forth his really considerable power, and the result has been a well-taught school, and most of the elders listeners. I passed a very pleasant evening there, and had a long talk, one can hardly call it a sermon, to the people assembled at moonlight. They are going to build a house in a central part of the village, and there is good hope of the place now. At Boli I found a sad story about the old chief Takua, at which the people were much scandalised. He sent me a message about it, and said he was coming to see me, but did not appear, and I could not go to him. I sent to tell him what I thought, and what he must do, but doubt whether the messenger would dare to give my message. Sauvui and the other men laughed at the idea of there being any danger in my going to Tabukoro, so I got a boat's crew, and was off on July 8th. We did capitally till we got close to Hogo, when we had a very stiff pull, and did not get in until just before dark. I went at once to the great man, whom I found suffering from bad eyes, which I at once doctored. It hurt him considerably, so he retired for the night, but the next morning was much better. Got quarters in a miserable little shanty, and was much disgusted to find that there was a really splendid house on piles close by, with matted floor, and as clean as the other was dirty. It was only inhabited by a few yams, but I believe was not meant to be dwelt in yet; indeed over the doorway remained part of the scaffolding, and I was told that this was Tabukoro's advertisement, that he wanted a "head," and that when this was brought, and the house thus properly inaugurated, the beam would be removed. Meanwhile I had a long interview with Lukolia, the second in command, and he assured me that they had no intention of attacking Gaeta. So I hope it is all right. I told them, and I think I was justified in doing so, that the man-of-war would be angry if they did attack. It would obviously make the work of surrendering any future mis-doers very much harder if the surrender was thought to be the act of the individual chief

rather than of the united body, as Captain Bruce wished them to understand it was.

I do not know how far I shall fall under Mr. Cust's censures, who in an article on the relation of Missions with the civil power, deprecates, and in my opinion most rightly, any appeal for protection to the "inevitable gun-boat." But this appears to be a different case. There the inevitable gun-boat had a quarrel of her own, and by her action had caused the peril (if any) in which the Mission station was placed. Tabukoro's quarrel would have been with Kalikona because he surrendered Holabosa to the man-of-war; but if he attacked Kalikona, our Christian village at Lango would have been involved and was already seriously disquieted by the rumours of the attack. I felt therefore that I was justified in showing Tabukoro that if he attacked Kalikona for complying with the man-of-war's demands, he was in reality opposing those demands, and thus putting himself in hostility to the man-of-war. I am anxious to make this clear, as no one can feel more strongly than I do, that we voluntarily place ourselves in the midst of these Islands and under no circumstances ought to look to our Government to protect us, when for purposes of our own we put ourselves so far out of its reach. But it is a different thing when by reason of the act of the Government and because of compliance with its demands, the district in which the Mission station happens to be is threatened with attack. In fact whether there had been a Mission station at Lango or not, I should have used the same argument with Tabukoro:—viz., that he could not go to war with Kalikona without incurring the anger of the man-of-war; as Kalikona had only done what Capt. Bruce had ordered *all* the chiefs of Florida, himself included, to do.

Tabukoro said that he had never intended to attack. I told him and Lukolia how glad I was that they had saved the seaman's life who swam ashore there; and I made each a little present in token of my admiration. They were very anxious that I should send a teacher, and promised me a boy or two for Norfolk Island. I got back to Gaeta, bringing at least peace, if not honour, with a very thankful heart. Of course the Gaeta people did not believe Tabukoro one bit, nobody does believe any one else in Florida; but they did not tie up the gate so much as usual and slept in peace.

SOME CUSTOMS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

By Rev. R. B. Comins.

ON Easter Monday, 1881, we made a start in the *Southern Cross* for the Islands. We ran through the New Hebrides, Banks Islands, Santa Cruz Group, and reached the Solomon Islands on May 10th. On that day, in the early morning, we reached Wano, one of our oldest stations in these islands. From Wano we went on to Heuru, a few miles further down the coast. It was here that Stephen Taroaniara came from, who was killed with Bishop Patteson at Nukapu. Things were in a sad state. We have no teacher here, therefore no school had been started and nothing done. Stephen's own daughter, Rosa, whom he had left to the Mission to educate and care for, and who was many years at Norfolk Island, had returned to her home and to heathen ways. We heard now that she was ill, and the Bishop went to see her, but there was little to be done but to mourn and pray for her.

The people here seemed thoroughly callous and forbidding. I tried to make friends with them while the Bishop went off to see Rosa in another village, but their only wish seemed to be to find out what fish-hooks and tobacco I had about me, and how I could be induced to part with them. We brought back here a nice quiet lad named Wm. Duru, whose term of instruction at Norfolk Island had expired, and who was now returned to his home to begin school with the children, to see what he could do to win his own people for Christ; but he has uphill work I am sure, and needs much grace and many prayers that he may succeed. I heard afterwards that we owed some of our safety to the fact of having this lad with us on this occasion. Some short time before this, at a place called Ubuna, a few miles further down the coast, a white man who happened to be on shore, while cleaning his gun accidentally shot a native chief. His vessel was close by and he escaped to her, but vengeance was denounced against the whole race of white men. A white man's head was in high request all along the coast just then, and woe betide the first unwary European who fell into their hands. They made an exception in our favour, however, because we had safely brought back to them one of their own people, and maybe they had not quite forgotten all that the Melanesian Mission had done for them in bygone years.

At Ulawa we landed a sick girl named Amina Kali, who belonged to Saa, in the island of Malanta, opposite here. When we first brought Amina ashore she seemed to rally a little, and tried to talk to and teach those who went to see her, but soon afterwards she began to sink, and became more of a burden upon her sister. Family affection does not seem very strong here before Christianity comes in to make a difference. In this case the sister soon got tired of Amina, and used to leave her in the house for eight or ten hours at a time without food or any one to look after her. It ended in my having to remove her to the house of a near neighbour of mine, where I could see her more frequently, and attend to her better. But even here she ceased to be welcome after a time.

When it was seen that she could not possibly recover, and that it was only a question how much longer she would live, I found the people where she was staying had their eye on her belongings, and tried to persuade her to make them her residuary legatees. The sister, hearing of this, was seized with a sudden gush of sisterly affection, and appeared upon the scene to scheme for her own special benefit. They almost fought over her while she was alive to secure her box of clothes and a few trinkets she had, but in the meantime her wants received even less attention than before. It reached a climax one day when I found her in tears because they had decided to turn her out of the house, and she would have to take refuge in the bush, and lie there exposed to wind and weather until she died.

It appears that it is an outrage upon native ideas to suppose that a *woman* should receive any special care and attention when she is sick; moreover, it is such a disgrace upon a house for a woman to be near dying in it, that no *man* would think of entering the door, and I am assured that if a woman did die in a house, it would contract such defilement thereby, it would have to be pulled down or burnt.

I presume this custom has its origin in the low estimate that women are held in everywhere except where Christianity holds sway. But something must be allowed for the fact that our natives believe in ghosts, as the cause of sickness, disease, and death, and there is a natural fear of coming under their baleful influence when attending to the sick and dying and administering to their wants. I felt that I could not allow Amina, after all the years of kindness and Christian teaching she had received, to suffer from the operation of a heathen custom which seemed to me so unreasonable and unjust. In ordinary cases we make a point to tolerate native customs when possible; but I saw that here I must make a stand, and so, much to the disgust of everybody, I assumed the responsibility of having her moved into a little room under my own

roof where at least she could die in peace. It was rather a risk, as I found, for there were great discussions upon my conduct, and I think it says something for the confidence the people had learnt to put in me that my friends and supporters carried the day and I was allowed to have my own way. I found that I did not escape a certain amount of "Boycotting," for all the men resolutely refused to enter my house or have anything to say to me upon my own premises. I rather trembled for my little school lest the children, either on their own account, or when required by their parents, should proceed to "Boycott" me also. Here again the new teaching triumphed over the old customs. I do not think a single child stayed away because Amina lay sick in the house, and when it was known she was dead not a word was said by any one about the defilement of the house or the desirability of destroying the premises. In fact the men came in and out again as if nothing had happened.

I saw a great deal of Amina in her last hours. She was very weak and suffered greatly, and often became impatient and fretful, but she was soothed immediately when reminded of what Christ suffered for her. Her New Testament and her Prayer Book in the Mota language were well thumbed, and full of pencil marks and notes of her own. I found a memorandum in her handwriting of the names of her four godchildren, whom she was in the habit of remembering before God. When she was too weak to read for herself, she often asked me to read to her about Jesus, or to repeat a hymn in which she could join.

On the morning on which she died she was singing in a low voice verses of different hymns she had learnt. And so quietly and peacefully she passed away, and her spirit returned to God who gave it. It is the custom at Ulawa not to bury the dead, but to wrap them in a mat and throw them into the sea to the sharks, which are ever prowling around waiting for such prey.

Amina had much dreaded this, and so for her comfort I had promised her that she should have proper Christian burial. I found it was not so easy to redeem this promise. I had no means of making a coffin for her, but, with the assistance of her sister and another woman, we sewed her up in her blankets. Then arose a wrangling over her body, how it was to be disposed of. The women had quite made up their minds she was to be thrown to the sharks in the usual way, and were astonished to find I held other views in the matter. Other women flocked to the scene, and we very nearly had a pitched battle to decide what was to be done. I was told that it was quite wrong for any one who is not a great chief to be buried, but especially a *woman*. It was added that

no one would allow me to dig a grave on his land, and as I had no land of my own I could not help myself. I soon put this to the test. The offer to pay for a piece of land soon found me a friend, who also helped to dig the grave. While I was away attending to this my plans were very nearly frustrated in a way that I did not expect. When it was observed that I was absent, a number of women arrived at my house and proceeded to lift up and carry off the body to dispose of it as they thought fit; but fortunately for me my teacher Clement was ill in the house at the time. Seeing what they were about, he put himself in the doorway and refused to let them pass with their plunder. I got my Christian party together and we laid the body to rest in the grave, reading the Burial Service and singing our Funeral hymn. There were crowds of natives present, but no one interfered. The grave was fenced in and a pile of stones raised over it, and I believe no one ever ventured near it after dark, lest the ghost should be wandering there restless and unhappy because the body had not been thrown to the sharks.

It does not seem to be usual to make much loud lamentation over the dead here, whereas in some islands this is carried to excess, and hired mourners attend for the purpose of wailing. I observed that widows always wear a particular kind of shell necklace, until they marry again. It seems usual, when old people die, to destroy all their property to prevent their children quarrelling over its distribution. Thus when a chief died near me all his carved bowls were smashed and his canoe, inlaid with pearl-shell, also. The only thing spared is shell-money, which seems to be divided amongst the survivors. When another chief died his widow returned with her children to her own village. She was supposed to have carried off some of her husband's shell-money, and to have given it to her own relatives. They were accused of receiving these stolen goods and were very indignant, and came over and insisted on a trial by ordeal to prove their innocence. These proceedings are as follows:—the accused, some ten or twelve persons, stand in a line with their backs to a fire. At this fire old Kukura, a friend of mine, presides over the trial—he holds a blazing palm-leaf close to the naked calves of each of those before him, and the one who flinches, or upon whom the fire takes most effect, is declared to be guilty. In this case Kukura shirked the difficulty and made out that the whole party were innocent.

I made several boat journeys while staying here, and in this way visited villages on other parts of the island. On one occasion I started with twelve natives in the boat for a place called Ehia. About two years

ago the Ehia people were at war with my people, but peace had been declared and I had seen several Ehia people in our village, so we were all supposed to be friends again. More than half of my crew, however, were so afraid of treachery, that when we reached the beach at Ehia, they would not venture on shore. I strolled through the village and made the acquaintance of some of the chief men, and gave and received presents, and was the subject of curiosity and astonishment to crowds of women and children. I knew too little of the language to say very much, but I hope I made some friends and prepared the way for future visits which may, I trust, be more satisfactory. On another occasion I wanted to see a village on the opposite side of the island, and started to walk, climbing the hills and wading the watercourses and forcing my way through thick bush for four hours together. Arrived at my destination I found several villages along the coast, where the people seemed numerous and friendly and willing to receive instruction if I could have stayed with them.

While at one of these villages I found great preparations had been made for a feast, and it turned out to be a heathen wedding. I was at the bride's village, and there the feast was made ready. The bridegroom was from another village about half-a-mile off. Just about noon I heard what was intended to be the sound of music. Then came the wedding procession in single file. The band consisted of four women blowing down short reeds and eliciting a variety of sounds, accompanied by others who beat hollow bamboos with short sticks. They were followed by the population of the bridegroom's village, all decorated with ornaments and armed with spears. The only person absent was the bridegroom himself. It seems it is not usual for either bridegroom or bride to appear at a native wedding, so he had gone off by himself for a quiet day's fishing on the rocks, and I don't know where she was; I can only say I saw nothing of her. The absence of the bridegroom and bride did not interfere with the due performance of the ceremonies, which were carried out by their respective friends. The first thing to be done was to pay for the bride. Ten strings of native shell-money were produced and examined and approved of by the authorities; then the chief of the bridegroom's village seized a spear and commenced running up and down and shouting at the top of his voice. He seemed to be making a request for the bride to be handed over to him and his people, promising to give her a home, food, protection, and plenty of work to do. He was succeeded by the chief of the bride's village, who went through the same performance, expressing his willingness to give the bride up. Then came a distribution of betel-nuts, pepper-leaves, and cocoa-nuts

to the principal performers, followed by the distribution of food to the general public.

I must mention another matter which caused me some anxiety at this island. On a certain day when a great feast was being held in the village, and almost every one was present at it, the shout was heard that there was a vessel close by, and it was a labour vessel collecting labourers for the plantations in Queensland, and that two lads from the village had, of their own accord, gone away in her. On hearing this the greatest excitement prevailed, and I observed from the way that every one rushed about and seized his weapons and hurried down to the beach, that there was mischief to be feared. It was not denied that the lads had gone willingly enough, but it was declared that they had no right to go and the white man had no right to take them. They say the young men are needed at home to defend the village against hostile tribes who would soon come down upon them if they were known to be insufficiently provided with fighting men. The objection to parting with their people to labour vessels is stronger still in the case of *women*, who are never supposed to have any voice in their own affairs, and in every case are the property of their parents or husbands, like any other piece of merchandise. To take away a woman from any of these islands, unless in the rare case that her father or husband consents, is a serious crime in native eyes, and its heinousness is not diminished by the fact that the lady is willing or even anxious to go. In the present case, fearing that there might even be bloodshed, I hastened down to the beach and attempted to calm the people down, telling them to leave the matter to me, and I would see what could be done. The ship's boat approached the shore again to see if they could pick up some more would-be labourers, and I interrogated them and got them to make some presents to the bereaved families whose youths they had carried off, but there was no hope of the lads being returned.

A few days later the boats came again and a similar scene was witnessed, only this time some eight or ten young people of both sexes, who were anxious to see the world, took the opportunity afforded them, and the excitement and indignation of their relatives grew almost beyond all bounds. It seems almost a miracle that no blood was shed. My own position was not a very enviable one, seeing that the sins of white men, over whom I had no control, might be laid at my door. From a white man's point of view it might be argued that nothing illegal had been done, although I am not sure how far it is strictly legal to recruit labourers against the plain wishes of their friends, as was done in this case. The effect of the departure of some ten of

their young people to Queensland at this time, was that when the *Southern Cross* arrived and I wanted to take three or four lads of the most forward scholars up to Norfolk Island for further instruction, they could not be spared.

MANNERS AND HABITS OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

By Rev. J. Palmer.

THE *Southern Cross* started on her second trip northward on July 12th. After two days' head wind we got on well enough, and reached Nenone on Saturday, 16th.

At Gatava, in Mota, a man called me into the public eating-house. He was busy cooking. He had lately bought himself up a grade higher, and had to cook in his new place for fifty successive days in consequence! He told me he had given five pigs and sixty fathoms of money for this grade. He had one pig left which, he said, he refused to give up. He was very hospitable, and opened a mess of yams and almonds, called "loko," of which I partook. As I was entering this "gamal," I saw what I knew to be a weather charm of some kind. It was a large shell filled with earth, and with a rounded oblong stone standing up in it, covered with red ochre, the whole thing surrounded by sticks, a sort of a fence with a creeper turned in and out. I innocently asked my friend what this was. "Me vil goro olan nan wa vus," he answered. "The wind is fenced, or bound round, lest it blow hard."

A Kolikoli (dance, &c.) was to be held at Veveran. School was out of the question. So after doing a little gardening I went to see the fun.

The "Sawai" was going on. Upright drums are used for this, beaten with the fists, a board laid over a hole dug in the ground is thumped upon with long sticks, and a quantity of shells tied up in the middle of a bag and used as a rattle. These all keep excellent time, and are an accompaniment to a song sung by a number of men standing round the drums, all in motion with a curious shuffling of the feet and sometimes motions of the hands. At certain points of the song the women and girls of the village in pairs, with their arms round each

other's necks, dance round the men in a continuous circle. Then out will rush a wild-looking fellow with a gorgeous hat (" Kamate an "), got up with flowers and leaves, and rush round the revolving circle. The man who is "kolikoli-ing" then dances out, with the step of a high-trotting horse, and holding a short string of money, presents it to the "Tamate." Next came the payment of pigs. These are slapped by the man, his wife, and children, and then handed over to the man who is making the kolikoli for his friend. One pig was to be killed and eaten in honour of the affair. Then there was a great prancing of the two magnates. One was fat, heavy, and clumsy, and all his friends made fun of him. He had to shoot the unfortunate pig with an arrow. It was then taken away and killed.

Next came the payment of money. There were seven bundles of money, from one and a half to two fathoms long, each containing ten double strings of money. This means a great sum of money in the eyes of these people. I was astonished to see so much money required for the affair, but there were four honours bought! 1st, the Ul toa (fowls' feathers), they are woven in a string, dyed crimson, and worn round the ancles and neck. 2nd, the wona, a stone erection in the village; a lasting memorial of one's greatness. 3rd, the privilege of sticking up a bit of sago palm, as a *Tapu*. 4th, the same of a particular kind of hybiscus. When the money was laid out in all its length, two men blew the conch shells a certain number of times for each piece of money.

Next came the dances. First the women's dance, the Lena, a stupid and ugly affair altogether. Next came the men's dances. They come running in, in twos and threes, from various sides of the village, each party either firing a gun, or bursting a well blown-up bladder against a tree, to make a loud report. They had rattles on their ancles, and at once the song was begun. Then more came in with a bang and a rattle, and so they went on till the whole party was assembled. They next formed two lines and went through certain figures. Then one of their number began to drum on a bamboo drum, and they danced round and round him. The whole thing is very pretty and lively. All are got up in the brightest colours, with scarlet cloths and flowers, and variegated leaves. The next dance was the "Mago-Matemate," which I had not seen before. The peculiar figure in this is, that at a signal they all fall backwards as dead and lie quite motionless! Then a man comes forward with a ciccus leaf, and, singing a song, touches each one. Those who are touched, as the song ends, come to life. The two that were not touched are supposed to be dead. They lie perfectly still and motion-

less, whilst the others dance round and over them, then all drop down again, and the same performance is repeated, when at last all are brought to life. The performance ended with drumming and singing.

I came away after the dances were over, as there was nothing more that was interesting to be seen. In the evening we had a singing practice. The "Rounds" were very successful. "A Boat! a Boat!" the Mota translation of which is, being interpreted: "Pull down the canoe to the sea! We will cross over to Vanua Lava, buy yams, come back and eat them." "White and grey sand" is: "The calm is calm, fish will bite, go look for bait." "Three blind mice" is a great favourite, and is a pretty literal translation.

At Meralava a crowd of people were on the rocks waiting for us. This island is an old volcano, round in shape, and rising at a steep slope right up to the edge of the crater, about 3,000 feet. So that a walk always means a climb. They have built a new house since I was here last; and an excellent one it is; a sort of slab hut, oblong in shape, strongly and well put together, with an excellent roof and verandahs to the front and back. This at the back has been divided off with reeds into three rooms, two sleeping-rooms with raised beds, and the middle portion a sitting-room, with table, &c., very complete and comfortable. It is the best house by far in all these parts. The main building is used for school and chapel. We soon made ourselves very comfortable indeed, they are the best quarters we are likely to meet with on the trip. There is no ground on the island sufficiently level to build a house on, so they have to scarp the hill and form a level spot. Use has made them clever at this, so that all the villages have a nice platform on which they are built. We had a good congregation in the evening, and it being the anniversary of Bishop Patteson's death, the Bishop gave an address instead of having regular school, one of the teachers interpreting. The people were most attentive.

It was a pretty sight to see all the different parties going on their several roads in the darkness, carrying their blazing torches of dry currant leaves. Some we could see going down a long distance, and yet so close under us, it looked as if one could jump on the top of them. Habit is everything. They come along these narrow paths, sometimes only a few inches wide, on the edge of a precipitous hill, by night and by day without any difficulty. Their naked feet give them greater steadiness of foot-hold. I have no doubt they never slip on the path as we with boots do. The next day after examining the schools, the top of the hill being nearly clear of clouds, we made up our minds to make the ascent. Had a couple of biscuits and some cocoanut, and with a party of boys, about 10 A.M. began the climb. Some two-thirds

of the way up we came to a taro garden in which people were working. The ground is damp, as the clouds are nearly always covering the top of the hill; at the end of this garden we entered the wood again, and at once we seemed to be in a different country. Some lads went ahead and cut down the ferns, &c., to clear the path. Ferns of all kinds abounded, and the large trees were one mass of lovely ferns and orchids, many of which were in flower. We found a lovely orange-coloured flower; also several ferns new to me. This was a most enjoyable part of the trip. We went up slowly botanising and looking about, enjoying the loveliness of everything around us. By-and-by our boys ahead gave a shout, and we knew that meant the end of the wood. Then came a long steep stretch of scoria sand, sometimes soft, sometimes hard. It was a trying climb. Then a few yards through stunted fern brought us to the edge of the cratur, with good strong breeze blowing. We could see nothing at first, as a cloud was over; presently it lifted, and then we saw a large deep crater with splendid precipitous sides, in some places fully three hundred feet high. There is a small pool of water in the bottom, and rather on one side a second perfectly round crater, which we also determined to look into. We descended through ferns and mosses. The orchids, growing on trees outside the crater, were here in abundance growing in the sand. I was much interested in finding the Tutu of Norfolk Island inside. I have never seen it anywhere else in these islands. The water is rain water, I suppose. It is a shallow pool, and is soon dried up in dry weather. It was nice water to drink. The vegetation in the crater was stunted compared to that on the outside. I heard several birds, amongst which I noticed the blackbird's note.

The second crater is most perfect in shape, quite round, and goes down to a point, where the trees and ferns looked of better growth; we did not descend this, but our lively boys, not having had enough exercise, took to racing round the top of the crater. We sat and rested, every now and then being enveloped in a cloud. The wind felt quite cold up here, and was most enjoyable. We climbed back out of the crater, and when at the edge of the stretch of black sand, joined the boys in rolling large stones down. They went bounding down the black sand, and now and then a good and successful one would go crashing into the wood beyond. Coming down was more trying to the legs than going up, though of course we descended quicker; reached the house again hot and tired by 4 P.M., but we enjoyed the trip immensely.

At Gana, after prayers and school, finding things in a disturbed state we went with a party to Livnat. Some were for taking their

ıs, but the Bishop told those who were afraid to go unarmed to urn, so we took a party of five or six young men who are friends of : Livnat people. On our way we came across Vagalo. His party re all armed and sentinels posted on the paths to watch the ɔroach of an enemy. The Livnat people had come down in the ht and damaged some of his getas. He sent one of his wives with as an ambassador, she being a Livnat woman. We also carried his ssage, that he had nothing to do with charms. That he had no ıse of quarrel with the Livnat people, but wished to live at peace h them. On nearing the country of the other people we came oss a stone fence, on the other side of which were two men, one h a musket, the other with bow and arrows guarding the path. ey lowered their arms when they saw who we were. They were : two men who shot at Vagalo, one a most unpleasant-looking ow, the other looked scared. A little further on we came to more ıtinels. We told them all to come to the village and talk the tter over. The head-man was a sharp, intelligent man who had wits about him. He said they did not think of Vagalo having ırmed the man who died until two of Vagalo's own men came up l told them so. After a long talk we tried to settle the matter ording to their notions. Vagalo was to give a pig for the false-ɔd which came from his side and they to give a pig to Vagalo to snara" him, that is, for the attempt made on his life. So we tled the matter. The wife stayed some time in confidential talk h the head-man. I have no doubt she was the genuine ambassador. hink the quarrel is settled, as I heard Vagalo had sent his pig the ɛt morning. Whether we have really done good or not remains to seen, anyhow we appear before them as messengers of peace, and y see by our acts as well as words that we wish to teach them to ell in peace and goodwill one with another.

When we got to Mota, a party of Vureas people came. They ɔught letters from Ambrose. They were "Duns" coming to get a ɔt repaid. This is one of their curious customs in money matters, on't mean dunning. They have friendly loans afloat between parties different islands. It is not that they want the money particularly, t it gives a reason for a friendly visit. The Vureas people had ıwed" (lent) certain Veveran people so many strings of money and many pigs. Now they came to seek payment, and the payment y get is just double what they lent in money. Pigs are valued by : length of their tusks. If you "wono matamotmot" you pay ır debt and have done with it, which means that you do it in a ıgy way. But if you pay both principal and interest, and then

"tawe" your friends in return, that is doing the thing in a generous and friendly way because that leads to a visit of Veveran people to Vureas by-and-by, and so the ball is kept rolling, money is made, feasts are eaten, and friendships are sealed.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY PARISH.

By a South African Vicar.

I NEVER knew a better churchwarden, or one more interested in the work of the English Church within this colony, than poor D—. He has long since gone from us; but I shall ever remember him for all his good kind deeds and cheerful happy way of encouraging me when depressed in spirit, or weighed down by some disappointment. "Don't you think so-and-so would help us?" he would inquire, in his own quiet manner. "He does not belong to the Church, but I am sure he would give a donation towards finishing that school roof before the winter sets in. I will ask him to-morrow." And sure enough he would succeed, and come with a smile, with money in hand, and propose at the same time some plan for further success. Church officers! What a rare thing to get a man willing and able to take an active part in the parish, and one not afraid to be seen with the much-dreaded subscription list! D— was just the man for me, one I could depend upon, able to think for himself, willing to risk responsibility and trouble. Did it so happen that the rector and churchwarden were ever seen together walking down the main street of the village, the latter with a roll of white paper in his hand, men parted right and left to avoid collision. Subscription lists were no more popular in those days than they are now. They were, and are still I fear, a disagreeable necessity; and when my valued friend removed to a more distant part of the parish, no true successor could be found, and the work fell off. His farm, however, became another little centre of action, for he held Divine Service every Sunday morning for the people around him, and every few months I arranged things so as to be able to pay him a visit.

On one of these occasions he had engaged to take me round a certain portion of the Karroo, and that at a time when it was the old story of a severe drought, and everything was parched up for want of

rain. The very word Karroo means dry, and dry it was at the period of which we speak. The farmers throughout the Gouph were trekking from place to place to satisfy their famishing flocks. In a light open cart, drawn by the two stout white horses of my good churchwarden, the little Hottentot driver sent us along over the plains at the rate of some eight miles an hour, causing us soon to come to grief, for one of the wheels became over-heated and refused to turn. There was no alternative but to send Piet ahead on one of the animals for assistance, while we sought refuge together under the shadow of the cart and turned over the pages of an old *Guardian* newspaper. Piet was almost a pure Hottentot of some five feet in height. He had a thin face, high cheek bones, a pointed chin, small eyes, a flat nose, and protruding lips. I expressed it as my opinion that Hottentots, Korannas, Namaquas, and Bushmen, were descended from the ancient Egyptians; but my friend thought them nearer to the baboon family, and added that the Namaquas, to this day, believe that a baboon will always protect their females from the lions.

As night closed in we arrived in our new cart at a very destitute-looking farm-house, as brown as the earth upon which it stood, and we could only discern it by the light of a dismal fire which some waggoner had kindled close by. We dashed away to the right, and made a graceful curve before coming to a dead stop opposite the door, and then found that we had arrived in time to see a Boer family wash feet before partaking of the supper already upon the table. A youngster who had nothing to do with the feast was summoned from outside to come in and ask a blessing, and twenty minutes afterwards Jan was recalled to express thanks in appropriate verse for what he had not received! In their own way these simple untaught people do their best, and what has oftentimes struck me when present in their houses has been the implicit obedience of the children to their parents. Want of outward respect for their elders is what I scarcely ever remember to have witnessed in these secluded parts.

There was a schoolmaster here,—a poor unfortunate Scotchman who had deserted from his regiment at the Cape during the Kafir War of 1852. He belonged to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, but had evidently forgotten much that had been taught him when confirmed at Edinburgh by the Bishop. I managed to have a short talk with him that night. The farmer had engaged him for three months to educate his children in the English language, and that for the sum of fifty dollars. At the end of that period, he hinted to me that it was very possible he might be able to marry the farmer's daughter, but

there was a tinge of sadness about his speech, which seemed to imply that he would in that case be sacrificing himself upon the altar of necessity.

What a relief it was to be able, on the following day, to turn our faces homewards. The very lizard as it rushed across the hard road before our horses seemed anxious to quit the district, and the noise of the Knorhaan (or noisy hen), with its slender neck and yellow eyes, flying just like a goose, afforded a hint that possibly no one but a goose would live there. And yet experience, and a belief in the law of compensation, have taught me since to acknowledge that great advantages are to be derived from a short stay in parts apparently less favoured by the Almighty. Not only is the soil wonderfully fertile where irrigation can be employed, but there is an absence of the relaxing climate peculiar to some of the coast lands, and to which we attribute the dullness of the beautiful Division of George, and the dreaminess of its pretty relation, the Knysna. Go where you like, there will ever be the dark and bright side of things, as we found that very night upon our return, for D—'s brother churchwarden had resigned in a most vexatious way without any just cause, as I thought, and an old parishioner had died leaving the sum of fifteen pounds for the parish church.

If you ever want to secure a good attendance at a meeting of parishioners, either brush them up yourself individually beforehand, or give notice that there is likely to be a good row over the matter of the appropriation of the church seats. The attendance is then secured. From my experience, you may just as well have pew rents at once as appropriate the seats. The only difference is, that in the first case you get the money, and in the latter are left to wish for it. We got the whole church properly seated at this time, by each family paying the cost of erecting its own seat, or single individuals clubbing together for one. But I never repeated the experiment. It was a mistake, and the result was a valuable lesson to me afterwards. Dear me! how they did squabble! Why should this one sit in front of that? And why should Mrs. B, who had done so much for the church, have to sit behind Mrs. C, who had only just come to the village? I began to wish we had remained contented with the old broken benches. Happening to allude in my sermon to the need of attending God's house, wherever the seat might be, a woman told me straight out next day that I had evidently meant her, and so for the future she would "sail off" to the Dutch Church. I informed her that I certainly did mean her, and not her only, but every one else beside that heard me.

How it came to pass I don't quite know, but I recollect one evening holding a kind of select gathering at my bachelor's quarters, and which I had reason to regret for months afterwards, for I found I had fallen into a mistake made by my good-natured predecessor. Having but a small house, he attempted a succession of small tea-parties—some one evening and some another, to please all. The first, I was informed, went off well, but some of the next set declined the honour of being considered second class, and from that day forward actually remained away from church for years! And here I was, apparently falling into the same trap! However, the difficulty was splendidly got over in my case, and I began to learn never to attempt to please everybody, but to go straight on in duty, and care for none.

In this colony perhaps the vice of drunkenness is the clergyman's greatest opponent. I have found it so, at any rate, for it has withered and destroyed Church work, and made shipwreck of what otherwise were most hopeful cases. Much has to be laid at the door of what are called our licensing boards. Fancy the latter actually making a law compelling a man to purchase five gallons of brandy, or none at all! This was the case in my distant country parish; so upon Saturday nights little groups of men and women stood at the corners of the streets putting their money together for the desired purchase, which it took two or three days to get rid of. But even boards have gained experience and learnt wisdom in the course of time. I sat for years as member of a board, and know how difficult it is to measure out justice in the proper quarter.

Bishop Gray, on his first visit to one of my Karroo out-stations, perceived as he entered the village on horseback with Mrs. Gray a great noise going on in the market square. It was about midday, and a group of Kafirs, howling and yelling most lustily, stood round a small cloud of dust. A grand fight was going on between the squire of the village (whose guest the Bishop was to be) and a naked Kafir of dangerous size, who unfortunately held our white friend under upon the ground. On the approach of his lordship, the latter appealed loudly to him as a witness of the proceedings, and declared he would summon the Bishop to give evidence in his behalf in the magistrate's court, 150 miles away!

But a few years previously, the Bishop had written in his journal that if any one doubted whether the land belonged to the sons of Ham he had only to take a long journey through the Karroo, and behold the open sea of scorched up empty plains. At one time it was all Bushman's country. A place in the district is pointed out where in years past the last remnants of this unhappy race were

slaughtered. The farmer who committed the deed was at the time a very rich man. To-day his children are beggars!

Circumstances once led me to a distant part of the parish, where I had to baptize some children, and to hold Divine Service. Before leaving home I had had a very disagreeable office to perform, which was nothing less than attending a condemned criminal to the gallows. Such a duty has more than once fallen to my lot. To visit a poor wretch day by day in his cell (in this case it was a Dutch farmer)—to become by this means well acquainted with him, and then to stand by him even until the rope is about his neck, is enough to try the stoutest of us. It was but a day or two after this occurrence that I was riding, as I have said above, over the saline plains of this deserted country. The fierce rays of the midday sun seemed more oppressive than ever. I had seen no house for hours, and knew of no farm within twenty miles. A solitary black speck many miles away appeared to be approaching, which proved to be a horseman under circumstances similar to my own. He had on a kind of clerical hat, green spectacles, and black clothes. Could it be a Bishop? Or Archdeacon at least? Astonished I was to find that it was the public executioner of a few days before, who was going to Graaff-Reinet, as he told me, upon a similar dark errand.

Shortly after this I off-saddled by the roadside, and under the scanty shadow of a small mimosa tree, with a black crow's nest above it, knee-haltering the horse, I threw myself upon the ground, but soon jumped up again, upon seeing a long string of red Kafirs straggling along the road, and now about one hundred yards off from where I stood. They came on and then halted, asking at once for tobacco, but I had none to give them. They were on their way from Kafirland, with all their worldly goods upon their heads. Their blankets were reddened with clay and red ochre. The men walked first with knobbed sticks, the blankets being thrown over the left shoulder. Here and there could be seen the sharp point of the deadly assegai. The women came next in skin petticoats, with bead trimmings—their arms well loaded with brass rings, and on their heads reed-mats, and gourds, and tin cans, and three-legged pots. The children lagged behind in a line, without any clothing at all. They told me they were come to look for work in the colony, or to look after relatives long from home. The Dutch farmers are glad to get them as herdsmen for their sheep and cattle. These were very handsome men indeed, being very tall, with well made bodies, and carriage stately and upright. Haughty and proud in their bearing, they walked with heads erect and thrown back. Their only covering was the blanket

They differ very much from the Hottentot race. They possess large woolly heads, and from their long ears depend brass ornaments or earrings of various sizes and descriptions. Their eyes were keen and very piercing, wandering here and there and everywhere, first at me, then at my horse, again at my saddle upon the ground under the tree. These people are magnificent speakers, in fact eloquent orators; and as they squatted upon the ground the head-man began to talk, with his fingers ever in active motion, now high over head, now compressed against his lips. They wanted particulars about the country, but they could not understand what I replied to them in Dutch.

In their own country I am told the Kafirs herd their cattle in a similar way to what we read of in the Scriptures, and their wealth is calculated according to the number in possession. The chief herd goes before the cattle, and they know his voice and obey his whistle. Behind a large herd walk a couple of assistants, bearing rods of some six feet in length, pointed at one end. At war time men walk likewise at the sides. How much we are reminded here of the "hireling" mentioned in holy writ, "whose own the sheep are not," who "careth not for the sheep," but "fleeth" in the hour of danger, "because he is an hireling, and careth not."

Glad was I to escape and feel myself once more free, and able that afternoon to enjoy the sight of a most beautiful mirage. In a dry land, "where no water is," suddenly lakes of shining water seem to dance over the plains of the Karroo, receding as you approach. The smallest pools of dirty water are magnified into wonderful dimensions, and tiny bushes seem suspended like great castles in the air, and as though springing up out of the midst of a sparkling lake. And yet it is a well-known truth that in bygone ages these desert places were partly under water—living creatures of another kind floated over the surface. Fossil remains of an extinct species of lizard or crocodile (much larger than those of an ox) are scattered thickly over the country, after inhabiting the land in ages gone. How would one of these old fellows now stare could he arise for a little hour and behold the change come over his world! In the place of a lake of sparkling water, with its islands of green and luxuriant herbage, he would now see nothing but scorched up flats of broken stones, and not a drop of water to quench his thirst!

S.P.G. WORK IN BOMBAY.

By the Rev. Canon Churton.

THE Bombay Diocesan S.P.G. Report for 1881 is a record of much earnest and diligent work, maintained in spite of diminished resources. The year began with a debt of 8,942 rupees, which necessitated a serious reduction of expenditure in the Ahmednuggur Mission, and even with this saving, and a special appeal for local support, the debt has only been reduced to an amount of 6,700 rupees, which still remained at the end of the year. Though the assistance rendered by the Diocese was larger than in 1880, it is quite insufficient even now to support the reduced staff of workers. The contributions received from Bombay must be more than doubled if the work is to be maintained.

The Rev. G. Ledgard, of Bombay, in the course of his Report, says: "We have continued the preaching once a week at the porch of St. Paul's Church, not so much from any hope of actual visible good arising out of it, as from the desire to leave no means unused, which may by any possibility prove useful. We are not encouraged to increase this particular kind of work by the class of people who attend these preachings. They consist chiefly of the very lowest and poorest among the Kamaties residing in the district, with a sprinkling of Mussulmans of 'the baser sort,' who in most cases have made a previous visit to the grog shop; consequently, they are ready for any mischief which may be going on. Street preaching, which was once thought the chief means of publishing the Gospel to the heathen, is now much less advocated by Missionaries, some of the ablest of them having altered their opinion during the last few years. It is not like preaching in villages to simple country people. We cannot look for a good result unless we can claim some degree of respect and attention from the hearers. But in our large towns we find that the one idea is how to refute what is said without regard to its being true or untrue; the advantage thus gained must surely be very small indeed. Some preachers have called in the aid and protection of the city police to prevent disturbance; but this introduces a new element,—the interference of the ruling power,—and thus creates a strong feeling of opposition. I have long thought that the day for street preaching in Bombay has gone by."

Amongst his inquirers he mentions a certain Nawab, who said he had spent twelve years in England. He sent for the catechist, knowing that he had formerly been a Mussulman, and said he wished to have some conversation with him. He professed to belong to no religion, although outwardly he was a Mussulman. He said he was perfectly ready to become a Christian, if it could be shown to him that the Christian religion was true. But the particular thing he desired to have made clear was that the passages in the 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of St. John, which speak of the Holy Spirit, which Christ was to send, do not refer to Mohammed. He would not listen to the arguments for the fulfilment of the promise in the Acts; these passages seemed to him to refer to Mohammed. He argued with the catechist, but declined an interview with Mr. Ledgard.

Another man, who called himself a moulvie, and professed to have read a great deal about Christianity, and to be favourably inclined towards it, had several interviews with the catechist, but excused himself when he was invited to meet the Missionary. His conversation consisted chiefly in bringing forward objections to various parts of our Scriptures. One was that in St. Matthew it is said "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene." He asked where this was said by the prophets, and nothing short of the actual words used by St. Matthew would satisfy the moulvie, showing that his object was to show that there was no answer. Another passage he objected to was St. John x. 8, "All that ever came before Me were thieves and robbers." He said that Christ in that passage called all the former prophets and good men thieves and robbers. We showed that he had misunderstood the passage, and had brought into it something which it never contained, but nothing would satisfy him. Men of this class carefully select their objections, and bring them forward and are unwilling to speak of anything else. They profess attachment to Christianity, but this is a mere outward pretence without any inward desire for truth.

The Rev. J. S. Diago contributes some details of the Tamil Mission in Bombay and Poona. His flock is a scattered one, differing widely from the rest of the Diocese in language and mode of life, and kept together with difficulty. But frequent Services and weekly eucharists are maintained at the Church of St. Paul's, Kamatipura, and the sick are visited at the Jeejeeboy Hospital. The heathen Tamils have been visited in their houses, and a few converts have been baptized. The work also includes a poor-fund for the relief of orphans and infirm persons, and mixed schools both at Bombay and Poona.

The Rev. H. Lateward, of Poona, besides supplementing Mr. Diago's work among the Tamils, has been engaged in Marathi work in Poona and the neighbouring villages. The low caste ignorant people and the high caste educated people, omitting the intermediate grades, have been assigned as his share of the town work; whilst in the villages his efforts have been mainly directed to the middle class Kunbis or farmer caste. Mahars, who are outcastes, have also claimed his attention; but this has been to the detriment of his influence with the caste people. He says: "The tenour of my preaching has been chiefly for the worship of One God, true and alive, in opposition to their myriads of mythical divinities; this foundation is required for educated Brahmins as well as outcastes, for the Pantheism that prevails differs but little from atheism. The Mangs, who, like the Mahars, are outcastes, live in tiny cottages apart, and are slightly beneath them in the social scale. Being dissatisfied with the Mahars, and having received a pressing invitation to a fresh Mang *wada*, we decided to visit the Mangs in preference. We usually went in the evening about seven o'clock, after their dinner. We were accompanied by one or two sisters, and the Zenana lady, together with native Mission agents, male and female. On arrival two or three of us went round to the houses, and invited the people to come to Service, where we sat on carpets or native blankets spread on the ground, and by the light of our hurricane lanterns sang a Marathi hymn, usually to a native tune. When this was finished, one of our agents gave an address, or some Old Testament Bible story. I then followed, our preaching being varied by arguments and discussions from objectors or inquirers. Then we sang another hymn, and after this the people were invited to stand up and take off their shoes while we offered extempore prayer. They seem to listen with reverence."

Mr. Lateward has also done work among the educated class in Poona, some of whom belong to the Prathana Somaj, a Theistic body, similar to the Brahmos of Calcutta. In addition to devotional meetings on Sunday, these people have a meeting on Wednesday evenings for friendly discussion and inquiry into religious questions, which is both opened and closed with a hymn and extempore prayer, offered by some one of those present. The substance of this prayer is usually for light and guidance into the Truth as known to God. Mr. Lateward has attended some of these lectures in Poona to keep himself acquainted with their tone of thought, and in the hope of influencing religious opinion amongst them. He follows this up by visiting them in their houses. The men are fairly open

arguments, but the women are out of reach, having no contact th Europeans, and being strongly entrenched in superstition and athenism.

The Rev. J. Taylor gives a full report of the Kohlapur Mission: The number of the native congregation is 254. Four have died ring the year, one being a youth who went to the front during the ghan war, and died in Scinde of fever. Thirty are communicants. ve have been baptized during the year, three being children and two ults. Of the latter one was a poor Maratha woman who had been the habit of coming to us for some years, and on her death-bed gged to be taken to the Mission and baptized. Mrs. Daji had ught her a great deal, and I had a great liking for her. She was a nd of *protegée* of the Kohlapur Ranis, and for a long time was afraid break her caste and come to us. But happily grace prevailed at st, and I was much cheered by her baptism, regarding it as an couragement to persevere and not to despair of any, even the most peless and hardened. The second adult baptized was also a aratha woman, who came to us from near Karar, and was found by rs. Daji in hospital, and brought to my notice. She is now married a Rajput convert, who has been seeking admission into the police rce. Our senior catechist has also prevailed upon a Maratha Gosavi give up his devotee life, and come out of heathenism. He has ought two promising boys with him, and is working diligently for s living. He is now under regular instruction for baptism, and also Maratha man whom two of our converts brought back with them om Scinde."

At the beginning of the year 1881, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Priestley ok a short tour among the villages to the west of Kohlapur. On ie occasion they were sitting on a raised stone platform, in the ntre of which was an idol, and after preaching some time Mr. aylor took a small stone, and tapped the head of the idol, and asked ie people whether their god felt that, or knew what was going on; ie people laughed much, evidently showing that they cared little out the idol. This was confirmed by the dilapidated state in which ey left some of their idols and temples.

Of the Christians in and around Mangalvedha, Mr. Priestley speaks ss hopefully: "For the most part they are falling away, though some otably stand by us; but the temptations for them to relapse into eir former state are so great and manifold, that those only who are oroughly acquainted with the circumstances can estimate their bearing i the convert's daily life. Often persecutions can be met and dealt ith, but when a newly-converted man, with but very limited capacities

for receiving the truth, finds himself outside the pale of his old companionships, denied all his old and much-valued privileges, even to the use of the familiar well of water, and checkmated in most of his endeavours to get an honest livelihood, and live decently and at peace with his neighbours, without the sympathy, the advice, and example of other Christian friends to remind him of his duty, and to cheer him on; what wonder if his first ardour for the faith cools down, and in answer to the earnest entreaties of his dear friends, conforms outwardly to the ways of those around him? But even here there are signs that Christianity is secretly working its way; in one village where we have only one Christian and his family, three men, who a few months before had been admitted as Catechumens, came forward and asked to be baptized. We thought it better to test their sincerity a little longer. Mr. Narayan Vishnu, the native deacon, says our district work was much more enconraging and interesting than that of Kohlapur. We always had a large and attentive audience, and in some villages the people showed us great kindness and respect in presenting us with sugar-cane juice, rice, and other things, which they offer to their gurus and religious teachers."

The Rev. H. F. Lord, of the Ahmednuggur Mission staff, says: "The two chief difficulties which I have encountered this year, and which I hope to overcome somewhat in the next, is the fact that all Christians, from the agents downwards, seem to have an aversion to bringing their children to baptism. In the case of the agents I have found out the reason to be that they hope to secure Mr. Williams to baptize them, since he is the head of the Mission, and I but an inferior. Others seem to have a sort of dread of baptism, and like the child to grow up some months first. I fancy in some cases, especially when the child is a girl, that they like to keep it a heathen for the sake of a marriage with a Hindu, as then they are sure of getting at least ten rupees by selling the girl. This practice is very deeply rooted in the Hindu, and the love of money cannot yet be overcome by any stronger sense of Christian morality or ties of family love. It is a point against which a long and bitter war will have to be carried on. Still it is a matter for congratulation that some few marriages do now come off without this sale, at least without it coming to our notice." Mr. Lord then calls attention to the large number of wives who remain heathen while the rest of the family are Christian. The woman never will offer herself, and the husband will not think it worth while—so utterly is the Hindu woman a being without religion.

Mr. Charles King, the lay reader, says: "One great difficulty

g the past year has been the marriage question. There have but two marriages according to Christian rites in the combined cts of Sheogao and Wambori. Last year, there having been a harvest, the number of marriages was above the average, yet in other case the ceremony was performed according to Hindu ; and this not only in villages from which we have been com- l to withdraw agents, but even in those which have had agents since the beginning of the Mission. The chief cause of this of things is the unwillingness of the Christians to break with caste-fellows ; besides this, there is a great difficulty in getting tian wives and husbands for Christian children ; and also there ; but one priest in the Mission, the marriages can seldom be rated in their own villages. In a few cases funeral ceremonies have been performed according to Hindu rites ; perhaps our al service strikes the Hindu as being cold and formal when com- l to his own."

. King gives a melancholy report of the villages in the Sheogao ct: "In some villages our people have altogether lapsed since gents have been dismissed ; in others the congregation is only tian in name, never attend prayers, perform all their rites ding to their caste rules, and at the Census, which took place :bruary, described themselves as Hindus, not Christians. The s of this state of things seem to me to be, first and chiefly, that illages are so far off that they cannot be so well looked after and d as other parts of the districts ; then our sub-catechist has been e greater part of the year, and there seems no hope of his ever ıg well again, and our least satisfactory agents seem to find their ıere. Some central village, where there is a good congregation ıristians, should be selected as the head-quarters for the district, . school church erected there. In this way the district might be thoroughly looked after."

e Report from which the above extracts are made shows much st and persevering effort ; and it is a work which should surely more sympathy and substantial aid from Churchmen, both in ›ay itself, and at home.

A DAY AT CHIENG MAI IN SIAM.*

By Mrs. Jonathan Wilson.

LET me take you in imagination to our home in the Laos country. The house is on the banks of the river Maaping, and faces the west. As you walk from the front gate up through the yard, you will notice orange trees, cocoa-nut, bamboo, mango, and tamarind, with the pomegranate, custard-apple, guava, and coffee-tree of smaller growth. Some of the flowers will seem familiar, as the rose, tiger-lily, and one which bears a resemblance to the beautiful calla. The passion-flower, too, is here, with greater luxuriance of growth than in the West, and many tropical flowers, with heavy waxen petals, having a rich perfume. Seated on the veranda, your eye takes in the view of river, plain, and distant mountain, over which the bright sunshine is streaming. No wonder you exclaim, "Beautiful for situation is sunny Chieng Mai!" But now let me take you to the ceremony of *idol bathing*, which occurs yearly. We will get our hats and umbrellas—for it is afternoon, and this is the "hot season"—and join the groups of women who are passing to the nearest temple, about half a mile distant from the Mission premises. Look how neat and clean they appear, dressed in white jackets, and the Balmoral, patterned Laos skirts, with long muslin scarfs of crimson, purple, yellow, or pink thrown over the breast or shoulders, and with flowers to contrast or correspond with the scarfs in their glossy black hair. Each woman bears in her hand a metal basin, in some cases of silver, containing scented water. They have spent part of the morning compounding perfumery from spices or flowers, which, when duly prepared, is thrown into the basin with fresh well-water just before leaving home. If you peep into the basin you will see newly-gathered flowers lying on the top of the water. It looks dainty, but its destiny is to wash off the dusty, musty idols that sit in darkness in their allotted corner from year to year. As the women pass along, they talk merrily together. You will see children and bright-eyed girls, as well as matrons and aged women.

As we approach the temple we get glimpses of its white walls, through the foliage of the large trees which overshadow it. It is built of brick, and plastered. The outer walls are whitened, and have

* From "The Gospel in all Lands."

a polished appearance. It is surrounded by a low wall, built also of brick, and plastered. We enter through a gate just in front of the temple door. How neatly the grounds are kept, and how shady and pleasant they seem. In the same enclosure are the little houses where the priests eat and sleep. There are quite a number of these priests, young and old, walking about the grounds, dressed in yellow robes, and with closely shaven heads.

As we pass from the bright, warm sunshine into the dark, dreary building, a feeling of gloom and sadness strikes the soul. The floor is hard, like stone, being made of some preparation of plaster and cement, and it looks cold and cheerless. The dull, high walls are without even a window to break the dismal outline. On the side opposite the door is the shrine of Buddha. By the light of the little waxen tapers we observe a large idol of perhaps four feet in length, with proportionate body, made of wood and overlaid with gold leaf. On a shelf below where this sleepy Buddha sits are scores of smaller idols covered with gold or silver, and similar in appearance to the large image. If we go nearer we shall see some of the offerings the women have brought and laid on the shrine. There are garlands of lovely flowers, which fill the air with a heavy perfume, fruit of different kinds, piles of newly-made yellow robes, new mats, pillows with embroidered work, &c. These are all for the priests, and have been prepared by the skilful hands of women. You soon notice that more than three-fourths of those present are women. As the time for their so-called worship has come, we look about for seats, but as none are provided we will have to do as the others do, sit down on the floor. The Laos women are kind and polite, and we soon find quite a number of soft straw mats at our service, with invitations to come and sit on this or that mat. Selecting our places, we are soon seated in an audience of heathen worshippers. How depressing and melancholy it all seems! The flickering flame of the tapers casts a weird light over the stupid countenance of the large idol, toward which every face is turned. The worshipping is not simultaneous; there is neither rule nor order in it. Neighbours who have not met for some time are chatting together in an ordinary tone of voice. A woman sitting by us is inquiring if we are comfortable, if this is not a pleasant occasion, if this is one of the ways we are accustomed to worship, &c. While answering her questions, we are observing two women in front of us. One is a mother with a young child on her knee, in whose little hands she places a sweet, bright flower; then she closes the tiny hands, palm to palm, the flower projecting from the tips of the fingers, the stem within the palms. She then, pressing the hands closely with hers, raises them above its baby

head, at the same time inclining its body in a bow toward the image of Buddha. So soon do the heathen mothers begin to teach religion to their little ones. The other woman is very aged, and she places her hands just as the baby did, and raising them high above her head, bends her body forward till her head and hands are pressing the stony floor. How abject, how devout she looks in her prostration before the idol! But she is again, in a minute, taking up the conversation where it was broken off, with quite a hearty laugh at some passing remark.

By this time a priest begins in a monotonous tone to read from one of the sacred books. The talking and laughing are going on in the meantime. No one present understands what is being read, the reader included, for it is in the Pali language; but they imagine some blessing comes from the reading, although it is in an unknown tongue. This over, the ceremony of bathing the idols follows. All rise to their feet, the women getting their basins of water ready, while the men carry out the small images and place them in a miniature temple of bamboo which has been temporarily prepared in the yard. When they are all arranged, they gather around, and each one dashes her basin of water over them, but not touching one of them with the end of a finger. They are too sacred for a woman's hand to touch. The splashing and dashing of the water is attended with great hilarity, terminating in a noisy romp.

As we turn homeward from this scene, can we refrain from praying "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and reveal Thyself to these poor benighted ones"? In the evening, as we stand again on the veranda, looking at the sunset, we see on the opposite side of the river a number of men and women busily gathering up sand and putting it into baskets. You are astonished when I tell you that this sand is carried to the temple grounds and thrown into piles known as *sand gods*, and a kind of worship is offered to them. As the night comes on, the people scatter away to their homes, the noisy tumult subsides, leaving a quiet hush which we welcome most gratefully. But hark! that deep, heavy *thud, thud*, in the distance. What is it? It is the beating of the great drums which are hung in the temple grounds to awaken or notify their gods that an offering is about to be made. You will hear them at intervals through the night, even into the morning watches.

When the sun goes from you in the West this evening, it will [illegible] upon the poor Laos people to awaken them to some of the [illegible] forms of idolatry. Ah! dark and unsatisfied and hungry are [illegible] hearts of these, our brothers and sisters, who starve unwittingly [illegible]

side the temple of God's grace. Yet even now a faithful few are worshipping His great name with praise and thanksgiving; and in our faith, as we forecast the future, may we not hope that soon the glory of the Lord may come into the house by the way of the gate whose prospect is toward the East?

ZANZIBAR.

I.

By H. A. Forde.

[Papers for Mothers' Meetings.]

XLIII.

WE can all remember the brave attempt to plant the Christian faith in the centre of Africa made by Bishop Mackenzie and his little band of helpers, and the sad end of that Mission—a few graves amidst the heathen villages, a cross by an African river, with the Bishop's name upon it.

As far as men could see the Mission had failed. Death had been too strong an enemy to overcome.

Must Central Africa then be abandoned to heathenism? That was the question that next troubled thoughtful men. Was it right to send earnest Missionaries into a pestilential climate to sicken and die, or was such a course simply a waste of good material? That was the other view of the subject.

Bishop Tozer, the successor to Bishop Mackenzie, thought over the matter deeply, and settled on a middle course. Valuable lives ought not to be rashly ventured in the African swamps, yet the interior of Africa must be reached by the Gospel, surely, if slowly. How was this to be managed?

The Bishop's new idea took this form. Native teachers must be trained for the purpose, to whom the climate would not prove fatal, and a healthy spot on the coast must be chosen for European Missionaries to begin the work of educating a native ministry for Africa.

Zanzibar, an island on the east coast of Africa, was the place selected. It is a busy little island, some twenty miles from the mainland, and about twice the size of our Isle of Wight. Trade flourishes here.

What trade, do you ask? Well—ivory, and not so very long ago the chief trade was that of slaves.

Have you heard and read of the horrors of the slave trade?—of men, women, and children snatched from their homes, and packed like herrings in a barrel in the slave dhows, as they call these thieving vessels? Left without food or water for forty-eight hours or more, half suffocated in their close quarters in the sultry heat of Africa.

Ah, but that was years ago. Such a thing is not permitted now, do you think? If you read the newspapers you will see that the slave trade still continues, that only the other day English seamen were killed off the African coast boarding a dhow, and endeavouring to free the miserable captives.

When Bishop Tozer first came to Zanzibar there was a slave market open in the town, and children were bought and sold as freely as horses and cows are at an English fair. The slave merchant had to pay a tax to the Sultan of two dollars for every slave; sometimes he tried to cheat, and sell a slave without paying the tax, and then if he was caught, the slave became the Sultan's property.

Five such little black boys were thus seized by the Sultan about the time of the Bishop's arrival at Zanzibar, and as a mark of attention to the new-comer they were sent to him as a present.

Little slaves for a Christian Bishop! What could he want with them? There they were, poor little frightened wretches, standing almost naked side by side, waiting tremblingly to know what dreadful thing was next going to happen to them.

It was of no use setting them free, the children were probably hundreds of miles away from home and friends. They must be taken care of in Zanzibar, fed, clothed, educated, yes, and in time made into those very native Christian teachers that the Bishop, with the eye of faith, saw in years to come treading in the footsteps of Bishop Mackenzie, carrying the Gospel to the heathen tribes of Central Africa.

Here was a great thought to be roused by the sight of five little terrified slaves.

Yet these children were really the seed of the native Church to be, the beginning of the new Church in Central Africa. The Bishop gladly accepted the strange present, and endeavoured by signs to comfort and reassure the poor little strangers, since as yet he could not speak a word of their language.

It did not take long to collect a stock of such small scholars for the Zanzibar schools; our ships always watching off the coast for slavers were constantly bringing children to the Bishop.

In May, 1865, there was a rumour of a large dhow going to sail

with its slave cargo, and one of the British men-of-war lay in wait to capture it. This was accomplished, but not without a desperate fight. When possession was gained of the dhow, three hundred slaves were found on board, packed into a place only two feet high, and fed on uncooked rice.

The Bishop's sister went to see the landing of these poor creatures. Some of the children were only three years old, the most of them about six. A poor little girl wounded in the fight was tenderly carried out on a carpet by the sailors. Miss Tozer adds, "I saw the Bishop lifting out a mother and baby, the great tearful eyes looking wildly round as she clasped her child. It was almost too dark to see their faces, but the sight of these fifty little creatures squatting around so patiently was quite touching, and I think you would have done as I did, sit down and cry. It was the first realisation of slavery, the first coming face to face with it."

But as you may fancy, a very short time could be given to weeping over these poor little slaves, there was so much work to be done in the way of feeding and nursing and instructing them.

On St. Bartholomew's Day, 1865, fourteen African children rescued from slavery and given to the Bishop to be brought up Christians, were baptized, some of them receiving the names of the persons in England who had volunteered to pay for their support; thus there was a Samuel, after the late Bishop of Winchester, and another black boy was called *John* Swedi, after the present Bishop of London. This boy became the first black clergyman out of the slave school; his name stands this year as deacon among the list of the English clergy of the Mission. He is the first-fruit of Bishop Tozer's plan for training the natives to teach and preach to their own heathen brethren.

But we are looking too far ahead—to come back to the Zanzibar school. Year by year the number of scholars increased, and the schoolmaster reports that the little black lads are fully as easy to teach as English boys who have been under instruction from infancy. If they are more ignorant they receive the teaching of the Gospel with a more simple faith.

A regular establishment at Kiungani, just outside the town of Zanzibar, was now set on foot as a Native College, and the Bishop in a visit to England stirred up a great interest in people's hearts for his African boys. He took four with him to England; one of them, Francis Mabruki, was placed for a year under the charge of a clergyman in Suffolk. In the parish school there Francis made a friend, one Samuel Speare, the son of a poor labourer. Samuel had all his life liked to hear of Missionaries and Missionary work, and when this

black boy, snatched from slavery and heathenism, came and sat by him on his bench at school, telling strange stories of his far away land where was neither church nor Gospel, school nor Christ-like teaching, the white boy's heart swelled with renewed desire to help in the great work of carrying good tidings to Africa. His wishes came to the ear of Bishop Tozer, who offered to take him out to Zanzibar and educate him in his Kiungani College as a Missionary.

The Speares were very poor people, the father often ill and unable to work. Samuel was the eldest boy, earning 5*s.* a week; many a poor man would have said he could not spare his boy in such a case, but the Speares seem to have recognised God's voice calling their Samuel to His work, and they willingly gave him up. Samuel did not disappoint his friends. He remained in Africa as in England a steady, trustworthy lad, looking forward to spending his life in the service of the Mission, but God thought fit to deal otherwise with His young servant. The lad passed safely through all the trials and dangers of the African climate, and died some years later in England, whither he had gone to receive ordination. The full and interesting story of his life is told by his own English clergyman in a little book published by the Christian Knowledge Society, called "A Suffolk Boy in East Africa."

The loss of this hopeful helper must have been a great grief to the Mission, for it suffered severely at all times from lack of teachers, the few who came out being always obliged to work too hard to keep all the various schemes going.

Do not think that the education of slave boys and girls was the only work taken in hand by the Central African Mission, or that Zanzibar was the only spot chosen for a Christian establishment. A much larger idea was always present with the leaders of the Mission, no less a one than the planting of Christian churches on the mainland, the settlements creeping on and on, till in days to come the sound of the Gospel should once more stir the silent forest under the shade of which Bishop Mackenzie's body was laid to rest.

And now let me tell you one great reason why Africa cannot be left alone, why its present needs seem to burn our hearts with an eager craving to do something towards sending the Gospel there at this very moment.

Firstly, then, Africa is awake now; many of its tribes and their chiefs who used to be content with their own idol worship are looking around them and asking for something better. "Send us a Mission," says one chief. "Tell us about your God," says another. "Come and be our king," another tribe asks of a Christian Missionary.

And to many of such messages the only possible answer is, "We cannot come, we have no one to send."

Perhaps you think, well, the poor idol worshippers must just be left a little longer to their stocks and stones, by-and-by perhaps England will find men and money to help them.

But here we come to a second part of the subject, and a very alarming one.

If we cannot give these poor black men a true God, they will be offered a false one. There is another religion in the field trying to make converts. The Mohammedans are busily at work offering the false prophet instead of Jesus.

The African would be a Christian if we would only teach him; as it is, hear him speak. "We became Mohammedans," says a man living in the town of Umba, "because we had no religion, and the beach people came and taught us theirs; but we don't like them because they cheat us, and if Christianity is better than Islam, we will follow it."

Now is the time to catch these poor men; the house of their heart is empty, swept and garnished; they want Christ to come into it; they are begging England to send them teachers of her faith; if we do not do so, Mohammedanism will slip in, and they will be lost, given up to other and worse spirits than those they invoked in their heathen days.

This is a melancholy subject, but it must be thought of. If we cannot help with men or money, let us give it our prayers. And now to go back to the cheerful stir of the schools at Zanzibar and their progress.

The boys and girls have been separated, the boys having Kiungani now all to themselves. Years have brought joy as well as trial to the inmates.

Little ignorant black boys have grown up into sensible, pleasant-faced pupil-teachers.

Francis Mabruki, the boy who had Samuel Speare for a friend, is married. His was the first native Christian marriage in the place. Great were the rejoicings at it. Two other boys have also married, John Swedi being one. He conducted the daily Service at Kiungani for some time.

Do not think, however, that all our little slave boys are grown up by this time. Constant fresh supplies are being brought to the school, all as terrified, as starved, and as miserable as those first five. Of course they very soon gain confidence, and realise that the white man will not eat them, as the report goes; that, in fact, he only

means kindly by them. When they are feeling more settled the little new-comers tell their own story to a friend. Poor little stories, all so painfully alike. Here is one.

Denys Seyiti was playing about one day outside his hut, far away in Central Africa. This hut was built of cane and grass, with a little hole in one side for a door, just like a big beehive. His father was away at work in the field, and his mother had gone to the river to fetch water. All at once a strange man came by, snatched him up under his arm, and ran off with him. Seyiti kicked and fought and screamed as loud as he could. His mother came running back, and she screamed too, but his father was too far away—he could not hear. So the louder they screamed the faster the stranger ran away, till he came to a big house, and pushed Seyiti into a dark room, and locked the door.

There were many other little boys and girls locked up there, and next morning they were all tied in a row, and made to walk away as fast as they could. If any one was tired and could go no further, he was killed and thrown into the bushes. Many boys and girls were killed; but Seyiti was strong, and though the brambles tore his sides, and the india-rubber vines bruised his legs, and the hot, hard ground blistered his feet, he kept on till they came to the sea. There they were all put on a small ship, so close together that they could hardly move. When the Arabs gave them any rice to eat they only scattered it in front of them upon the dirty deck. (Just as we should do if we were feeding fowls.) Some were so hungry that they eat it, but Seyiti could not, it made him sick; and just as he was going to die an English ship came in sight. The Arabs ran their ship on shore, hid the children, and shot at the English; but the sailors drove them away, and brought the children to Zanzibar, and sent them to the Mission school.

This is Seyiti's story. The readers of the little English magazine called *My Sunday Friend* have adopted him, and chosen his name, *Denys*, and they save their pence to pay for his education.

Another boy will tell how he was taken with his parents by the men-stealers, and how his father fell ill, and was killed because he could not keep up with the party.

"And my baby brother was thrown into the sea because he was so little and gave trouble," says another boy. He looks sorrowful for a moment, and then goes to play with the rest. He is safe now, and God has so ordered it that young hearts cannot harbour sorrow long.

I told you that the great aim of Kiungani College is to train

Christian youths to be sent by-and-by to the mainland to teach their heathen brethren. Only such boys, however, who seem fitted by natural gifts for the post are educated to be clergymen, and they go through a long training first. Pupil-teachers, teachers, catechists, readers, sub-deacons, all these grades must be passed through even before becoming a deacon.

Boys who are not clever at book learning are taught trades, English workmen are had out to teach them different crafts. Printing, carpentering, tailoring, a blacksmith's shop, and a laundry furnish some of their occupations.

This is the boys' day. There are eighty scholars now at Kiungani. Up at six (in Central Africa the sun rises about six all the year round), and hurry, patter, down to the sea-shore go the whole lot for a swim. Roll-call and chapel, the eighty voices all vigorously if not very tunefully singing their hymn out of our Ancient and Modern Hymn-book translated into their tongue. They like pretty much the same hymns that our English children do, and a whole lot of black boys will start of their own accord singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," as they tramp along out walking. Breakfast at seven, porridge with treacle or marmalade. Play for an hour; many of the boys spend this time chatting and cleaning their beautiful white teeth with a piece of stick.

Morning school from nine to twelve. Just such teaching as is given at one of our schools; meanwhile the trades are all going in other rooms. Dinner at twelve, curry and rice, or a piece of pork or dried shark (the last dish is a treat), oranges and bananas and sugar-cane. Play again after dinner, and doctoring of the sick goes on. There are often many sick; bad living and bad treatment before the boys come to the school bring on sad skin diseases.

School again in the afternoon, and then gardening and fishing and various amusements. Tea at six, after which the boys often dance in the corridors and tell stories till chapel time. Service in the evening is in English. After Service, bed. The chaplain in charge sees the little boys to bed.

"I think," he says, "I used to like this best of all my work. The dormitory is a long room with about seven windows looking out over the sea, and contains about forty boys. Each boy is provided with a mat about six feet long by three broad, and this is the whole extent of his bedding. The room is just lighted by one lamp, and every boy was supposed to be on his mat when I came in to call over the roll. When all had answered, each boy kneels upright against the wall at the head of his mat, and I used to say a short prayer aloud. After that perfect silence for about five minutes, each boy saying his own

prayers, and when he has finished curling himself silently up in his place; one by one they drop off, and when the last has finished his devotions I rise from my knees and bid them all good night. . . . It is a picture that will live in my memory I think all my life, even if it should please God not to let me go back to them—the solemn moonlight stealing through the open windows and lighting on the little kneeling figures bent at last in adoration of the true God, and then the thought of all their brothers who still know Him not. I think that some of the most fervent prayers I ever offered in my life were offered among those boys in that upper chamber beside the window that looked out across the narrow strip of moonlit sea between us and the 'Dark Continent.'"

We say, too, good night, little future Missionaries, and leave you on your mats quietly asleep, dreaming, perhaps, of your great future, for it is a great future, the carrying of Christ's Gospel to any corner of the world.

NOTES OF THE MONTH

By an Old Contributor.

CALCUTTA.

State-Paid Heathenism and Dis-Establishment of Christianity: The Duty of the State in the Hindu and Mohammedan Systems: The Oxford Missionaries: Lectures: Competitive Examinations.

IT is proposed to hold a general Missionary Conference in Calcutta in December next. The movement now commenced towards the disestablishment of the Church in India seems likely to deter some of the Church of England Missionaries from conferring with the Missionaries of the sects, as on former occasions. A correspondent of the *Indian Churchman*, who took part in the Allahabad Conference in 1872, now writes that under these altered circumstances he is compelled to decline the invitation, considering the disestablishment movement to be unfriendly, anti-Mission, and anti-Christian. The withdrawal of Government pay will compel the Missionary clergy sent out by societies to undertake European duties, and to withdraw their attention from vernacular studies and evangelistic duties. The outcry of Hindus and Mohammedans against a State-paid clergy in India is met by the fact that the charge for keeping

this appearance of Christianity is a mere cypher compared with the enormous endowments of mosques and temples which the English Government still continues, having inherited the responsibility from the former rulers of India. That Hindus and Mohammedans should object to State paid priests is not honest, for it is well known that it is part of both the Hindu and Mohammedan systems that religion should be supported by the State. An effort to disestablish the Church in a heathen land has an anti-Christian character, for the sects could not bring it about without calling in the aid of Hindus and Mohammedans.

The Rev. E. F. Willis in the Quarterly Paper of the Oxford Mission speaks of the commencement of a new boarding-school for native Christian boys, who are to be trained up to the standard of the entrance examination of the Calcutta University. At present there are five pupils, four of whom were confirmed in the Cathedral on March 30th.

The Oxford Missionaries had also been lately giving a course of lectures in three different parts of the town: at Bhowanipore, at Howrah (on the opposite side of the Hoogly), and at the Mission-house itself. The Bishop delivered the first lecture of each course, on "Seeking after Truth." The lecture was very well attended at each place, and much appreciated by those who heard it, the Bishop's earnestness and straightforwardness being evidently much felt. At Howrah an average attendance of about seventy was maintained throughout the course; but at the other two places the audience gradually diminished. The greater number of the lectures were given by Nehemiah Goreh, of the Cowley Society, who has been staying at the Mission-house for some time. His subject was "Theism and Christianity," his object being to show that the pure Theistic doctrines held by educated Hindus at the present day must have been derived from Christianity, since they are not (as some pretend) to be found in the religious books of the country. The other subjects were: "Christianity, the Religion of Humanity," "Eternal Life," and "Free-will and Necessity." Some of the natives who attend the lectures come to the Missionaries afterwards for private conversation. The minds of the young natives have been injuriously affected by the Government system of competitive examinations. This makes them read only for the sake of marks, and when they have lost the steadying influence of religion, they seem to take up almost any idea with equal avidity, so that their minds are sometimes a strange jumble. According to Lord Ripon the future policy of the Government will be to give more attention to primary education, leaving the higher classes to provide

for themselves. Thus it may be hoped the young men will gain in independence of mind, and be more satisfactory by the Missionaries who have to deal with them.

LAHORE.

The C.M.S. Punjab Native Church Council: The Best Way of Attracting and Training High Class Natives: Complaints: Aspirations: Peshawur and Bannu.

The Report of the sixth meeting of the Punjab Native Church Council connected with the C.M.S. contains some discussions of special interest, as exhibiting native thought and opinion on an important Missionary question.

Mr. George Lewis, Extra-assistant Commissioner, introduced the following subject:—"What is the best way of attracting, and practically training, a higher class of catechists and native clergymen, and giving them responsible and independent positions within defined limits; either by placing them in charge of *Tihsils* in country districts, or of *Mohullas* in large cities?" There was a feeling that the European Missionaries ought to show more love and confidence towards the native workers, and entrust them with independent charges. Natives are grateful for superintendence and direction; but they desire to have their wishes respected as to the choice of town or village work; also that some natives should be recognised as fit to give direction to others. They desire to see the difference now made between Europeans and natives diminished. Some men of both races should be selected for the different kinds of work. Natives as well as Europeans should be employed in the higher as well as the lower classes of work, as is the case in Government offices. Then the native Christians of the better class would accept work under the Society. We require a more settled and defined position. The incomes of native workers should not be reduced; when this is done, it produces confusion and distrust in many minds. Each thinks his turn may come next, or he may be thrown out of work, when he is too old to learn a new profession. As a Christian he has formed civilised habits, and has more wants both for himself and family than a Hindu or Mohammedan. If, then, the Missionaries desire the help of natives of the better class, they must place them in positions which they can heartily accept. When such agents have been attracted, the next question is, how to train them. At the Lahore Divinity College only vernacular instruction is given. We want a new and special school for the higher class. There should be schools of different

grades in India, as in European countries. The highest theological education can only be given in English. Our clergymen should be trained like English clergymen, in different languages and science.

Babu J. C. Singha complained of the treatment which the native agents received when a change took place in the European staff. Past services of devoted men were ignored, and they were subjected to the caprice of inexperienced men. This produces an impression that the work of Missions has no permanent footing. On the other hand, this has in some cases led to a wider diffusion of Christian influence, those who have left certain Missions through disagreement with the Missionaries having gone elsewhere, and prepared the way for the forming of new congregations. These conferences have done much to remove old causes of complaint, and further good results may be looked for. A change has come over the thoughts of many in the large cities; people are beginning to feel the power of Christianity, though afraid to embrace it as their religion. They sometimes plead in excuse the lives of unworthy Christians. They say, "We have seen faquirs whose instructions are valuable, but their own conduct is bad." Christian preachers should be located in villages or in some *mohullas* of a large city, where they could live permanently, and convince people by a good Christian life that they are doers as well as teachers of the Word.

The *Rev. Mian Sadiq* spoke of the advantages of the Council; their mouths are no longer closed; they can speak freely, even though their hands are still, to some extent, tied. *Mr. Chandu Lal* said we must not attract men by large promises of income and honour; moderate incomes and position should be given to deserving men, sufficient to maintain them suitably to their position in life. Some will serve the Church as honorary workers. The *Rev. Imad-ud-din* said: "Though I agree with much that has been said, yet men are not called by men, or even by Societies for God's work. God Himself must call them, and His Spirit must appoint them. A Missionary Society is, however, useful as an organisation, and affords relief from some trouble and difficulty. Men who are well qualified should have fitting positions assigned to them."

Mr. Basu spoke against asceticism, and maintained that Christian faquirs were not the highest class of Christians. He quoted a saying of Keshub Chunder Sen, that what impressed him most in England was the home life among the middle classes; nothing can be holier and happier than it is. We want now in India the preaching of Christian homes. He then pleaded for more independence for native workers, and that Missionaries should not control them in their social

and domestic affairs, making even their marriages subserve the interests of the Missions, and dismissing them too summarily if they displease them. *Mr. Babu Rulia Ram* said that all friends of Missions should make efforts to obtain for the native Christians and their children respectable positions in life.

Mr. H. E. Perkins, Commissioner of Mooltan, said that it was important to remove the discouragement given to native workers by the uncertainty of their position and salary; and that it was the desire of the C.M.S. to see them in positions of greater trust and independence. But they must remember that the native Christian community in the Punjab is a very young community. The Government has been pushing on too fast in its legislation; we must advance with more caution. It is only about thirty years since the first Punjabi convert was baptized. When the native Christians are numerous enough to yield a large body of capable men, the C.M.S. will give them all the independence they desire.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the aspirations of the native Christians have taken the form of a desire to adopt European habits and comforts, and an ambition to emulate the English Missionary in social position and influence.

Mr. Hughes, of Peshawur, is anxious that the fact should be known and recognised, that both Peshawur and Bannu are in Afghanistan, and in the midst of Afghan people.

BOMBAY.

The S.P.G. Annual Meeting: Ahmednuggur: A Month in a Tomb: The Missionary and the Boatmen: "Where Faith is, there is God."

At the annual meeting of the S.P.G. at Bombay held on March 31st, the Secretary called attention to the need for more local support to the Missions in the Diocese. Five years ago he had started a Missionary Association at his station. Previously all the offerings of the congregation had gone to the expenses of Divine Service; some special works connected with the Missions had been aided, but the vital portion of the whole work had been neglected. The need of regular support to the General Fund was now more generally recognised. Funds were much needed for the support of native agents, orphanages, and other institutions, as well as for the stipends of Missionaries whose diligence and self-denial was an example to all classes of the community from the Governor downwards.

The Bishop spoke in behalf of the converts at Ahmednuggur, who had come in during the famine year. The Missionary who was the

in charge loved and believed in natives, and was an enthusiastic evangelist. When people presented themselves for baptism, he could not believe they were actuated by purely selfish motives. Finding that the opportunity was a great one he had used it with possibly too earnest a desire for their conversion to make him always remember the difficulty of providing for their Christian instruction afterwards. He threw his own resources freely into the work, and the Committee found it hard to check such a man if he spent theirs too freely. The special Ahmednuggur Fund at home began with great promise, but fell off afterwards; hence the necessity of large reductions in the expenditure, of which he had himself seen the sad results in some of the villages which he had visited.

The Rev. W. Black, of the Cowley India Mission, was at Nagar and Belapur in the autumn of 1881. He lived for a month in a tomb, and then went out with a cart and a couple of ponies into the villages. The rains were not over, so that he had to live in the chowdies; a tent would not have been safe at such a time. His first stage was to Rahuri, where his tired ponies had a long swim in the flooded river in order to cross to the town. Here he stayed with a Brahmin convert and his wife in their house. He ate his meals on the floor with them and their children, and lived in the verandah which opened to the street. He preached to the few Christian people assembled in the school for evensong, and again at family prayers in his host's house. He had an early celebration there, and his host Raghu wrote afterwards that he had been so strengthened and comforted that he felt better able to meet the difficulties of his position. From Rahuri Father Black went to Belapur; the Prowra was then a magnificent sheet of water, and his pony had a swim of a quarter of a mile with the flood before he got to the further bank. Here he had his first heathen audience, and was well received. The boatmen asked him to teach them something about religion. He said, "What will your passengers do who want to be ferried over?" They said, "Oh, they can wait!" and so the passengers, finding they had to wait, came and listened too. They said, "We want to hear you, because you are a 'Brahma-chari,' *i.e.*, a Hindu monk. Ignorant as these men were, they explained at once their Pantheistic faith in a phrase which is common among them, Zethé Bhaw tethé Dew! 'Where faith is, there is God.' We bring God, or rather precipitate Him in that thing which we select as the thing in which to worship Him." They said, "We must *see* God in some way, else cannot worship." He told them God had satisfied that longing, not by showing Himself in a stone, but in our nature, and this was *our* faith.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

The Church in Zanzibar and the Mohammedan Ladies: The Old Chief Semkali.

The Report of the Central African Mission, amongst other needs for increased effort in that great sphere of Missionary labour, mentions one connected with the Church in Zanzibar:—

"There are many Mohammedan ladies who have frequently assured Miss Allen that they would attend Service if there was a women's gallery. One cannot expect them so completely to break through the traditions and customs of ages of seclusion as to come into the body of the church with the men. In the present state of public opinion on such subjects it would do positive mischief, and would not improbably break down their own self-respect. A suitable stone structure can be erected at the western end of the church for about £500, of which £60 has been already collected. Miss E. Maples, 10, Cleveland Gardens, Hyde Park, receives donations for this object. Miss Allen says: 'I have often told these poor women that it is quite clear Mohammedanism is a religion invented by man for the benefit of men, whereas Christianity is the true religion given by God our Father, who made women as well as men.'"

Among many other incidents of special interest the Report records the baptism, at Umba, of the old chief Semkali:—

"He was admitted a catechumen at the beginning of May, 1881. Mr. Wilson wrote of him in November as follows: Only a short time ago he went some distance to preside over a parliament, and when the debate was over, he got up and solemnly said aloud, 'These words are finished in the name of Jesus Christ,' it being the custom on such occasions to use Mohammed's name; and then again the other day he went to Makumta to preside over a similar meeting, where two other chiefs were present, but he, being the most important, it was his business to sum up; so he arose, and said to the other two, 'I don't know whom you follow, but I have given up all the nonsense of the coast, and am a Christian, therefore I finish these words in the name of Jesus Christ.' He told me that one of the other chiefs said to him afterwards, 'I shall be a Christian too.' He is seventy years old, and nearly blind."

THE SÁDHÁRAN BRÁHMO SAMÁJ.*

By the Rev. Canon Churton.

HE New Dispensation" is, as is well known, the title recently adopted by Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen's party, to distinguish their Society from the older branches of the o Samáj. Mr. Sivanáth gives in this pamphlet a full and lucid ation of the grounds upon which the adherents of the old prin- of the movement have proceeded to form themselves into a te society with aims differing materially from those of Mr. Sen. ges that the Samáj, since its foundation by the Rajah Ram ı Roy, had aimed at the development of free thought and ', emancipation from bondage to old traditions and superstitions, ıe promotion of social and domestic virtues in preference to ism and asceticism. Mr. Sen is accused of departing entirely ıese principles, by grafting upon the old Samáj various theories ɔwn, laying claim to Divine inspiration, introducing a cultus of men" or a species of hero-worship, and then developing an ıte ritual in imitation of the Sacramental system of the Chris- hurch. He is thus charged with a dogmatism and "ritualism," his Brahmo opponents consider a retrograde movement, a to the bondage from which Brahmoism set itself to emancipate nds of his countrymen. The whole argument is sustained with ıbility, and shows the extreme difficulty which such a system hmoism must have in forming any permanent basis of union st its members; even the temporary rallying of large numbers ıirers round leaders of such brilliant powers as those of Mr. Sen apparently impossible without the sacrifice of some of the l objects of the movement, by placing their great men on ıls and claiming for them the honours of a guru.

he two movements, Mr. Sen's is the one which assumes the ter of a Christian heresy, by a large use of Scripture terms and ı profession of great devotion to the person of Christ, and a to give a large preponderance to Christianity in its choice of ments of its new creed or faith. Mr. Sivanáth's party depre-

* *"New Dispensation" and the Sádháran Bráhmo Sámaj.* By Pandit ı Sástri, M.A., *Missionary, Sádháran Bráhmo Samáj.* Madras, 1881.

cates these approximations to Christianity as unreal and illusory, and offensive to Christians generally; but their chief objection is to the attempt to impose a creed and an elaborate ceremonial, which, besides the undue exaltation of an individual, interferes with the freedom and simplicity of the religion which they are seeking to propagate, consisting of prayer, devotion to a common Father, and the practice of benevolence and domestic virtues. Such was the Samáj as developed by Debendranath Tagore, the second great leader of the movement.

"He found the Samáj as Rajah Ram Mohun Roy had left it, a mere platform, where people of different creeds used to assemble, week by week, to listen to the discourses and hymns. Men by joining it pledged nothing, incurred nothing, and lost nothing. Many who attended these Services were idolaters at home, and in fact knew not what the spiritual worship of the one true God meant. He instantly applied himself to remove this spiritual want. He bound himself and his friends by a solemn covenant introduced in the year 1843, which, besides defining the attributes of the Deity, enjoined, in the first place, a vow to cultivate a habit of daily prayer; secondly, a vow to give up idolatry" (p. 5).

A comparison of this simple rule with the recent developments of Mr. Sen's "New Dispensation," will show how far the latter has drifted from the original principles of the movement. The first signs of this new departure were in the year 1866, when Mr. Sen delivered a lecture on "Great Men," whom he described as "apostles and missionaries, who bring to us glad tidings from heaven; and in order that they may effectually accomplish their errand, they are endowed by God with requisite power and talents, and are created with a nature superior to that of others. They are sanctified as prophets at their birth. The great man is both God and man. He is an incarnation of God."

One result of this lecture was (it is said) that his followers began to ascribe these powers to their leader, and to pay him superhuman honours. "Persons were seen prostrating themselves at his feet, praying to him for intercession with God on their behalf; others addressed him as 'Lord,' 'Saviour,' 'the sinners' way,' &c. Some besmeared their heads with the dust of his feet; some even applied it to their tongues" (p. 20). Mr. Sen disclaimed all sympathy with these proceedings of his followers; but his explanation did not give universal satisfaction. But most of the members of the Samáj exonerated him from blame, and things went on smoothly as before. In 1870 Mr. Sen visited England, and on his return sought to put into practice some of the hints which he had gathered, especially by commencing educa-

tional institutions, and starting an "Indian Reform Association." Some dissensions followed on the subject of the social position of women, a matter in which Mr. Sen was accused of departing from Brahmo principles; but before 1878 more serious divergences began to manifest themselves. "Apart from the doctrine of 'great men,' Mr. Sen began to preach with great energy two other tenets of grave import—the doctrine of *Adesh* or Divine command, and the doctrine of *Bidhan* or Dispensation. These were novelties in the Bráhmo Samáj, to which many of its members entertained serious objections. They at the same time urged the necessity of giving the Brahmo society a regular constitution, to prevent the concentration of too much power in one leader. For these efforts they were severely censured in the *Mirror*, and treated as a class of spiritually and morally degenerated people."

Soon after this Mr. Sen provoked yet severer censure by the marriage of his child daughter to the young Maharajah of Cutch Behar, whose family were strict Hindus. The proceeding was accompanied by idolatrous ceremonies, and was in other respects contrary to the principles which he had avowed. In answer to remonstrances he assumed a defiant attitude, and declared that the marriage was the effect of Divine command. This brought matters to a crisis, and a large secession of members took place, the seceders forming themselves into a new society on May 15th, 1878, under the name of the Sádháran Bráhmo Samáj.

After this secession Mr. Sen's party began to develop many of its latent tendencies. In the beginning of 1880 the commencement of the "New Dispensation" was announced. The *Sunday Mirror* explained this, by saying that under special circumstances, when the world needs a revival, a new manifestation of the Divine Will takes place, and events happen which show a special interference of Divine Providence. "God sends one of those men, whose life has been sold to His Almighty Will." "The New Dispensation stands upon the same level with the Jewish Dispensation, the Christian Dispensation, and the Vaishnara Dispensation through Chaitanya." It appears that the manifestation of a Dispensation is chiefly through a "great man." The same paper speaks of Mr. Sen himself as the central part of the Dispensation. He is the leader, the mouthpiece, the heaven-appointed Missionary of what we call the Bráhmo Samáj.

Mr. Sen maintained that the distinguishing feature of the New Dispensation was its denial of a Mediator, and hence it was impossible that he could permit himself to be treated as a Moses or a Chaitanya. His opponents replied that they never contended that his followers

regarded him as a Mediator in the Christian sense, but that their objection was that his preachings were accepted as infallible truth, and that this compromised the chief glory of Brahmoism, as a liberator of the human mind, and a reconciler of faith, reason, and conscience. It is a return, they said, to the ancient error of exalting authority above conscience and independence in matters of faith. It is a fact that Mr. Sen's wild and eccentric sayings and doings are defended by his followers as fresh revelations of the Divine Will (p. 33).

Mr. Sen's movement is thus regarded by his Brahmo opponents as a retrograde one, not only on the ground of the extravagant claims of Divine authority which have been pretended for his utterances, but also as leading back to a supernatural religion, in which reason is subjected to faith. Such a basis, they contend, has been proved to be far from indispensable for a man's spiritual life. "For fifty years the Bráhmo Samáj has shown that reason and intuition, aided by prayer and grace," are sufficient without authoritative guidance.

The following are stated to be the chief features of the Creed of the "New Dispensation":—

One God, one Scripture, one Church.

Eternal progress of the soul.

Communion of prophets and saints.

Fatherhood and Motherhood of God; Brotherhood of man, and Sisterhood of woman.

Harmony of knowledge and holiness, love and work, Yoga and asceticism in their highest development.

Loyalty to Sovereign.

Of these "the Motherhood of God," although previously expressed in hymns and addresses to the Diety, was proclaimed as a sudden revelation. Flags were exhibited on the house-tops with the word "Mother" inscribed upon them, and newly composed hymns to "India's Mother" were chanted in procession through the streets. A proclamation, exhorting to loyalty to the British Government, and to "My daughter, Queen Victoria," was printed in the *Mirror*, with "India's Mother" at the foot of it.

The idea of the "Communion of Saints" was to be carried out by organising *pilgrimages*. "These devotees did not actually undertake any journey by land or by water. For a week Mr. Sen called his followers to live with Socrates, Moses, or Mahomet, in other words to spend the week in meditating upon the sayings and doings of any particular prophet, and on the concluding Sunday a room in Mr. Sen's house was transformed into a historical site in Palestine, Greece, Arabia, or Northern India; conversation was carried on with the

prophet; a vivid imagination brought the historical person before the assembly, and his utterances applied to the exigencies of the present time."

Whilst recognising points of sympathy in this part of the programme, Mr. Sen's Brahmo opponents protest against the extreme exaltation of the great and good, "as if in going to God we must necessarily go through prophets, as instanced in the case of the Alwars and Bhaktas of the Vishnava sects of Southern India." They deny their supernatural mission and authority, or that there is any sin in honest difference from them. Such claims of authority, they say, warp men's judgments, and tend to introduce saint worship and intercession. By the recognition of "great men" as "Divine guides," freedom of thought is restrained, "conscience is lowered, and error is consecrated. This is illustrated by the fact that Mr. Sen shaved himself in imitation of Chaitanya, baptized himself in imitation of Jesus, and hurled curses on his enemies in imitation of Mahomet."

Mr. Sivanáth next denounces the "flag ceremony" as childish or even superstitious. After a form of evening service called Arati, the flag of the New Dispensation was unfurled. Musical instruments, from the English bugle to the heathen conch shell, were simultaneously performed upon with deafening and discordant noise. The worshippers had lighted candles in their hands, and went round, chanting the Arati hymn in the presence of a great crowd. Mr. Sen is said to have kissed the banner and fanned it with the chamur in the Hindu fashion, and many of his followers touched it as a mark of homage, and bowed before it. In these and other points (mentioned below) the New Dispensation is said to have a tendency to "ritualism," besides "popery," or the investing of its leader with infallible authority.

Thus in March, 1881, a ceremony in imitation of the Christian Eucharist was performed, Mr. Sen going through a form of blessing and distributing rice and water, first saying over them Christ's words of institution from St. Luke xxii. There was an invocation, praying the Holy Spirit to turn these material substances into sanctifying spiritual forces. On another occasion a ceremony was performed in which "fire" or "light" was treated as the symbol of the Divine presence. In a room decorated with flowers and evergreens, a huge iron firepan was placed in front of the Vedi or pulpit; the ceremony consisted in pouring some melted butter upon some burning fuel, thus producing a brisk flame, which Mr. Sen addressed thus, "O thou blazing Agni, great art thou among the forces in creation. Thou art not God. We do not adore thee. But in thee dwells the Lord, the Light of the universe, whom fire doth reveal and glorify. In thee, O

brilliant Agni, we behold our resplendent Lord." The ceremony of baptism was instituted in June, 1881, and was a parallel deification of water, though it was described as a "pilgrimage" to Jordan, to witness the Baptism of Christ. There was a short address to the brethren full of Christian phrases, including the words, "All Three are here present, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, spiritually united." Then followed an address to the "great Varuna, the water of life," the mighty expanse of seas and oceans, &c. Then St. Matt. iii. was read, and was followed by an exposition, in the course of which it was said that the Omnipotent Spirit moved upon the face of the waters, the water was full of God, and every drop sparkled with Divinity. Mr. Sen then anointed himself with oil, and immersed himself thrice in the water (in the tank or bathing ghât adjoining the house), saying, "Glory unto the Father," "Glory unto the Son," "Glory unto the Holy Ghost"! In these developments of ceremonial Mr. Sen is charged by his opponents with a return to idolatry; for what is the difference between Mr. Sen's acts of devotion to fire and water, and the theory of intelligent idolaters that they are not worshipping the idol, but the Omnipresent one who resides in it? For renouncing idolatry many Brahmos have incurred persecution, excommunication by their relatives, expulsion from home and family. If they could have done as Mr. Sen has done with fire and water, they might have complied with the requests of their friends, and escaped all this misery. They therefore urge that this ceremonial is a deviation from the grand mission of the Bráhmo Samáj—to teach the people of India the pure and spiritual worship of God. According to their view this formalism and mysticism tends to separate religion from the practical duties of life, and to divert attention from works of philanthropy to lifeless forms.

Mr. Sivanáth thinks that Mr. Sen has been carried away by the sentiments of his followers, who, being recruited from the ranks of Hindus, are "deeply imbued with these mystic and ritualistic notions of piety." What India requires is a more practical piety, which will elevate her social life, giving her honest truth-loving characters, good peaceful homes, and a society shunning vice and injustice, and leavened by a spirit of active benevolence, searching for opportunities of doing good. But Mr. Sen's party in a spirit of eclecticism has confused this aim by adopting various rites and usages, or propounding new doctrines. In March, 1881, he took a "vow of poverty," in imitation of the Church of Rome, and this was announced in the *Mirror* as the admission of the preachers of the New Dispensation into the Apostolic Order. The ceremony included the reading of Christ's solemn charge

to the Apostles, and an imitation of the washing of the disciples' feet. Mr. Sen is also accused of extravagance in his teaching of loyalty to Government: "The sovereign is God's representative. We look upon Victoria as our Queen Mother, and we are politically her children. We consider loyalty as sacred a duty as filial obedience. A man who hates his sovereign is as culpable as he who hates or ill treats his father or mother, and sedition is rebellion against God." Mr. Sivanáth pleads that this doctrine is foolish in the extreme, as it would recognise every successful usurper as Heaven's representative: "That which we acknowledge as a virtue is loyalty to law, order, and justice, and the power which lawfully represents us in the land."

Mr. Sivanáth next accuses Mr. Sen of a relapse into Hindu practices with reference to the seclusion of women, whereas the Bráhmo Samáj aims at their entire emancipation from this bondage, and their advancement to the social position which they enjoy in Europe. According to the "New Dispensation," women are to have moral light, and to be freed from spiritual thraldom, but their social position with respect to mingling with the other sex is to remain unchanged. They profess to condemn Zenana seclusion on the one hand, and full liberty of social intercourse on the other. This is to give women license to do evil, and to go into the paths of temptation and carnality.

As to "Church Government," Mr. Sen denounces the democracy of the other party, and advocates an aristocracy of religious leaders. These are to speak with authority, and to give laws to "the Church." The effect of this is to establish an autocracy vested in Mr. Sen himself, as a "perennially and perpetually inspired person." Mr. Sen asserts that he is the heaven-appointed minister, and that his followers must adopt and follow his teachings with implicit faith. Mr. Sivanáth says, "Is it hard or unjust to call this a system of Popery?" As to the "Missionaries" of the New Dispensation, Mr. Sen goes on appointing, suspending, and dismissing them according to the Divine light which he claims to have within him. As for his "Missionary Conference" it is a self-elected council, which meets only to accept and register his utterances. "Mr. Sen has an earnest and enthusiastic temperament, the first requisite of a reformer. He has also a richly endowed moral and spiritual nature, which a strong will has brought to bear upon the movement he has been leading." He is accused of a domineering spirit, and of harsh and ungenerous language towards his opponents. But Mr. Sivanáth adds, "He has been an example to many of us, of purity of private character, earnestness of purpose, and of devotedness to noble pursuits." He is a "man of faith," and in the leading of his party he has shown "considerable depth of spiritual

insight and keenness of moral perception." But "his claim to inspiration, and his consequent abandonment of study, has cut him off from intercourse with other minds," and has developed in him "an amount of self-sufficiency which is almost appalling."

Mr. Sivanáth then gives the principles of the Sádháran Bráhmo Samáj. Every member at his admission signs a "covenant" declaring his belief in the existence of the Creator, the soul's immortality, and the duty and necessity of spiritual worship; and his disbelief in any infallible book or man as the means of salvation. To this statement Mr. Sivanáth appends a series of definitions, twenty-three in number; these are partly negative. Thus it is denied that "salvation" is absorption into the Supreme Being, or that the way to it is through "pantheism" or "asceticism," both of which are condemned; that there is a material heaven or hell; that man is a sinner by birth; that the world is either a delusion or a place of bondage, or the heritage of fallen humanity and the abode of sin and suffering (thus rejecting the doctrines of the Pantheist, the believer in transmigration, and the orthodox Christian); that true piety consists in quietism and mysticism, in outward ceremonies and asceticism; that the brotherhood of man may be justly interfered with by caste distinctions, or by social or individual rights; that any book is to be received as Divinely revealed, or any person followed as an infallible guide; that any form of religion is absolutely true, or more than an outgrowth of the inner consciousness of man.

This being the negative side of the Creed, the constructive part attempts to put together a system of pure Theism, recognising general morality, prayer, worship, and a universal inspiration, acting upon the reason, conscience, affections, and will, and producing wisdom, virtue, love, and courage, the four "cardinal virtues" of the Theistic school. The subjects of sin, repentance, regeneration, and faith are also handled. An optimistic view of the world and ordinary social life is taken, in opposition to the doctrines of asceticism.

Such is the programme by which they hope to regenerate India, and to extirpate the superstitions which at present degrade it. They hope to maintain fervour and devotion after eliminating all motives for it except a bare notion of the Fatherhood of God, without that personal object of faith which Christianity and Islam furnish; and their perfection is a submission of the human will to the Divine will, whilst they accept no communication of the latter, except such as proceeds from their own inner consciousness. And this is proposed in a country in which the deepest religious instincts and needs of humanity have ever found utterance! Mr. Sen's system though full of strange

inconsistencies seems to have at least an element of temporary success. Here we see fire and enthusiasm, on the other side a cold system of negation and minimising even of that which it professes to accept.

Of the two Societies, Mr. Sen's appears to possess the greater power of union and cohesion, having for its centre a man of such brilliant gifts and fascinating eloquence. But to ensure permanence there would be needed a constant succession of leaders who could claim a similar inspiration, or possess a like influence over other minds. Mr. Sen's worst feature is his repeated use of Christian doctrinal phraseology in a perverted or unreal sense. But both in this respect, and in his adoption of a ritual or ceremonial in imitation of the Christian Church, he is testifying to the fact that there are needs in the souls of men, which a bald Theism with its pretence of spirituality cannot satisfy, and that devotional fervour cannot flourish without a doctrinal basis. Mr. Sivanáth's system being an attempt to clothe a European disbelief in the supernatural with a garb of faith and devotion, amounts to very little more than moral sentiments and philanthropy; it offers but a feeble barrier to the progress of atheism among the large class who have been emancipated from the traditions of Hinduism by the higher education. If it claims to have for its mission to draw the Hindu away from mysticism and asceticism to social reforms and active benevolence, atheism might urge that it can effect the same object, and that its doctrines of worship, prayer, and sin are not essential for this purpose. There seems to be no strength or stability in the Sádháran Bráhmo Samáj. Its principles contain elements of disunion; it is but one of many stages between atheism and belief in the supernatural, and its negation of the authority of books or traditions apparently prevents it from being sufficiently comprehensive to include many phases of positive belief.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY PARISH.

By a South African Vicar.

[CONTINUED.]

UR Karroo village, at the time I first knew it, contained some twelve hundred inhabitants, chiefly Dutch and coloured people. There were but very few members of the English Church, a Scotch family or two helping to swell the Sunday congregation. The little stone church reared its head upon a small eminence

at one end of the town, being built upon as barren a spot as could well have been chosen, the solid rock peeping out here and there around it. I well remember Mrs. Gray's first sight of the building, and how she lamented over the alterations that had been made by my predecessor in the plans originally supplied by her. Two immense windows far apart, and stretching down almost the whole length of the gable, had been substituted for the three pretty lancet windows of the original design. You approached the small porch at the side by means of a steep flight of steps, cut out of the solid rock. The church could seat about one hundred worshippers, and, in the way of accommodation, contained but two very high pews, of ancient type, and as specimens of what might be, the rest of the space being half-filled up with benches apparently borrowed from some school. An old instrument, with a bad cough, stood at the west end encircled by red damask curtains. It was afterwards sold for three pounds. Tate and Brady were then in fashion (I speak of 23 years ago); but all honour to the lady who so efficiently conducted the singing and the Sunday-school. This very day her efforts for the good of the Church are affectionately remembered by many. My worthy predecessor had undergone hard work to bring things up to what I found them, and many and various were the tales told in the village of his quaint ways and strange experiences.

Being very young myself, in fact only just old enough to be in Deacon's orders, and this being my first parish, everything was strange. The nearest clergyman was two hundred miles away. No Church Mission schools existed anywhere about, so we commenced to build one near the church. Towards this school all, Dutch and English, contributed liberally. But the difficulty was to get a suitable master, contented to live and work on £70 per annum. One was obtained, at last, from a distance; but the place, or the salary, or the climate, did not suit him. So to mend matters he married a Dutch woman, and immediately went in for hotel-keeping in another part of the colony. How difficult it is to obtain the services of men able and willing to teach in our Mission schools! On one occasion I advertised for a man, stipulating that he must be a member of the English Church. Months after the post had been filled up, an application for the office came from an individual in Scotland, who begged to enclose a photograph of himself, with the hope that the very sight of it would persuade me to engage him; and he added that although he was in reality a Presbyterian, if I accepted of his services, he would not only at once get married, but also join the Church of England!

The first Archdeacon of Grahamstown in his Journal published in 185— mentions some extraordinary adventures by the roadside [illegible]

walking over the country. To this day he may be heard of at farm-houses as the "long predikant" who, years ago, came on foot from farm to farm, and of whom they were at first afraid, but whom afterwards they learnt to appreciate. Time has since proved that, amongst a population like ours, the clergyman's shortest road to success is to make allowance for the prejudices and feelings of the people, and, if he must travel on duty at all, he should do so upon the best horse, or within the best conveyance he can afford to hire. It is only after actually experiencing what it is to be conducting Services in half-a-dozen places great distances apart within the same week, that the clergyman comes to the most decided conclusion that the more trouble the people are obliged to take on his behalf, and the more expense they are put to within proper limits, the more will his services be appreciated. Of course I am only speaking generally. Just as education in our Mission schools is rarely appreciated where the children are admitted free, so Church people are tempted to think but little of what they get for nothing; but when they are obliged to put their hands into their pockets, or take the trouble to send cart and horses for their minister if they want him to come, then it is that they appreciate his presence the most, and you may reckon upon the best attendance at Divine Service.

These are really facts, though some may not quite credit them. And not only does what has been said above apply to the expense which attends the travelling of the clergyman, but also to the official duties which he is called upon to perform. We are altogether too sensitive and delicate in this matter of what our people can and ought to do upon such an occasion; for instance, as that of a marriage festival. It is a truth well known all over the country that, amongst the lower classes especially, it is thought a grander thing to be married in a church where they are compelled to pay as fees four or five times as much as they do in ours. It is often the case that even poor people look down upon our services as altogether too cheap. Generally speaking, they like to be made to pay on occasions of this kind, and sometimes prefer being married where they have the chance of doing so. I remember riding once, at my own expense, a distance of twenty miles to marry a couple. The bride was a member of the Dutch Church, while the bridegroom was English. The latter was quite contented to pay for the simple certificate of banns, from the other side, just six times as much as the officiating clergyman (to say nought of the forty miles' ride) and sexton (by Synodical tariff) reaped together! Such a thing I am not likely to allow again, except under special circumstances, but I mention the instance as one of no

uncommon occurrence. I really believe the happy couple thought the expensive certificate had far more to do with their marriage than I had! Our churches, as a rule, are free and unappropriated, and, excepting in some cases of Mission congregations, we should not permit our special Church Services to risk becoming unappreciated, particularly when people can afford well to pay, and when the salaries of most of our clergy need increasing so much.

A clergyman in a town parish, bounded by a certain street here and there, has one set of duties to perform within his narrow sphere, one with a parish several hundreds of miles across has quite another. Our "country parish" has since been practically divided into three or four, but at the time of which we speak it was not so. When once stating the number of square miles within it to the S.P.G., I remember being amused at their omitting the figures as a possible mistake. The clergyman in this case may in reality be called the leader, not alone in matters religious, but also social and political. At almost every public meeting, whether it be for the opening of a library, or the getting up of an entertainment, or the improvement of the place, he is generally supposed to preside. But a parish vestry meeting is, perhaps, the most trying, since you are then the most anxious for success. Men of all creeds come, and discretion is required to sift the votes and avoid giving offence.

A meeting of Church people was once held to decide upon the best mode of receiving the Bishop on his arrival. All were willing to help —one offered horses, another a cart, and a third his experienced Jehu. But how were we to entertain his Lordship, and the "Mother of all the predikants," as a farmer was heard calling good Mrs. Gray! It was decided upon that they should lodge with the Civil Commissioner, a most worthy hospitable man, and ready to afford a hearty welcome. Tired and worn out by the day's fatigue, to be obliged at once to hold a reception upon arrival in a new place is no easy matter, as those who have experience of it will know. More than once have I heard the Bishop say, "I hope and trust, my dear fellow, you have made no engagement for to-night!" Upon finding there was no escape, I almost fancy I see now the tall form and most expressive face, with a kind word for everybody at the evening's entertainment—all his conversation being on the work of the parish, its wants, its schools, its coloured people, the opportunities this or that one might have of attending the village church from his distant farm. In a social gathering he would join most heartily in attempting to secure the success of it, the great point of the evening being the time when the Bishop would get up, and, amid the strictest silence, tell the people

what he had witnessed on his journey through the diocese and his adventures by the way.

Nothing refreshes the life of a parish more than a visitation of this kind, though I have known the next day overclouded by the contests and quarrellings of parishioners concerning such matters as the appropriation of the church seats or the election of church officers. Parish difficulties of this sort form at times the darker side of otherwise very pleasant recollections. There are periods when the clergyman must make a stand on points of importance, even when he has perhaps both churchwardens in opposition, as I recollect once being the case. They were both excellent men in their way, and personal friends of my own, but bent upon apportioning out the seats of the small church—allotting the seats to certain parishioners, excepting a few at the back. Upon my return from a journey I found the thing done and the village folks in a great state of excitement, for one-half of them had been practically excluded, the names of the favoured parties having been plastered upon the seats. This was attempting to tie my hands, and I declined allowing it. The names soon disappeared from off the seats. But it took two full years to make matters straight, the Archdeacon and then the Bishop having to explain in public parish meeting that the Rector was right in taking his stand against an injustice of this kind to the poorer portion of his parishioners.

ZANZIBAR.

II.

By H. A. Forde.

[Papers for Mothers' Meetings.]

XLIII.

O come now to the other works of the Mission.

There is an asylum for adult released slaves at Mbweni, about four miles from Zanzibar. When slave dhows are captured the men and women are brought here from the English cruisers. Most of them are quite unfit for work when first they come, and the first care is to heal, clothe, and feed them; the married couples are put into small cottages, with a garden to each, and paid for the work they do. No less than 155 souls were received

here in the year 1880, and 36 more in the first few months of 1881. "And still they come."

In October, 1880, 79 freed slaves were brought all at once to the Mission. This crowd was sorted into men, women, boys for Kiungani, little boys for the infant school in the town, girls for the girls' school, and so forth. The men soon got to work. "No one works for us unless he likes," writes Mr. Hodgson of Mbweni; "but if he wants a day's work he comes to the 6 A.M. Service; after it receives a ticket, and gets his wages on producing the ticket at five in the evening. Most people work every day, or at least five days a week." What sort of work, do you ask? Well, masons' work, hoeing, grass and weed clearing, roadmaking, lime burning, stone quarrying, any work that may be on hand.

The newly-brought in slaves are all anxious to have cottages and settle. They choose a wife, sometimes without waiting to know her name, and are registered as man and wife. (Remember they are heathens yet, and are only required to promise to be faithful to each other.) And then they begin, late in life though it may be, to learn the Christian life.

Sunday is explained to them—a day to keep holy, in which to cease from work and worship the great God who made them and the whole world. They are expected to come once to church.

Classes are held every afternoon of the week, to which they are invited, and if they do come pretty regularly and seem interested, they are publicly admitted as catechumens, and after a full year, if they have continued steadfast and have led a respectable life, they are admitted to Holy Baptism.

At Mbweni is also the girls' school under Miss Thackeray's care; there are now fifty-six black girls in it, all baptized. Most of these children also were stolen from their home to be sold as slaves.

Five new ones have just been brought in, writes Miss Thackeray, evidently having gone through a good deal of hardship; kept two days in the Arab dhow without food or water while a sufficient number of slaves were collected to fill the dhow.

The first thing to do is to scrub these poor things, send them down for a bathe in the sea, and shave their heads. Luckily shaving the head is fashionable in Africa, and the girls are quite clever in shaving themselves with pieces of broken bottles.

These five new girls were baptized on the St. Bartholomew's Day following their arrival; it is the great day of the Mission, as you know, being the anniversary of the baptism of the first released slave child

These girls with two others were named Mary, Mildred, Helen, Frances, Emilie, Rhoda, and Susan.

In the town of Zanzibar there is an infant school for very little boys —slave babies almost; these happy little lads are well cared for by their teacher, Miss Mills. She thinks their round black faces as beautiful as our fairer little ones of the north, and when they are trotted to church, all clean and smiling in scarlet and white and blue, she thinks no sight can be more delightful. She gives an account of St. Bartholomew's Day in 1880, when a very dear and fat little "Alban" out of her house received his Christian name. "He did look such a dear little mite by the side of all the big ones; he can say the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and just six chapters of the short Catechism we teach them, and ever so many hymns, and he answered quite readily all the questions about his baptism . . . He is grown much prettier since he came, and has the sweetest little face and very winning baby ways; he is most anxious to be useful, and bustles about as monitor of the fourth form in a most amusing fashion, gathers up the slates and pencils, and is quite ready to teach all the new boys."

Does not Miss Mills seem just the person to be in charge of these baby blacks, with her overflowing love and admiration of them?

Alban is only three years old, and the parish of Alton in England cares and pays for his keep and education.

St. Bartholomew's Day winds up with present-giving to all the children. The Bishop—Bishop Steere now—giving all the presents —over 300.

What sort of things do black children like, do you ask? Well, much the same as their white brothers and sisters: knives, scissors, balls, marbles, bags, dolls, looking-glasses, whistles, and anything that will make a noise, carts, horses, tin trains, and picture books.

Miss Mills has a word to say about picture books, however, which kind friends in England who make up scrap-books for African children would do well to keep in mind.

Please let no one mix up sacred with every-day pictures, it makes no end of misunderstandings; these simple ignorant children cannot disconnect the two in their minds. So let the Scripture picture book be one gift, and the secular or every-day one another, both are much liked and useful in their way.

Miss Mills ends her account of this delightful day. "I felt a little proud of my tribe; every one remarked on their pretty manners, and their gratitude for everything that was done for them, but of course," she adds, not wishing to seem boastful over the other large slave schools,

"eighteen is an easy handful compared with seventy-one, and gratitude is not an African virtue. The day ended very pleasantly with a joyous evensong in the prettily lighted chapel and a walk home with a glorious crimson sunset."

Besides Miss Mills' tiny school, there is also a real nursery belonging to the Mission, where the children are quite infants. Miss Bashford manages this, and also takes day scholars of the townspeople. The Arabs who are passing by often peep in at the windows to see these little things marching, clapping hands, counting up to a hundred, and singing. Of course all these little ones are being carefully brought up Christians.

I must not forget to tell you one great feature of the Mission in Zanzibar; on the very spot in the market place where slaves, only a short time ago, were bought and sold, stands a fine Cathedral Church built by the people, the Sultan giving the four-faced clock. On Christmas Day, 1880, Holy Communion was first administered in this church, and fifty native Christians communicated. As money comes in the Bishop buys land and houses round the Cathedral, so as to collect a parish of Christian families.

Now we come to the other work of the Mission—the settlements on the mainland. A chain of these is being formed from the coast to the great Lake Nyassa, a distance of nearly 400 miles.

Masasi is one such station, a village of 120 freed slaves, brought by the Mission from the Asylum at Mbweni and thus restored to their own land. Here they live in peace and comfort in their own cottages, cultivating their own land, taught and cared for by the English Missionaries. The Rev. John Swedi, deacon—do you remember his name?—is one of their clergy. A stone church and Mission-house is being built. The villagers are taught not alone to work for the support of themselves and families, but each year they are expected to help in some work for the good of the community. There is even an offertory box started in the church, and though these poor slaves cannot have much money, yet a few do regularly put in a trifle; they have received very freely from Christian people, they must now be taught to give freely.

It would be of little use writing down for you the bare names of the other Missionary stations; every one is dear to the servant of God who is in charge of it, and each has its hopeful points and its great trials to faith and patience.

No one knows, save those on the spot, how hard it is to make a real impression on the heart of a grown-up heathen. He has so much to clear out of evil thoughts and habits before he can take in the Gos[illegible]

and even then from time to time old superstitions crop up and seem to stifle the good seed.

Charms and incantations have great power among these. One man desired to be a Christian but could not give these up; another mother with a sick child brought it to be cured by the Mission, but could not bring herself to untie from its neck the heathen charms she had placed there. It was needful to be firm, and all medicine was refused till this was done, the poor infant wailing in pain the while, till mother love prevailed; she broke off the charms and gave the child up to Christian tending. Happily it was soon cured, and doubtless by this means the mother secured as an adherent of the Mission. Had the charms been left on, the child's amendment might have been ascribed to the influence of their own false gods.

In one town a hyena killed a little child. These animals, helped by the leopards, had been fearfully destructive in the place, so some people turned out one day with charms and walked right round the town to keep away the wild beasts for the future. "They had a very hot trudge," says the Missionary, "and I am glad to say most people laughed at them, though some added that the charm did very well for leopards!"

There is one other place of which I must speak here, Mataka's Town. It is a long way from Zanzibar, but the Missionaries have always desired to reach it. Now it has a sorrowful attraction for them. Old Mataka, the late king, was always sending to beg for a teacher, he was ready to welcome the Gospel; but, alas! the Missionaries were few, and the work at Zanzibar and on the coast was heavy for their feeble strength. Mataka must wait, they could not spare even one teacher for him just now. And then one day came the tidings, "The king is dead." Yes, Mataka was dead, the old man had died as he had lived—a heathen.

Too late for him the Missionaries have reached his town; all that can be done is to try and Christianise the new young king. Of him the Missionary writes, "I believe that Mataka will become a Christian if Satan does not hinder him, but he will not lightly give him up."

In the very last accounts from these parts, however, we find that Satan has put a stumbling-block in the way of further progress, by causing the king to take offence at his slave caravans being interfered with by the English. For the present he has ordered the Missionaries away out of his land, and they have been compelled to go. But the king has had a little teaching, the name of Jesus is not now strange to him, and by-and-by let us hope he will want to know more of the new religion.

I have told you some of the struggles of the Central African Mission, but I have touched very lightly on its sorrows and apparent failures. Even this part of Africa is hurtful to English people, and wherever they go their course is marked by graves. Missionaries come out knowing this. When Bishop Steere was sending three of his helpers up country, he thus addressed them: "In any case, whether from disease or violence, do not fear death, for what men call death is really the gate of peace and joy to all true Christians."

To one of these three young men, Samuel Speare, the gate was soon opened, as we have heard, though it was no African fever that hastened his end.

Do not let us wind up this story, however, with death. Let us rather turn to life—life springing into being where least expected. There must always be some unsatisfactory scholars in all schools, and there was one at Kiungani; the lad went away at last, no one knew where—to no good, perhaps.

After a lapse of time came a letter to the Bishop from this very scholar. Here it is:—

"*Nantagala.*

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"Let thy heart be turned to thy servant, and let me have favour in thy sight; therefore, send me Swahili prayers, and send me one big black Bible. I want slates, board, chalk, that I may teach the Waganda the way of God. I been teach them already, but I want you to send me Letali Sundi, that he may help me in the work of God. Oh, my lord, pray for me; oh, ye boys, pray for me. And if thou refuse to send me Letali Sundi, send John Swedi.

"Your honour to the Queen, and my honour to you,

"J. SCOPION.

"I am translating the Bible to Mtesa, son of Suna, King of Uganda. I was with Henry M. Stanley, together with Robert Tiruzi; but Robert is gone with Stanley, but I been stop in Uganda translating the Bible."

Is not this the good seed springing up to life, in ground that all thought hopeless?

And now, one last word. Do not look on this story of Africa as something very far away, not concerning you. Africa is a real place; black men have souls, and white men are daily risking their lives to save them. All the work that I have told you of in this paper is *going on* to-day. If you can help it, do. Pence from the poor, pounds

from the rich, prayers from both, will help and cheer the toiling Missionary.

God knows how much or how little you can help the cause; only do your best. Remember the text, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, *and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.*"

MY EXPERIENCE OF THE CHINESE.

By the Rev. A. C. Hoggins.

WHAT with riots in California, persecutions in Queensland, and the opium question at home, the Chinaman has kept himself of late years well before the eyes of the civilised world. For centuries he shut himself closely within the borders of his native land; now something, he finds, is to be made out of the "outer barbarians," whom he so long despised, and he begins a course of emigration which bids fair to revolutionise the labour markets of the world.

It is not only in America that "the Chinese Question," propounded by this wholesale emigration, has become one of the most important topics of the day; the Australian Colonies have for several years past seriously concerned themselves with its solution, whilst in the Straits' Settlements the Chinese have made themselves the most important portion of the population, and in Penang a Chinaman, starting as a labourer, has raised himself to the dignity of a C.M.G. and member of the Legislative Council. Many of the smaller colonies would at once be seriously crippled were they to lose the aid which they have received from the Celestials.

We make no attempt in these pages to discuss the intricate problem presented to us in the Chinese Question. Our purpose is to present a mere sketch of the writer's observations and experience amongst the Chinese immigrants of one of our smaller colonies.

Probably the first thing about a Chinese "coolie" that would impress a stranger is his minute and patient industry. His own climate, at least in the north, is one of great extremes of heat and cold. It is this, in all likelihood, which enables him to accommodate himself equally well to the tropical climate of British Guiana and to the severe winters of Vancouver's Island, in both of which colonies he seems equally at home. His strength may not be equal to that of the average English labourer, but his endurance exceeds it; "eight hours" is

nothing to him ; he will work in his own bit of land—carefully tending and watering each plant separately—without a break from sunrise to sunset, and then himself prepare the solitary meal with which the day is to close. He does not seem capable of a "spurt," but on the other hand he appears incapable of fatigue. Still, though his work seems thus to be accomplished more by determined perseverance than by brute strength, such as constitutes the value of the negro labourer, it is not to be supposed that all Chinamen are like the degraded specimens that appear alone for the most part to find their way to England. It is not at all uncommon to meet with fine brawny young fellows, nearly six feet high, and broad shouldered in proportion. And children of a Chinese father and negro mother not uncommonly combine something of the mother's physical strength with the father's powers of endurance.

But with all his industry, originality is utterly wanting to the Chinese labourer. His education has been devoted to strengthening the power of memory at the expense of other powers, and now he appears seldom to try even to think for himself. Explain to him what you want done, and you will have your directions followed with marvellous exactness, even to the broken lock in the cabinet which you tell him to copy, or the spot of grease on the coat which you give him as a pattern ; but set him to find out for himself the details of some process new to him, and he will astonish you by the ingenuity of his mistakes. Nevertheless, in spite of this reluctance or inability to rely on his own judgment, his powers of endurance and of imitation make him, in the opinion of most West Indian planters who have tried him, the most valuable labourer that has yet been found to toil in those hot, damp climates, where European labour cannot be made use of. Not so physically powerful as the negro, not so amenable to control as the East Indian coolie, he yet far exceeds the one in intelligence and the other in spirit and energy, as he does both in his powers of application and endurance. He has besides the additional advantage of being as indifferent to the weather in which he works, and the food which he eats, as he is to the kind of work which he undertakes.

The excellence of the Chinaman as a domestic servant is proverbial. When accommodated to your ideas of cleanliness, you will hardly find a better cook. No doubt at first he will want to give you dishes after his own taste—fowls stewed with lumps of pork fat, eggs which are all but chickens, and so forth, the whole invariably floating in a sea of oil ; but he soon learns that your appetite is not sufficiently educated to appreciate these delicacies, and is quite willing to

himself to your individual tastes. It is, moreover, no ordinary advantage to have a cook who is at the same time out-door servant and gardener, and who rather enjoys than otherwise scrubbing a floor and washing the clothes, whilst he particularly delights in taking care of your baby if you have one. Such a man was Yung-fung—the best servant the writer ever employed—who, when it was once necessary to leave wife and children for several days in a desolate place far from any European habitation, of his free motion watched night after night outside the house with a drawn cutlas by his side, lest any harm should come to those who were thus placed temporarily under his charge. Not quite so satisfactory was his fellow-servant, the boy Yah-a-Kow, whose business it was to look after the horse and cows, and who on the first holiday after each payment of his wages found the attractions of gambling so strong that he invariably lost on that one day all he had earned in the previous month.

"Chinese cheap labour" has become almost a bye-word, but it does not mean that the Chinaman will not take whatever pay he can command. He can work for less than white men, and where competition comes in, he is ready enough to do so; but when he can get more he makes no pretence of not taking the highest pay he can obtain. And it is rather unsafe to disagree with him on this subject of pay; for however faithful a servant he may have been, if he thinks himself wronged he will avenge himself somehow, not unfrequently adopting the singularly disagreeable method of setting things right by hanging, not his enemy, but himself on that enemy's door-post—an unpleasant custom which gives us a most forcible impression of the low value of human life in the Flowery Land.

A great deal has been said about the morality of the Chinese, most of which must be taken to be the mere produce of rivalry and dislike. The Chinaman is said, for instance, to be very dirty in his habits; the fact is, the majority of Chinese in an English colony are very poor, and very poor people in European towns are sometimes not so scrupulously clean. Then in the large cities of China the population is very large and very crowded, and so what is a necessity there becomes elsewhere a habit, so that poor Chinese are in the habit of crowding together even when there is plenty of room. In hot climates especially this of course produces unpleasant results. But there is no reason to suppose that it proceeds from any natural love of uncleanliness; when a Chinaman "gets on in the world" he seems as anxious to have his surroundings neat and clean as the most fastidious Englishman could be; and no one can help observing the universal fondness for bathing, leading sometimes, in towns where baths are

not easily procurable, to the adoption of most comical expedients in the use of the public fountains under cover of the night.

Then there is the use of opium. Well, it is seldom one finds a Chinaman without a supply of opium in his pocket, of which he avails himself whenever a convenient opportunity offers. Perhaps, however, we are as much to blame as he is in this matter. The native opium of China is said to be a very harmless drug compared with that which the Indian Government insist, in spite of their continued protests, in forcing upon the Chinese people. In British Guiana the Chinaman, moreover, is hardly the worst offender in this matter. The consumption of opium among the Hindoos is very large, and drunkenness is very much more common both among them and among the negroes than are the results of opium smoking among the Chinese. Here again we have, probably, an example of that common readiness to see our friends' faults, while we remain very blind indeed to our own.

A third charge made against the Chinese is that they are accomplished thieves and liars. The word "accomplished" exactly expresses in what the Chinaman here differs from the other races with whom we come in contact. Hindoos are generally clever thieves and liars, and very few would trust a negro who has been brought up among "civilised" people; but the Chinese are *accomplished* thieves and liars. Buddhism is said to be the only religion that in set terms forbids lying, but neither in India nor in China is the prohibition found to have much effect upon the customs of the people. The Chinaman who comes abroad seems to recognise three duties only as binding upon him—his duty to venerate his ancestors and support his parents, his duty to befriend his countrymen wherever he may find them, and his duty to spoil the Egyptians, to get out of the stranger all he can by fair means or by foul. The carrying out of this last duty obviously involves lying and stealing, and is no doubt a bad feature in the Chinese character.

The charge of habitual cowardice has probably little foundation. The Chinaman has a look of patient submission about him, which is possibly due to the oppression under which the lower orders constantly labour at home, but the Chinese do not always come off second-best in the "rows" that are continually occurring in Californian villages, and the writer has known a small party of them hold their own successfully against a superior number of negroes who thought to make easy victims of them. Of the other charges made against them, it shall only be said, that the writer is convinced they are no more chargeable to the Chinese, *as a race*, than they are to any other people.

The great vice of the Chinaman is his irresistible propensity to gambling. It is this which is the cause of most of his troubles, this which brings him before the magistrates' courts, this which leads him to rioting, wounding, even murder, and the penalties which follow from these things. Perhaps in China itself the case may not be quite so bad; but among immigrants there are few families, and hardly any home life, for the Chinese Government has always refused to allow the emigration of women, and the few Chinese women in a colony have come there under exceptional circumstances, and the Chinaman seems almost driven to find companionship and society amid the dangerous and alluring excitements of the gaming-table.

MELANESIA.*

II.—Mr. Codrington's Narrative.

IT was eighteen years since I had first been disappointed in getting to Santa Cruz. There was a great deal to see in the islands, where great advances had been made in Ysabel and Florida, in Maewo, and in the first island we reached, Pentecost, or Whitsuntide, in the New Hebrides, called by us, commonly, by its native name, Araga. In this place there is now a school and an increasing body of native Christians; when I was there last in 1875, there were neither. We then took back to Norfolk Island a boy named Tariliu. He was baptized, the first from his island, and soon after that he came to me and said he wanted to go home again and take some one to help him. He had already found an elder scholar from Mota, who was willing to go, Thomas Ulgau. That was the origin of the Araga school, and a characteristic one. Ulgau has been there ever since, he has been assisted by other young men and boys from Mota, and now there is a flourishing school, a nice school building, a little growing Christian congregation, and a few intelligent scholars at Norfolk Island, from whom we hope may arise the native teacher of the future, who will take the lead of his own people. This is the way in which the Mission work spreads spontaneously by native agency, and all the better, I believe, because spontaneously.

To land at Mota was like going home, so many old friends and

* We should convey to our Readers a most incomplete idea of "The Island Voyage" if we passed over in silence that portion of it from which our present story is abridged.—(Ed.)

scholars were crowding the landing-place. I went up to Kohimarama, and into the village beyond, to look at the place, and see one or two sick friends. The not now very new church was new to me, and a great improvement on the old one. The whole place was much changed and improved, the people flourishing and pleasant. There was plenty of food, no sickness, and no mud. Having landed our few scholars and passengers, we crossed over to Port Patteson for the evening. A solitary spot it is now, not a soul to be seen! Only a fire in one place to show that there are still inhabitants. When the harbour was first discovered, there was a considerable population. It has now disappeared, and with it one of the Vanua Lava dialects.

Next morning we were able to land at Ara, where a large part of the population are known to me. Ara was always a charming place to visit. We saw many old friends and pupils, their houses, wives, and numerous children, and sailed on the same afternoon to Pek, in Vanua Lava. I was first there eight years ago, when Edwin Sakelrau had just begun the work there which has been so successful. This is another example of the spontaneous spreading abroad of the native teaching. We had time before dusk to see the new church, very large and nicely worked, but not as I thought well constructed. That evening a little Santa Cruz boy became very weak, and his countrymen wanted to throw him overboard as being already dead, a very characteristic native thing. He died in fact in the night, and in the morning they seemed really concerned. It was Sunday and we buried him when we went ashore for Service.

At Pek two schools have branched off, each in charge of a teacher from Ara. On Sundays all come together and have Service after school. I made them go on as usual, and walked about to observe. There were one hundred and twenty-one scholars in all, divided into ten classes, which were dispersed in the various houses of the village that has gathered round the school. The teachers, with the exception of Wadrokal and his wife, were old Norfolk Island scholars, and their subject was the "Miracle of the five loaves." I could not understand them, as they talked in Motlav, but they seemed to do very well. The Service afterwards was attended by a much smaller number, for only those who are baptized, or seekers of Baptism, attend. When I first saw Pek there was not one who had arrived at any knowledge of religion or civilisation; now there was a congregation, many of them with Prayer-books in their hands, and all of them singing hymns and chanting canticles, in respectable dresses, as if they had been used to it all their lives. The poor old man who used to be the great man there, and who came down in former days to see us, carrying a plan

of calico in his hand for full dress, was now very ill and near his end; always a very worthy old fellow, he was now a Christian, and much comforted by the return of his son.

The present great man of the district—who, out of the Banks' Islands, would be called a powerful chief—came on board with us to dinner; he is a man very high up in the world, for his age, and a supporter and friend of ours. His name is Qengqo, which is worth giving as an example, with the explanation that each "q" if properly pronounced, is equal to k, m, b, w.* It was a very satisfactory enjoyable day, everything as one could wish, a Christian village gathered round a native Deacon, whom every one esteems, respects, and trusts.

We left Pek on Monday morning and began to beat through the passage between Vanua Lava and Santa Maria with every disagreeable accompaniment. Happily, our very misfortune enabled us to do what I had much desired, but hardly hoped for. We ran into Avreas Bay, where is a Mota teacher whom almost more than any other I desired to see. A delightful little place he has, so close to the sea, that in a strong north wind fish were carried up into their ovens and pigs into the trees! The school-house is small, but very well built, and nicely arranged with seats for the scholars, and a little table for the teacher, with his books and writing things. He has more than twenty scholars at daily school, some living with him in the house, and on Sundays some ninety people come together.

Gaua, for which we had a large party, is a place where there has been a school for eight years past, under Mota teachers. The progress made here has never been satisfactory; the chief visible cause being the quarrelsome character of the people. It is not that they fight, but that a succession of murders carries on a continual feud. Lately all the district had been so disturbed in consequence of a murder, that the schools were almost broken up. The murderer was on the spot, and I went to him, and as well as I could scolded him; but I found out afterwards that what he had done he had done at the request of the relations of the man he killed. They were persuaded he was bewitching them all, and they could not well kill their relation; so they asked this man to do it. It was not a pleasant visit; there was much more to blame and regret than to praise and admire.

From Gaua, the native name of which is "Gog," we went with a day's calm to Mota and Ureparapara. On the way, for the first time in the voyage, I saw a native canoe sailing. It is one of the signs of a reviving prosperity among the islands that a good number of canoes are being made. The place is immensely improved. There

[* Qengqo=Kmbwengkmbwo!]

is a school-house, which is to my thinking the best of all I have seen, large and airy, strong and well built, a thoroughly good native building. The whole small population of the place attends school, some thirty every day, and on Sundays a hundred. The history of this school is instructive. The first three scholars we ever had at Norfolk Island from Ureparapara went home and came back again in 1878, and after their return were baptized. Soon after that they came to me and said that they had been talking about their island. The people there were all very anxious about a school, and were quite sure that one of the old teachers belonging to a neighbouring island, who was always promising to go and teach them, would never go. They had made up their minds that the two elder boys ought to go back and begin by themselves. They went accordingly and here was the result of their going—an excellent school building and scholars. We took a Mota man and his wife to head the school. They had been just married, and without more than a week at home to show themselves, went cheerfully to a foreign and rather distant island. When schools and teachers multiply and spread spontaneously abroad like this, we can rely, I think, upon the progress of a sound system.

On the morning of the 1st of August we were in sight of Santa Cruz. It was calm, and we steamed along the north face of the island, passing the place where Commodore Goodenough was shot, the village whence those who shot him came, and after that groups of canoes till we came opposite the beach where our station is. By that time we were surrounded by a fleet of their famous canoes, which they manage so dexterously. The canoes are much improved, and better made ones of the kind used in the New Hebrides and Banks' Islands; their dress is the same as that of Lepers' Island; in their chewing the betel only is there a sign of the approach to the Solomon Islands. The betel goes on to Tikopia, which is north-east of the Banks' Islands, and there, so far as I know, it stops. Drinking Kava begins in the Banks' Islands, and goes eastwards. A voyager westwards from Tikopia may follow the betel into India and Africa in a continuous chain of habit; but where is the original seat of it, and where is it known to have been first observed? I should be thankful to any one who would give me the information. Meja, the chief man of the place, came off, and I took him, and Natei and his wife, the other great man, ashore in the boat. The population was in seventy or eighty canoes round the vessel; there were but few to see on shore.

The houses are unlike any I have seen elsewhere, and surrounded as the Spanish visitors observed three hundred years ago, with

labyrinth of walls. The chiefs appear to be what Melanesian chiefs usually are, the elder, richer, most successful men in the place, with whom the young men live till they have homes of their own, which is not at all early in life. When young men marry they still live in the public dwelling-house till they are middle-aged, or their parents die and make a vacancy in the private house. Arrangements are of a singularly Spartan kind. Only a few of the children who go to Wadrokal's school were about, everybody was at the vessel trading. It was enough, however, to be ashore at Santa Cruz, with as little apprehension as if one were at Mota; at Santa Cruz, to reach which the difficulty has been so great and so long-continued, as well as attended with much loss. All is quite friendly now. It is not even as when Bishop Patteson, after the fatal attack on his boat in 1864, was able to go ashore another year in perfect peace and friendliness; for we have now communication which was then impossible, we can understand one another. There may be troubles hereafter. Wadrokal, unless he is much changed, will bully the people a little, and accuse them of plotting his death. But no serious disagreement, I think, is likely to occur till traders come. The strange thing is that Santa Cruz people are very quiet and good-natured, by no means a wild and fierce set of people. The boys at Norfolk Island are very quiet and gentle. There is much truth in their own account of their reason for shooting at Bishop Patteson's party in 1864, that they were afraid of the mischief the strange visitors might do. Something of the dread and distrust of foreigners, mixed with resentment for a recent injury, was the cause of their later attack on the Commodore.

When we returned to the vessel in the afternoon and prepared to depart, the people quietly cleared away. A great deal of trading had been done, and the deck was alive with the pretty little native fowls. These, only a few years ago, the only fowls known in all the islands, are now only found by us in Santa Cruz, and are in danger, like everything else there, of being taken for peculiar to the place and derived from the Spaniards. The European fowls have supplanted them everywhere; but an old-fashioned Mota man will not call an imported fowl by the old name, but by the English word, cock. It is wonderful how soon the native things disappear. I could not buy, see, or hear of a single native shell axe in Santa Cruz, in the place of all others in these seas least visited by Europeans! It is worth observing that "*toki*," the Santa Cruz name for a native axe, is Maori for an axe, and that "*toki*" in Santa Cruz is the gigantic clam out of which the axes were made.

The next day as the sun went down we passed Nukapu. Nothing was to be seen but white breakers under a dark line of trees, and heavy piled up clouds. There are only six men there now, they say, and I have no doubt a landing might be made with perfect security. I could see no difference whatever physically between the people of these Reef Islands, whose dialect is Polynesian, and the others. A Tikopian is unmistakably distinct, but then his island lies by itself; there is no admixture with the people of a large and neighbouring place. The Santa Cruz group is a thing of itself; the differences in language, customs, arts, as yet unexplained; but certainly not likely in the least to be influenced by the very brief and partial intercourse with the Spaniards of Mendana.

From Santa Cruz to Ulawa, the nearest of the Solomon Islands, the distance is not great, as the visits or driftings of canoes often show; we got there in four days. It was Sunday morning when we arrived, and I did not go ashore. The few Christian natives came off for our Service, and then we left. A canoe came out from Haane, a place three miles from Wa*n*o, where there is a little school. It was the teacher come to inquire whether it was true that the man-of-war, the *Cormorant*, was coming to destroy their village! A well-known scoundrel, a native of Florida, who had lived some time at Wa*n*o, was on board the *Cormorant* as interpreter, and having some enmity against the Haane people he had told them he was going to send the man-of-war upon them. They were frightened, and ran into the bush every time the ship came down to her anchorage at Ugi; the Haane school was almost broken up. We heard afterwards that the fellow had done the same thing at Florida.

At last on the 9th August we reached Florida, and found the *Cormorant* at anchor in Curaçoa, now called Boli, Harbour. There was a good deal to hear about the settlement of the Gaeta difficulty, which the Captain has managed extremely well. It was very fortunate for both parties that the Bishop was there, to act as a mediator and trustworthy interpreter. Without an interpreter, who can be trusted, the wisest and best-intentioned officer is entirely in the dark. The interpreter can, and often does, tell the natives as coming from the Captain, whatever he himself pleases, and misrepresents the natives in the same way.

Tabukoro had saved the one survivor of the *Sandfly* massacre. We went ashore to see him. His house is the finest thing I have ever seen in the islands. It is twenty-four paces long by nine wide, and thirty feet high, and is raised on piles, in the fashion of the *best houses*, but with what I had never seen before, a sort of wall

the middle for a fire and cooking. We steamed off to Madoliana, the scene of the massacre, and reached Bulo in the early afternoon. We landed on a desolate beach, black with the remains of the burnt village, and started, a considerable party, for Lango, the Mission station inland. An hour's walk took us up a spur of the hills, along burnt remains of houses, on to the hills themselves, whence we saw the finest view I should suppose our islands have hitherto displayed. The most interesting place was Tanginasisi, a knoll commanding a fine view over the sea, where the house, now burnt, was struck by a shell from the *Emerald*. Not very far beyond this was the last burnt house. It belonged to one of our scholars, who was in Norfolk Island all the while. One cannot complain of these calamities of war that fall on innocent people, nor even of poor Sapi's heavy losses by the *Emerald's* raid. Such things belong to war; but at the same time one can't help remembering that all these people whose houses were burnt, canoes smashed, pigs shot, trees cut down, &c., were as completely innocent and ignorant of the massacre of the *Sandfly's* men, as if they had been in another island. Five people did it and five alone, and no others had any share in doing it. And there is no tribe with an acknowledged community of guilt, no political body, nothing but a common neighbourhood. Nevertheless nothing else, I suppose, will stop such outrages but heavy punishment of the really guilty, and failing justice, the rude touch of war.

VICTORIAN ENGLAND.

By the Bishop of Western New York.

THE Eddystone light shone over our port bow soon after we had passed the Lizard. It was an evening in June, but cold, and there had been more than a stiff breeze all day, with squalls and rain. At sunset there was sunshine and a golden glazing of the emerald steep that arose before us—our first sight of England, after a cheery voyage on one of the German Lloyd steamers. Tired of the Channel and of Liverpool I had resolved, on this trip, to try something new. And I liked it, and so did those with me, whose pleasure was my chief concern. These German steamers are admirably handled, and they are very well contrived for the comfort of passengers. I like the approach to England by the Needles and the

Isle of Wight, along the Solent and up Southampton water. Then, when landed, one is only two hours from London, or it is an easy excursion to Salisbury and Winchester. Or, it is yet easier to go to the Isle of Wight. And, I speak from experience when I say, by all means go to France from this port, by way of Cherbourg or Havre. Choose fair weather, and it is a pleasure excursion. One sees Normandy, and goes up to Paris by pleasant stages, without a crowd and crush. Oh! that hateful journey by Calais, or by Folkestone and Boulogne. I have tried all, and often. *Experto crede.* Southampton is the best port as yet, and then that quiet little inn, alongside the great railway *caravanserai* which is odious, gives one such a pleasing welcome. One minute only to pass the custom house, only twenty passengers landed with us, and the rest of our ship's company went on to Bremen. Never such a comfortable landing had I made before in England.

But, I get ahead of my story. The Eddystone light I was speaking of, and, as the captain said, "It 's the last time you 'll see it, for next year there will be a new one," I thought of poor Winstanley's original *pharos*, in which he perished. That thought recalled "Robinson Crusoe," for in those inimitable pages of Defoe I first read of the Eddystone Lighthouse—how it stood on a lone rock in the sea, and how it was the last object poor Robin saw as he sailed forth on his ever memorable adventures.

"Yes," I answered, I knew they were rebuilding, "but I had fancied Smeaton's work had been already taken down, in order to rebuild on the old lines." There was a moral in the reply, and so I preserve it: "We couldn't spare the old light till the new was ready; so they had to build a little to one side." I wish some of our demolishing philosophers were as wise as the engineers of Eddystone. They take down the good old light before anything new is ready to take its place —in fact, long before they have contrived anything which can possibly answer the beneficent purposes of what experience has shown to be so useful. Now this parable is meet for all tinkers of religion primarily; yet would I could make the same parable understood by political theorists, and specially by those of old England. Hear it, O John Bright! eloquent and respectable broad-brim that thou art. Hear it, O Gladstone! once so dear to Church and State in England as the great Liberal-Conservative, able to link together old and new, and born to fit England to our times without any sacrifice of what she derives from all times. So we once thought. Hast thou, O Gladstone, forgotten thy former self and missed thy mission? It is *not for me* to say so; but, I look on in sorrow, not in anger, and

wonder how you got where you are. It is because I have mused of these things full long, and have watched the portentous history of the past thirty years with anxious, earnest-loving heart-throbs, that I now write again, I, who *quondam* wrote my "Impressions of England" —of an England that even now has passed away. The age of Victoria has not turned out what we supposed it must prove. Dear souls, that have rested from your labours since I first saw dear old England in the memorable '51, how bitterly have your high hopes been disappointed. One comfort remains; nay, there are two great sources of hope and consolation. Still God reigneth. And has it not always been true that England's extremity has been His opportunity? I hope on and live on because I trust. Yes, great God of our fathers, "none of these things move me."

Such were my thoughts in the early morning after I had digested the Eddystone parable over night, and as I passed the Needles. There was Hurst Castle on my left. Who, that knows its history, need despair of old England, or of the Church of England, the only remnant of Catholic and Apostolic Christianity now left to mankind that is not rotten to the core, or in a stage of decrepitude that waits a voice like that from Peter and John at the beautiful gate.

Americans visit England, too often full of thoughts about horses and yachts. I visit my old mother, in her glorious home, as the mother and nurse of my immortality; as the mother from whose breast, as said the pilgrim Winthrop, I have drawn the milk of doctrine, and of "such part as I may have in the common salvation." It does me good to take that out of Winthrop and his "Arabella" pilgrims, for it goes to show that one may be true to a share in New England's blood and none the less true to all that makes such blood worth having. When will men cease to forget that the non-conformists were not precisely puritans; at all events they were not Cromwellians? The men who laid deep and strong the foundations of New England were ordained presbyters of the Church of England, graduates of Cambridge or Oxford; men who never lost the blessed influences of their early training in the ways of her learning and piety. When will Harvard return to those ways of pleasantness and peace, and claim her inheritance of Old England's scholarship and letters as her legitimate child?

Such was the drift of my pleasant thoughts as, once again, I came to the isle of my forefathers as to a home. I never think of myself as a foreigner in England. I cross the Atlantic, take a cab, and land at "mine inn," without one feeling of being a stranger. Yet, it is not so when I cross the Tweed into Scotland. The guard asks for your

ticket in the dialect of *auld* Scotia; you are startled by the reflection that you are in another country; a most interesting and romantic region it is true, but no longer home. I was brought up to this feeling by a father's noble maxims and instructions. Not to feel thus to one's mother country, so he taught me, is to renounce your share in history, and to impoverish your mind and heart. It is to forfeit, in fact, one's place in the human family, and to start in life an adventurer and a *nomad* as naked and lone as our first parents when they "took their solitary way" from the gates of Eden.

Hurst Castle, which we passed so speedily, I had seen before with touching associations. A long sand bar juts forth into the Solent, out of Hampshire, like the stem of a tobacco-pipe, and like its bowl, there is the remnant of its ancient keep almost islanded by the sea, which in old times, if I am right, used, in fact, to cover the sand bar at high tide. It is a place fit for "treason, stratagem and crimes," and was described as in his day, "the worst castle in England," by good Sir Thomas Herbert, who well merits to be called good, though he was, at first, a moderate parliamentarian and was set as a sort of guardsman over King Charles. What a romance is that narrative of his; "the two last years" of that ill-fated king, to whom England owes a debt of gratitude unspeakable, in spite of all that he did unwisely and so ill, because, as he bravely said, he died a martyr for her constitution in Church and State. This nobody that understands that constitution can deny, and nobody that prefers such a constitution to a military despotism, or a Venetian republic, can but thank God for the sovereign who, if he did not know how to reign in times that had no precedent, yet knew how to die with a dignity unexampled and with a calm prescience that his death would ensure a great restoration. Nay, Charles had a spirit yet more prescient. He authorised the Revolution of 1688; virtually, he himself, banished the Stuart dynasty by his own provident and parental edict. "Tell my sons," said he, "to love and obey their mother in all things save only in the matter of her religion. In the works of that judicious divine, Richard Hooker, which I bequeath to them, they will find the true exposition of the Christian religion, as maintained in the Church of England, which, if they should cease to profess, *my blessing will leave them.*" Thus he disinherited them justly, because he loved England even more than he loved his wife and his children; though to his honour, never was a king so loving a husband and father. This is not English history according to Catherine Macaulay, nor yet according to Thomas Babbington, her namesake and fellow-scold; but I *am not* one of those who let mere professional Whig advocates do

thinking. I admire as much as they can, the grand principles of freedom, established in England in 1688. The same were asserted again by the sons of England, this side of the Atlantic, in 1776. But, I do not attribute those principles to Oliver, whose hypocrisy never went so far as to claim any share in them, nor to Algernon Sidney, who pocketed French bribes, while whining his pretences to a patriotic and unselfish devotion to "the good old cause." I look deeper and think more boldly, and I see that the noble Falkland and the prudent Hyde, who knew how far to go and when to stop, were better patriots than such as are cried up by the Macaulays, alike in petticoats and in trousers. Surely the solar system owes something to the centripetal force. Why does not somebody give us the Constitutional History of England with some reference to gravitation? The tangent and the centrifugal never made a planet, though it might generate one of those baleful stars with a tail which make the crowd stare. So thought I, as I passed Hurst Castle, or what yet remains of it; and, at once, I seemed carried away back more than two hundred years, to the days when England's king looked forth from those stern walls, cheering his melancholy eyes with a view of the Needles or the Isle of Wight, and with sight of the many ships standing forth for long voyages on the deep, or coming in, perhaps, from Virginia or Massachusetts, with homeward-bound explorers of the new world.

Charles had astonished the Presbyterian divines at Newport by his great abilities as a "defender of the faith," and had charmed some of them by the sweetness of his manner and by the dignity of his appearance as their grey-haired and discrowned king. Cromwell was afraid of him and of them, and had, probably, resolved on bringing about the last act of the tragedy, just how and when not yet determined. A coach, mysteriously guarded, came to Carisbrook, and, with reticence and ominous silence, the king was made to enter it, and, with his faithful Herbert, to go forth, whither he knew not. They drove him to Yarmouth, where they made him embark upon a sailing-boat, and so was he brought to Hurst. A musketeer was pacing to and fro on guard, and came down to receive him—a stern figure, and right fierce. One can see the grim, black, bushy-bearded Cromwellian, staring at King Charles from under his cap, half helmet; a basket-hilted sword at his side, halberd in hand, and striding in those jack-boots, as he conducted the royal prisoner to the stronghold of Giant Despair. When the bars and bolts sounded behind his back, Charles had little doubt as to the purpose for which he had been brought thither. As he had himself remarked, the graves of fallen monarchs are very near to their prisons, and there, far out from the land, in

some deep midnight, how easy to close up the story with a scene from "Macbeth," or with the tale of Berkeley Castle repeating itself.

But King Charles's imprisonment in Hurst was a gentle means, in the awards of Providence, to prepare him for a nobler end and for a world-amazing one. There he communed with God and calmly awaited whatever might befall. That he reviewed and deplored the mistakes of his life and of his reign in lone communings with God, there is sufficient evidence. If he was, even indirectly, the author of the "Icon Basilike," as I think he was, it was at Hurst that he set down those thoughts which awakened the compunctions of the nation and which sealed the fate of usurping Cromwellism—that bold and defiant tyranny, which simpletons admire because it was strong and successful. How would they have liked to have felt Oliver's heel upon their own necks? Answer that, Carlyle, you who can turn into a joke those days of agony, when misguided men found out that Cromwell's little finger was thicker than the loins of their lawful king! Is it any credit to Englishmen that they once surrendered their liberties to such a Cæsar? Is there any fun in the fact that there were days in England when the Parliament was as cheap as its sovereign? Carlyle sees nothing but matter for sport in such a scene as that of "Pride's purge." Waller and others were of this unlucky *Forty-one*, among whom we count little Clement Walker, in his grey suit, with his little stick, asking, in the voice of the indomitable terrier, or Blenheim cocker, "By what law, I ask again? By what law?" There was a day, then, when Englishmen were not permitted to ask, "By what law?" As for Clement, perhaps it served him right, for he had done his little best to destroy the law; but, is it any credit to England that there was a day when an Englishman could ask such an honest question only to be laughed at? Carlyle enjoys the little man's discomfiture, not because he was insignificant, but because Cromwell was unscrupulous. "By what law?—I ask, again—by what law?" Carlyle replies—"No mortal *will ever be able to answer.*"

One can't help laughing, but it was no laughing matter for Presbyterians, just then, in Cromwellised England. Carlyle was a Presbyterian, but, thus he continues: "Others are scared away—above *a hundred in all*—sent into the tower, sent out of our way and *trouble us no further.* The minority has now become the majority." By this *minority* the prisoner of Hurst Castle is doomed to die; majority having heartily voted that "his majesty's concessions in Treaty of Newport *are a ground of settlement.*" Here is the rec... Carlyle gives it: "By a majority of forty-six (129 to 83) it is a... *o'clock* on Tuesday morning, decided,—*Yea, they are a gr...*

settlement." The army-chiefs decided otherwise, and held a prayer-meeting over it. Then came that prime new expedient for turning a minority into a majority, Cromwell, sole patentee. The invention is called "Pride's purge," and the men who have taken Carlyle and the two Macaulays for their teachers, *may try it again*. They have complained, bitterly, for thirty years, that there is no statue of Oliver Cromwell in Westminster Abbey. Why not put it before the lawyers in Westminster Hall, there where Charles sat and asked again, "By what law?" We live in a day when it is the fashion to think cheaply of law, and it looks probable that the admirers of lawlessness must have their way in the abbey once more, and why not in Westminster Hall? But these places, be it remembered, are close to the Houses of Parliament. Yes, "By what law" is England to be governed in days that draw nigh? Is it not time to open Richard Hooker once more? "Of laws in general," he discourseth in a vein widely different from that of the late Thomas Carlyle. I am not ashamed to prefer Hooker. So I thought as I passed Hurst Castle.

THE CANAL BARGES MISSION.

By J. Batty.

"Not many lives but only *one* have we—
One, only one:—
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span!
Day after day fill'd up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.
* * * * *
O life below—how brief, and poor, and sad!
One heavy sigh!
O life above—how long, and fair, and glad!
An endless joy!
Oh, to be done with daily dying here!
Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere!"

H. Bonar.

OUR brief records of Mission work amongst the labouring classes would be very incomplete, if we were to forget the efforts made to reach those of whom we might almost say that they belong to no parish and own no home. We mean the men who are employed on canals, not so much those who live on land and

make their journeys from and return to the same place, as those, and there are many such, whose dwelling is the rough barge on which they work by day, and which is too frequently the only resting-place for themselves and their families by night. As far as they are concerned one parish is very much like another. The sound of the church bells, heard so frequently in passing while the barge pursues its slow and measured course, have nothing homelike in their tones.

Whatever we may say or think about the matter, while human nature remains what it is, "traditions" of the past, as we may call them, have, and always will have, a strong hold upon us. We have little hesitation in saying that it is well for us that it should be so. The influence which old associations have over us is for the most part a good influence; we should lose something if we were without these altogether. The familiar path which we have trodden from earliest childhood, the old church in which generations, long since passed away, have worshipped God, the bells to which we have listened all our lives, these can never be without some hold both upon the memory and affections of men, and to simple natures we believe the hold is a very strong one. But when we speak of canal men, and bargemen, and others of this floating population, we are dealing with a class who are for the most part utterly without these "traditions." In speaking of or to them we lack something to fall back upon. They have no special home feeling with regard to any parish in England, and, except in a few instances, have only a dim and very vague memory of their old place in the Church.

To meet these on their own ground, to bring the message of the Gospel to them, in their floating homes on the canal, requires a different kind of agency and another mode of work than that which would be adopted with a more stationary population. Yet difficult as the work may have appeared at the outset, uncertain in its progress and doubtful in its results, it has not been without evidence of a blessing; nor wanted proof that the Missionary whose heart is full of love to his fellow-men for the sake of One who loved us all and gave Himself for us, can reach the hearts of others, and touch the familiar chord to which all natures respond, the infinite sense of unworthiness and need in ourselves, with a knowledge of the infinite love which has redeemed us, and the infinite mercy and grace which is held out to us.

The condition of canal bargemen, and the best means of providing for their spiritual needs, had so far engaged the great mind of Bishop Selwyn, not long before his death, that he had, as announced by the present Bishop of Lichfield at the Church Congress, "taken steps *towards* a special Barge Mission on the canals in his diocese, and had

built a Mission-barge for this purpose. A Committee of clergymen had been formed, all of them old University Oars, to consider what might best be done to organise and carry on the work."

To show how needful such an agency is we have only to draw a picture of canal life as it was a few years ago. We say as it *was*, for happily better things have dawned upon this class of workers, and our canal boat population are now, we may hope, being raised from the state of degradation in which in years past so many of them lived and died. We use the word degradation advisedly, because no other word so fitly describes the conditions under which they existed.

The passing of the Canal Boats Act has been one of those wise and useful acts of legislation upon which our present Parliament may well be congratulated; for it is a measure calculated to improve the condition of a large and important class of our home population. We must not forget that for the passing of this Act we are in great measure indebted to one who had already done good service in a somewhat similar cause in behalf of labourers in the brick-fields, led thereto by his own painful experience in childhood, and who has been very truly a Missionary amongst these poor and neglected ones.

It is to the work of George Smith, of Coalville, on "Our Canal Population" that we are indebted for many interesting and startling disclosures as to the kind of life led by this class of our labouring poor.

In 1877 the Home Secretary stated the number of persons employed in 1871 to be about 29,500, and of that number 10,576 were actually on board on the night the census of that year was taken. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon stated that it was impossible to ascertain the exact numbers of this floating population, which had been variously estimated as from 29,000 to 80,000. Mr. Smith had however, from careful calculation, arrived at a far higher number. His little work was published in 1873, and he estimated then that there was an average of *four* boats to every mile on 4,800 miles of river and canal. This would bring the number of boats to 19,200, and supposing that there was one man, one woman, and three children to each boat, this would bring the number then employed to 96,000. But that the numbers actually exceed this estimate is proved by the great increase of tonnage conveyed by the Grand Junction Canal alone in the last few years; the Manager having informed Mr. Smith that there are upwards of *one thousand* boats employed between London and Birmingham, a distance something over 100 miles, this gives an average of ten boats per mile, and on some lines of canal in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire, the *average is* twelve boats per mile. On some of the

smaller and less used canals it is true the number may not exceed two or three boats per mile; but as a whole it is quite evident that from four to five boats in every mile is likely to be under rather than over the correct number. We have thus (allowing only five persons to each boat) a population of more than 100,000 thus employed.

A paper drawn up and signed with the names or marks of several thus employed is given in Mr. Smith's book, in which these men say, "Our children ought to be educated and protected as other works are. We regret to think that not more than *two* out of every *hundred* under the age of fourteen can read or write, and not more than *five* out of every hundred attend a place of worship on Sundays."

One boatman at Birmingham told Mr. Smith that only *one* out of his family of *nine* could read or write; and he himself had learned to read by studying the sign-boards, and becoming familiar with the names of the various public-houses passed while travelling along with his boat, such as the "Dog and Gun," the "Green Lion," the "Hen and Chickens," and similar names.

We quote the following dark picture of Canal Boat Life from Mr. Smith's pen, only premising that it was to abolish this state of things, and to place the canal population upon a better footing, that the Act —of which we shall have more to say presently—was passed.

Mr. Smith writes: "When I first turned my attention to this question, if the boatmen themselves are to be believed—and I do not doubt it for a moment, for those that told me are thoroughly respectable men—we had something like 13,000 men and 13,000 women, living as men and wives in an unmarried state, and 40,000 illegitimate children connected with boating, and who form what I call the lowest class of boaters. A regular marriage was of rare occurrence. A kind of ceremony was gone through, sometimes at a low public-house, finishing up with a 'spree.' Some time since a boater's woman died. Another woman, who had some grown up daughters, hearing of this a little time after the sorrowful event, said to Jim, 'I understand thee has no wife; thee shalt have our Bess?' Away the woman went to a neighbouring boat and fetched 'Bess.' The boater and the woman there and then agreed upon terms, and were married according to their plan. All was done within twenty-four hours, and to-day they are floating about in their 'cabin home' with a large family of children. Drunkenness, swearing, oaths, blasphemy, and cruelty, were terribly common, and this is the kind of training they have been giving their children during the last forty years. Well might the Governor of *Stafford* Gaol say, 'They are the worst class of criminals that I have *deal with.*' A friend of mine told me some months since, th-

two boatmen racing with their boats, trying with all their might and main, and beating their poor animals most cruelly with heavy sticks to see which could get to the lock first, and the result was the boatman who was left behind jumped on to the top of his cabin, and began to swear most horribly, in fearful excitement, until he dropped down dead.

"There has been much immorality amongst them, and this, no doubt, arises principally from the small space they have to live in, the size of the cabin being scarcely larger than a dog-kennel. It is an every-day occurrence for man, woman, and six children, to spend the years as they roll round, winter and summer, in rain, cold, frost, and snow, in one of these dark, cramped, cribbed, and confined 'hell-holes,' as some of the women call them. So little is the space for a whole family to live in, that when an ordinary sized man dies in one, part of the cabin has to be taken down on purpose to lay him out in, as was the case with a poor boatman I saw who had died suddenly during the night at Baddington, early in the summer, from suffocation and the want of fresh air . . . . . Small-pox and fever are the principal diseases they suffer from, and this they carry about with terrible effect. During last year a boat child caught the small-pox, and the result was, that in the neighbourhood of one wharf thirty deaths took place in little over a month, which could be traced directly to this small commencement, and how many more, as the boat moved about into other districts, it is impossible to say."

O Christian England! this is indeed a sad and a dark picture of the manner in which some of thy sons and daughters lived. But we may hope now that it is a picture of that which has passed away for ever. The Canal Boats Act became law on the 1st of January, 1878, and came into force on the 1st January, 1879. That it has not as yet been fully enforced everywhere, is, we fear, only too true, but time will gradually remedy this. By its provisions, every barge is to be henceforth properly ventilated, and so arranged that the apartments occupied by the women shall be separated from those of the men. No barge is to be allowed to carry more than the number of persons for which it has been certified. Canal barges are to be "registered" as dwellings, and not used as dwellings unless so registered. This necessitates the boat being under the local government board of the place at which it is registered, and the children living on board are to be considered as "resident," subject to the bye-laws in force under the Education Act in the place at which the barge is registered, thus securing to them a certain measure of education. All the provisions in the Act are designed to improve the condition of

the bargemen and their families, and to ameliorate the discomforts to which by their mode of life they are exposed. But it is of the efforts for their spiritual welfare of which we are to speak in these pages, and therefore we turn to sketch the rise and progress of that which is known in the Diocese of Lichfield as the Canal Barge Mission.

(To be continued.)

OUR ANNUAL GATHERING.

By Lady Stuart Hogg.

IT is now about two years that, under the auspices of one who long represented the Church in Calcutta as incumbent of one of the largest parishes, the Rev. W. Brownhead, a small Association was formed of persons connected in various ways with India, both Churchmen and Churchwomen, with the definite object of uniting together in combined effort to further and encourage the interests of Church work and the extension of Christianity in that country. It had long been felt that many on their return to England earnestly desired to maintain their interest in the welfare and spiritual progress of the land of their former sojourn, but that owing to the varying circumstances of their lives, and consequent isolation from one another, this interest rarely received any stimulus derived from social intercourse or interchange of ideas, and for lack of any outward bond of union had often a tendency to weaken and disappear amidst the newer and more absorbing interests of the present. This Association, though of an unobtrusive character, would therefore, it was believed, supply a need that had often been felt by many of India's best well-wishers, and would serve to bring together in harmony and union men of different views and schools of thought, but all anxious to uphold and promote the work of the Church throughout "England's magnificent colony," as India was lately termed by one of the leading French statesmen.

Though so short a time has elapsed since the idea of this Society was first formulated, and the scheme has not as yet been very widely made known, yet the very interesting annual meeting that took place on the 20th of June this year (the second since the Society was started), proved by the increased numbers that were present how [illegible] a measure of success has already attended the plan. The meeting began with a Service at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, consisting of

ation of the Holy Communion, preceded by special and appro-
hymns and prayers of praise and thankfulness. A thoughtful
triking address also was given to those assembled on this occa-
by the Rev. Canon Duckworth, who, though, as he himself stated,
nnection with India had only been that of a passing traveller,
ever ceased since the time of his visit to interest himself in India
er marvellous people, the history of her past and the hope of
ture. The leading thought of the sermon was the important
orne by *memory* throughout our individual as well as national
he obligations entailed on us by each new experience, the
nsibility incurred by each new service, each opportunity
ed us through the changes of our earthly destiny. He spoke
ially of this Service being intended to bring together those
a common memory of a residence in a distant land and amidst
en people united in a bond of concord, who many of them had
the best part of their days in India, and whose reminiscences of
country were probably the ruling influences of their lives. As
of us looked around and saw the light of an English summer's
streaming through the painted and pictured windows of the
h, and illumining the upturned faces of those who sat in hushed
e listening to the preacher's solemn words, a strange mingling
ollections and thoughts seemed to accompany the inspired phrase,
things which thine eyes have seen."

long this small band of listeners were those who had gone through
aves and storms of difficulty and trial, and who had now returned
honour and distinction to enjoy some rest and leisure after a long
l of "storm and pressure," of toil and endurance. One we
, who had ruled over mighty provinces, had helped conspicuously
lier years to stem the torrent of rebellion, and had framed and
d out laws of beneficence, peace, and order, which affected
appiness and welfare of thousands of human beings. Another
tell of years of command of men, of siege and battle-field, and
ry adventure over hill and plain; whilst the thoughtful face of a
spoke the story of calmer years spent in laborious administrative
e, and brought back the memory of the long and often tedious
of judicial investigation and decision that had marked his more
tonous sphere of duty. Then there were others who could look
to years spent in a very different work, little noted by the world
ge, and the results of which may never be visible or fruitful in
orker's lifetime. A glance at one of these would revive the
ection of the long Missionary tours through remote villages and
ts, of the simple Services in the native Christian church, or under

the bargemen and their families, and to amo[illegible]aces of the dark-eyed which by their mode of life they are exp[illegible] schools. In the zenith of for their spiritual welfare of which we [illegible]ged in the Master's service, therefore we turn to sketch the ri[illegible]etings would have been heard of known in the Diocese of Lichfie[illegible] almost last words had expressed the [illegible] cost be won over to Christ Jesus."

[illegible]naries, our Zenana visitors, our school [illegible] sun glittering over heathen temples and [illegible] cupola, they witness the crowded processions OU[illegible] of heathen worship, or adoring some shapeless [illegible] and then the feeling cannot but arise, though faith be [illegible] hopelessness, and hopelessness, that any real change of [illegible] will ever be achieved among these multitudes. But

[illegible]T [illegible] these toilers in the Mission-field hear, as it were, the sounds As [illegible] their native shores of cheering and encouragement, and know I [illegible] others are working with them in heart and in prayer, we feel sure that, like the south wind which springs up at eventide in India, it will refresh their drooping spirits, and nerve them to renewed efforts of generous Christian enterprise.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

INDIA.

A Fitting Memorial: The Female Medical Mission: An Interesting Sketch: How to get a Headache: The Indian Hakim and his Patients: Education: A New Prophet: Translations: The Malabar Christians.

The Rev. R. R. Winter in a letter dated February 8th, suggested as a suitable Memorial to Mrs. Winter, a Hospital for women and children, with a Dispensary and rooms for the lady-doctor and her assistant. He was then in treaty for a site in the Chandney Chowk, to cost a little under £1,000. It is in the most important street of the city, and is both central and airy. It is small for such a purpose, but the number of female in-patients will never be large, as it is contrary to their prejudices. It is important to secure accessible and airy quarters for the two ladies and the native nurses, and room for about

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lies in their Zenanas, (2) a dispensary for women and
ne training of native women as nurses. During the year
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s were attended, including 111 in-patients.

Miss Engelmann writes: "The patients drop in from many a distant village as well as Delhi; they come in a variety of conveyances, so that our little courtyard is sometimes quite blocked up with doolies, palkies, bedsteads, while outside the porch ekkahs and bullock-carts are waiting, their occupants, who come from a distance, not unfrequently being molested by the police, who will not allow them to linger in the street. Most of them are very poorly and raggedly dressed. Some of the patients bring a rupee towards the medicine which they consume, others consider it a sort of bribe to me, trying to hand it over to me secretly. Some I send to a neighbouring shop to buy the drugs for themselves. Misers are recognised by their coming without jewels on their arms and necks; they carefully take them off before they start for the hospital.

"One day a Hindu gentleman, a very wealthy man, asked me to come and see his baby, stating that being only three weeks it could not be brought or sent over the street according to their rules. He agreed to send a carriage for me when dispensary hours were over, but the carriage never came, and when I was at breakfast the baby had found its way to my house, and announced itself by screaming terribly. The parents, after some hours' consultation, decided that sooner than sacrifice the four annas for a carriage, they would break the ancient rule concerning baby's first outing. Some patients begin by telling me they will only take dry medicines, as they are of high caste. Sometimes, if they wish to show themselves very bigoted, they ask for the prescription only, and buy the drugs for themselves. They go to a native drug-seller, who often cannot read the prescription, nor has he got the drugs.

"Patients show their gratitude by bringing presents of sweetmeats, flowers, oranges, sugar-cane, or vegetables; sometimes milk and butter or chickens are offered. The poor show the most gratitude; the wealthy often think they are conferring a favour rather than receiving one. In one village the fee was a cow with her calf, but 7 rupees was all I got for both.

the spreading banyan tree, and the eager faces of the dark-eyed students and scholars of the native Mission schools. In the zenith of life and energy another, still busily engaged in the Master's service, led one to think how gladly these meetings would have been heard of by those now passed away, whose almost last words had expressed the hope "that India should at any cost be won over to Christ Jesus."

Day after day our Missionaries, our Zenana visitors, our school teachers, rise to see the sun glittering over heathen temples and towers, over spire and cupola, they witness the crowded processions thronging to the altars of heathen worship, or adoring some shapeless image of stone, and then the feeling cannot but arise, though faith be strong, of helplessness, and hopelessness, that any real change of belief or heart will ever be achieved among these multitudes. But when these toilers in the Mission-field hear, as it were, the sounds from their native shores of cheering and encouragement, and know that others are working with them in heart and in prayer, we feel sure that, like the south wind which springs up at eventide in India, it will refresh their drooping spirits, and nerve them to renewed efforts of generous Christian enterprise.

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"Many patients suffer more from the treatment of their Hakims, or native quack doctors, than from their ailments. I was lately much amused by the story a woman related to me, who came to me complaining apparently of an obstinate headache. She had a son, ten years old, who was supposed to be dropsical. She took him to a Hakim, who prescribed for him a long muskhei, and directed him to abstain from a great many kinds of food. When there was no improvement in his health, the Hakim cleverly detected errors in the boy's diet. Being furiously hungry, he ate anything he could get hold of. The despair of the mother reached its climax, when one day the Hakim discovered that he had eaten dúl peas. Hearing this, she threw herself on the floor, and began to beat her head against it, and thus she had got her headache. She in revenge ceased to take her boy to the Hakim, and thus he recovered. But her headache would not leave her, and being ashamed to go to the Hakim after the gross insult he had received, she came to me.

"Once a woman was brought to me in a doolé. When I raised the curtain, she complained of hunger, having been kept on a low diet for some days; her Hakim having ordered that she should be kept on nothing but kéirá, a decoction of some spices, bark of bamboo, and copper. I advised her husband to buy her some food from a neighbouring shop; this he willingly did, and his wife had a repast in her doolé before medicine was even mentioned. She was then dismissed, with a couple of imagination pills. She recovered quickly. Similar cases of starving patients happen daily.

"One of my in-patients, a Rajput woman, died a few hours after her admission, and left me as a legacy her baby girl, then aged eight years. It appeared that the poor child had been kept alive by opium only, but after two months she began to thrive, and was christened on Christmas Eve. The name given her was Kussali, welfare. Perhaps some of our friends at home will help to support her. She is to be trained as a native girl in dress, name, and all outward appearance."

The Deaconess, J. Zeyen, adds some interesting details of the Branch work at Karnal.

Some Sisters from Warminster are working at Murree, in the Lahore Diocese. They are engaged in the education of European and Eurasian girls—a work it is most important Sisters should take up, as the Roman Catholics, by their conventual system, have hitherto made their education cheaper than our schools could be. The experiment promises to be a great success. The school is full, and a larger house must be taken for next year.

There is a Commission on education now sitting, and it is antici-

s results will be favourable to the grant-in-aid principle and ion schools. This will be a return to the principles of Lord g's despatch, which of late years in some provinces, notably unjab, have been entirely departed from—Government seeking ace voluntary effort by schools of its own. The secularist party itive but European) are already alarmed at the prospect of a and are trying to make a distinction between local effort, raised on the spot for educational purposes, and voluntary other than local, such, for instance, as that of Missionary s. It is asserted that it was never intended to encourage atter, but only to stimulate the educational zeal of Hindus hammedans. But the President of the Commission has been to say that the Missionaries are practically the only people ve been working on the lines marked out in the great despatch l to.

Cathedral prospects at Lahore are not so bright as they were, e is less likelihood of liberal help from Government.

xtract from the Brahmo *Public Opinion* contains the following nt:—"We hear of another prophet arising in North India. me is *Chetran*, and he is regarded by his followers as the spirit st, re-appearing in human shape. He manifests a strong love ist, and meekly and patiently bears all the indignities heaped im by Hindus and Mussulmans. He claims direct inspiration eaven, and shows a positive repugnance to learning. From his e appears to be a Hindu by birth."

ew *Hindustani Psalter* is in the press, and is shortly to be ed by subscription. It is the work of the Rev. S. W. O'Neill e Rev. Nehemiah Goreh, aided by the great Urdu scholar e Safdarali. There are several other Urdu versions, but faults nd with all of them, including the one contained in the Urdu Book. A committee has been revising the rest of the Prayer but the Psalter has been left to private effort. In this version yer Book version has been preferred, and great pains has been to make it easy, and idiomatic, and smooth for chanting, for it is pointed.

Travancore and Cochin Diocesan Gazette, speaking of the state of the Syrian Church of Malabar, says:—

ere is a reforming party and a non-reforming one amongst the r Christians. For the last thirty years the gulf between them n widening. The reformers aim at a return to primitive purity, their opponents adhere to the practices introduced through the ce of the Portuguese Missions. The controverted points include

the invocation of the Virgin Mary and the Saints, prayers for the dead, and communion in one species. The reformers use a Malayalam service in the place of the Syriac one. Both alike pray standing and facing the East. In the midst of the Service, before the gospel, the hands of fellowship are offered to all. The Agape is retained on festivals. In the baptism of infants tepid water is poured on the head, and this is followed by chrism. The bishops are celibates, but the priests are married, although formerly celibacy was the rule for both. The Syrian community numbers about 300,000. It has nearly 200 churches with nine metrans, six of whom were consecrated by the Patriarch of Antioch, when he visited Malabar in 1875. These newly consecrated bishops, though they had their dioceses assigned to them by the Patriarch, have not been all accepted by the people. Of the other three, Mar Coorilos has undisputed authority in British Malabar, Mar Dionysius is at the head of the non-reforming party, and Mar Athanasius of the reformers; these have between them the whole of the Travancore and Cochin Churches, and there is a vigorous contention for supremacy between them—both sides will probably retain their adherents. The number of priests in the churches varies with the size of the parish, the larger ones having ten or twelve and the smaller ones two or three. The churches have endowed property, but there have been heavy losses by litigation, which have drained their resources. In education, both elementary and higher, the community is keeping pace with the times, and is making rapid progress in intelligence and culture. They are supplying the learned professions, and their clergy are far in advance of former generations. They have not, however, had their due share of Government patronage, and they are also suffering from the agitating effect of the new "Six Years" heresy.

CEYLON.

Visit of the Rev. Luke Rivington: Buddha's Tooth: A Vigorous Bishop: The Present State of Things and its Critics.

The Rev. Luke Rivington was in Ceylon in April, and gave a series of addresses at St. Paul's, Kandy, during Holy Week and Easter. About 240 were present at the three hours' Service on Good Friday. On Easter Day there was a celebration in Singhalese at 6.30 A.M., with 20 communicants, who all joined audibly in the Service; 145 communicated at the choral celebration at 8 A.M., and 43 more at mid-day, making a total of 208. The Bishop administered the Holy Communion to the Tamil congregation on the following Thursday.

From Kandy Father Rivington went to Kalutara, where he preached on Friday, April 14th, and celebrated on the following morning. In the evening of Wednesday the 19th he preached at St. Thomas's, Matara. In spite of threatening clouds which burst in a severe thunderstorm as Service began, the church was filled with a congregation larger than that of most Sundays; the sermon was much appreciated by all present. The following morning he left Matara for Galle. A correspondent of the *Ceylon Gazette* says: "He was here from 9 A.M. on Thursday the 20th to 7 P.M. the next day, and expressed himself much gratified with what he witnessed of the work of the Mission. His visit is calculated to be of lasting benefit to us all. His truly eloquent sermon on Acts i. 3 will long be remembered as a concentration of all his well-known powers as a preacher. It was shortened on account of the threatening state of the weather, and for the same reason the congregation did not exceed ninety."

In a letter dated Galle, April 18th, he says of himself:—

"I spent Holy Week at Kandy, preaching twice a day within a stone's throw of Buddha's tooth, the great object of the Buddhist's veneration. The real tooth is said to have been destroyed by an Archbishop of Goa, who got it into his hands. The only result of the Archbishop's iconoclasm seems to have been two or three miracles, whereby more than one tooth of the Buddha made its appearance. The tone of the book on Buddhism published by the S.P.C.K. is to my mind far from satisfactory, and does not give an unprejudiced view of the merits of Buddhism. Buddhism is an unlovely thing when you come near it, not to admire it, but to examine it. The Bishop of Colombo is an extraordinary linguist and a tremendous worker. He preached in four different languages in Holy Week, and has been parish priest to the Portuguese for some months, because there is no one else who knows the language sufficiently to minister to them."

The Bishop of Colombo in a sermon on "the Customs of the Church," preached on the Sunday before the meeting of the Representative Assembly, July 5th, 1881, said: "We have to meet as a Diocese this week, not to invent anything new, but to restate old principles; not to ask what ought to be, but what has been, and what is. There is no place in such an Assembly for brilliant schemes and happy ideas; we meet to inquire for the old paths, and stand in *them*, and walk in *them*. We meet under the eyes of formidable critics; under the eyes of critics who know what has been and what ought to be, critics who have acted in such scenes before us,—the eyes of Apostles and Prophets, of Fathers and Doctors, Rulers of the Church and humble children of the

Church, spirits of just men made perfect, who are seated around the theatre in which we act. And *He* will command their commendation, not who has the finest reasons, or the most popular scheme, but whose deference is most humble, and whose allegiance is most fearless to the Church of God."

BRITISH GUIANA.

The Coolies: Successful Impostors: A Great Barrier.

The Report of the British Guiana Coolie Missions for 1881 is a record of continued earnest work amongst the increasing community of Hindu labourers who have been imported into the colony. Under the head of "hindrances" it is said:

"It is generally supposed that when our immigrants embark at Calcutta they leave their religion behind them; but this is a great mistake. Although they do not come here with all the outward accessories of worship, the religious feeling—always strong in a Hindu—clings to them. There are some idle and worthless characters who are not slow to take advantage of this feeling among their countrymen, and for the sake of filthy lucre go about from one estate to another, reading and preaching their own superstitions. These men are a great hindrance to the Missionary. 'There is no doubt,' writes the Rev. R. H. Moor, 'that our labours are marred by those lazy, self-styled Brahmins, who assume the garb of a gosain, and travel about the country for alms. These men know that their trade is in danger, hence their endeavours to prejudice the people against us. I once came across one of these men in Wakenaam, and after much questioning he confessed that he was not a Brahmin, and had never been a mendicant monk in India. The people around laughed; but they were afraid of him all the same, and dreaded his curses. I heard the other day that one of these men visited *Industry*, was well fêted, and left the Plantation with some 15 dollars in his wallet. I daresay he cursed me and the catechist, and told the people to beware of his deepest curses if they became Christians. Family ties and the dread of social exclusion form a great barrier to the profession of Christianity among these people.' It is stated that there are upwards of 80,000 non-Christian coolies in the colony. There is a training-school for catechists at Bel Air, in which teaching is given in English and Urdu. Amongst the books used is the Rev. J. R. Hill's Urdu translation of Bishop W. W. How's 'Plain Words.' The translation is found too difficult for some of the students, on account of the number of Arabic and Persian words which occur in it."

AUSTRALIA AND ITS NEEDS.

By the Bishop of Ballaarat.

THE *Practical Needs of Australian Dioceses* is my topic. I speak of it from an experience of between seven and eight years, as first Bishop of the youngest but one of the twelve dioceses into which the Church's field of work in Australia has, up to the present time, been divided. The Diocese of Ballaarat embraces the western, as the Diocese of Melbourne embraces the eastern, half of Victoria; and Victoria, as we all remember, occupies the south-eastern corner of the great Island Continent, and if the smallest in area, is yet the most populous of the Australian Colonies.

I am bound to draw attention to the fact that I am unable to speak from experience, of the peculiar requirements of *some* of the sees of this vast continent; of a huge tropical territory of bullock-runs, infested by savage aborigines and heathen immigrants, such as North Queensland, or of the region presided over by my brother of Perth, I mean West Australia—a Crown Colony still—very scanty in population, though immense in extent, and not very long emerged from convict conditions, or at least from the remembrance of them.

But my Diocese is upon the whole a fair sample of the Australian sees. It contains some 300,000 souls. These are spread over a territory exactly half the size of England, in the proportion of about five persons to the square mile. England, as you may remember, has 250 persons to the square mile, or is precisely fifty times as populous. Of my 300,000, only some 400 are aboriginal blacks; 6,000 or 7,000 would be Chinese; the rest are European settlers. Now, what are the chief practical needs of the Church's work in a Diocese like this? Chiefly and above all, the Divine presence and benediction. Of that there is little need that I should remind my readers. It is curious that the discoverers of Australia, the Portuguese, should have named it "The Land of the Holy Ghost." "Adsit omen," truly! It would be remarkable indeed if a country where settlement began with transportation, and received its chief impulse from the feverish lust for gold, needed *less* than other lands a Pentecostal baptism—the holy Flame, fanned by the Heavenly Wind.

I suppose it is to be expected that in colonies—at any rate in young colonies—not intended as the special home of any religious enterprise, the *love of this present world* should operate intensely. Presumably, emigrants leave the home they love best solely in search of this world's good. No one goes to gold diggings, at all events, except for gold. There is no traditional civilised population in Australia —no large leisure class of persons that never needed to join in the race for gain, or who, having earned enough, are living retired, cultured lives "upon their means." Thus, the quieter virtues of human character are at a discount in colonial life; and the fact that gambling is the chief vice of the Australian Colonies (at any rate of Victoria and New South Wales, which contain nearly four-fifths of their population) is very significant. The tendency in them to divorce religion from public education, as it is banished from public recognition in the administration of government, is at once a symptom, and a contributing cause, of the ascendancy of the interests of this present world in the sympathies of the community, and the subordination of things spiritual and divine.

It is the Church's charge to arrest this process, by the antiseptic of her holy teaching; and her great "practical needs" in doing this are these: (*a*) Teachers of the right stamp, to overcome the intense evil around them with an intenser good; and (*b*) Money to make those teachers available—money, I mean, to pay for their training, to build churches for them to minister in, schools for them to gather the young in, and parsonages for them to live in, and to provide for the support of themselves and the beasts they must ride upon. Only let a whole-souled, sagacious, able minister of our Church have his chance to get among our people, and they prove responsive to his ministry as surely and fruitfully as in the dear motherland; but let the people be left alone—as our Church members are of necessity left, in many places, in such a Diocese as mine—or shepherded by unsuitable men, and they become a certain and speedy prey to apathy and secularism, or are gathered to communions separate from, or even hostile to, the Church of their forefathers, aye, and too often hurried away after the wildest and most grotesque forms of fanatic teaching.

Of our need of money this is scarcely the place to speak, though in my case it is very urgent, the S.P.G. having taken the grave responsibility of withdrawing all its help at a blow from all but two of our Australian Dioceses (mine included), just at the critical moment for some of them when such withdrawal will be specially disastrous to *their future.*

But I had better employ the little space which here is given me in stating what experience has taught me as to the kind of agents demanded by the special conditions of our Australian work.

And first I would say, that *we must have something better than commonplace men.* It is not at all easy to succeed in colonial work. Many men of excellent intentions, and who would be very useful in England, fail in the Colonies altogether. For so very much depends there upon the clergyman's personal qualities! This may be regrettable, but it cannot be questioned. The "Ecclesia" rarely meets the eye in semi-Missionary regions of duty like ours—the "persona Ecclesiæ," or "parson," is almost her sole embodiment. It is otherwise in England, where the prestige of the Church, her splendid buildings, her local traditions, do much to secure a clergyman a fair and patient trial, and help a parish to tide over the reign of an unsuccessful minister. Besides, in a country with many thousands of parishes in it, he can often be transplanted without difficulty to a sphere more suited to his gifts. It is otherwise, however, in Australia. An unsuccessful minister in a colonial charge may very likely work the ruin of all the Church's prospects there, and a revolt in any other place in the Diocese to which it may be proposed to transfer him so as to afford him a fresh opportunity. As a rule, a clergyman from England who fails had better have his expenses given him to go back again; but it were still better to prevent, by any amount of preliminary care, such a miserable result. Still success, as I have already said, is by no means so easily achieved in our Colonies as at home. Speaking generally, the work is more difficult, and requires higher qualifications. I say this deliberately, after a wide acquaintance with home work during a pastorate in large English parishes of seventeen years prior to my consecration. The still far too prevalent idea, that what is not good enough for England will answer in the Colonies, is, as regards the Church's work at any rate, precisely the antipodes of the truth. I do not of course say that inferior men will not be of any use whatever, but they will not grasp the manhood of the country, and particularly will not influence the young men, who care nothing whatever for the clergyman's official status, and only yield their homage to those whom personally they can look up to as their unmistakable superiors. The colonists of this generation are now all educated up to a certain point at least. Newspapers are legion; books and magazines are circulated in every bush township by aid of the Government. In a country district, the farmers' and diggers' sons and daughters very frequently matriculate, not unfrequently are graduates. Shallow a great deal of the knowledge thus widely diffused undoubtedly is; but at least the

imputation of ignorance is held to be a great reproach; and no effort of the enemies of the Church is more persistent and successful than the attempt to identify her clergy in the esteem of the multitude with defective culture. Of course it is in the great towns that the demand for high education in the clergy is strongest, and it is extremely important that the centre-points of influence in these should be occupied by men well able to hold the Church's own against the clever and highly-paid champions of nonconformity there; but it is true for all our colonial work, that the day for half-educated clergy in our Church, if it ever was, has ceased to be.

We want men, then, able and willing to devote *good brain power* to the splendid work of leavening the colonial populations, the sires of a mighty coming race, with heavenly truth, Godward motive, and right Church principles, and trained to use that power; men who can read, and know what should be read, and able, as men of good mental calibre only can, so to master religious truth as to run the old teachings readily into new moulds of expression, and talk of sin, and of salvation and its means, to worldly-minded colonials, in the plain, nervous language of common life.

I may observe that it is very desirable that a servant of the colonial Church should have a good *physique*. True, the climate of Australia is on the whole wonderfully salubrious, and a chest that would be a perpetual plague and peril in an English parish might very likely give no trouble at all in Victorian work; but some athletic power and training is extremely helpful to a colonial clergyman. If he cannot ride decently, if he is timid and querulous, he loses weight and influence with the hardy, sinewy bush pioneers among whom he is sent, while a good whip, like Bishop Perry, or a fine horseman, like Bishop Tyrrell, or a splendid sailor, like Bishop Selwyn, commands, as such, the respect of colonists. Besides, bodily fatigue has to be encountered. An incumbent who has to ride forty-five miles to one Service, and sixty to another—I quote a case in my own Diocese—must be "in journeyings often," and should be able to bear it, if he is to overtake his duties. With endurance, too, he should unite nerve and presence of mind. Several cases of drowning of which I have known—a sadly common death for Australian clergy—have seemed due to a want, at critical moments, of that calm, as well as quick, judgment, the lack or temporary loss of which is often more perilous than recklessness. Good sense, the "resource," tact, and good-tempered shrewdness of a cheery, high-class Englishman is also important every way.

Under a voluntary system, I mean in an unendowed Church,

want of the gift of conciliation in the clergyman, of dealing with men according to their peculiarities, may be fatal financially to the Church's operations in a district. For individuality is strongly developed in the colonial parishioner; he is often keener than his English representative, very often more self-willed, or "independent," as he thinks. Hence he is very easily aggrieved; yet is he wonderfully amenable to the judicious leading of a clergyman whom he has learned to respect, and who to a zealous longing for his soul's good unites much self-restraint and wise forbearance in dealing with him. I have known a district, all aflame under a pious, diligent clergyman, all at peace under a successor, not more pious or diligent perhaps, but more of a manager of men. The colonial minister must not, indeed, as St. Paul says, be a "menpleaser," yet must he, as says the same St. Paul again, "please all men in all things." The political economy of a colonial parish is summed up in a farmer's remark in vestry to a late Australian Bishop, when the latter spoke of the appointment during a vacancy as resting with himself: "Yes, you may send who you please, my lord, but if a' doan't like 'un, 'a woan't pay 'un!"

It may perhaps be gathered from what I have said that the qualities that make up the true English gentleman are specially what an Australian clergyman should add to his piety; and such an inference is exactly what I should like to be drawn from it. And as these qualities as a matter of fact are oftener found ready developed in men who have enjoyed the advantage of good social training in early life, it is desirable, speaking generally, that clergy sent out from England now should, as far as possible, be drawn from a higher social stratum than has sometimes been the case. Such men are as a rule far better raw material for training; *they are less disposed to complain;* they contrive to escape a kind of criticism which keenly assails the man without breeding, and certainly tends to hinder his progress. It would be a great help to the Colonial Church—though I know the difficulty of securing it—if well-born sons of the Church at home, with some private means at their command, could be brought to see the importance and true attractiveness to the high ambitions of a noble Christian soul, of such a field of work as the Australian Colonies at this stage of their history, when the part our Church is to play in their future turns mainly, under God, on the quality of her representatives now.

The importations of men we do *not* want are these:

Men who have given no evidence of pastoral or evangelistic gifts, but who fancy they should like to be Missionaries, or go to the

Colonies, without any clear notions of what they mean to do when sent; well-disposed young men, but (if I may be pardoned the expression) flabby in mind and body; men who can't get on, through general incompetence, in business, but think they could as clergymen, and that the opening is easier in colonial dioceses; penniless men who want to go because they desire to marry some one to whom their friends object; ordinary men already provided with families, whom they cannot provide for in England; in short, generally, all who are unsuited for success in the mother country—aye, and some who might succeed there, but would not with us. No greater mistake—I say it with all the earnestness I can command—could possibly be made than to regard our Missionary colleges or our colonial Dioceses as partaking in any degree whatever of the character of refuges for the destitute. I am expressing an opinion shared by men better able than myself to judge when I say that some preaching good enough to be accepted in England would not be tolerated in our Colonies. Australian colonists eat meat three times a day, and require it good; and are not less *exigeant* in their requirements at the hands of the religious commissariat. You will smile when I say that the colonial Church asks for your picked men; but that is what she does ask, because it is none other that she needs. Whatever the cause, colonial society is honeycombed with unbelief and saturated with this-worldliness. No easy-going, commonplace, ministrations will have any place and power in it.

What we *do* need from England, then, is two-fold. First, a *few* men of high attainment and rich experience to occupy a few posts of conspicuous responsibility and influence, in which the colonial Church will not always yield at a given time the men required, without injury to the work from which they would be withdrawn. Moreover, it is a great thing to welcome to our side, from time to time, those who can bring with them some infection of that intenser and ampler spiritual life which God has graciously vouchsafed to His Church in England in these latter days; can bring a torch kindled at brighter fires than are burning yonder, to help in illuminating our spiritual gloom. I want such an one at this moment for a post of great charge and importance.

Generally speaking, however, we can fill our posts of dignity and prominence from the ranks of the colonial clergy themselves, and those who have approved themselves for years in the hard work of the bush are obviously the men to be transferred to town charges not less laborious perhaps, but better suited to clergy of maturer age and longer service.

The other class of labourers wanted are picked young men for bush duty; of course, if already trained so much the better, though it is not indispensable. Their having been trained in England not only means a relief to the funds of the Diocese, but it ought also to mean the transference to the Colony, in their persons, of the latest results of Church experience and ministerial methodology at home. But to most of the Australian dioceses it is not worth while to send out any but picked men. We have training colleges in Australia—Moore College in N. S. Wales, Trinity College in Melbourne. We have Universities whose degrees postulate a higher minimum attainment than Oxford or Cambridge; and though a population like ours does not yield many of its best for the Church's service, there is a sufficient supply by this time of the ordinary raw material, if we are in want of that. For my own part, at present, I greatly prefer accessions from England of the right kind if I can get them; but nothing would weaken my influence more than my introducing to my Diocese in that character men not below, but only just up to, the common level. In the supply for Australia, quality is far more important now than quantity. Why should the best students from the English Colleges go to India? Are not our scattered bush populations in danger of lapsing into a practical heathenism more malignant in some respects than aboriginal paganism itself? Are they unworthy of the Church's better energies because they are not black, or fetish worshipping, or cannibal? And, indeed, Australia furnishes abundant scope for the energies of the purely Missionary servant of Christ. We have 100,000 aboriginal heathen there, and no need is more urgent with us than that of trained Chinese speaking clergy, able to direct the efforts we are making to evangelise the Chinese, who have flocked to the number of 40,000, for all Australia, to the gold-fields of the great Island Continent. And here I would say that I should not stipulate for a long term of service. If men are not successful they had, as I have said, far better go home soon. If able men, six and seven years of their help will be most acceptable to us, and useful and invigorating to themselves. If this were proclaimed it might remove in some quarters hindrances to the availableness of some men such as I have described.

I will sum up by saying that in Australia—that immense, that magnificent department of the British empire, that was handed over to England by Divine Providence just 100 years ago—the Church's practical needs just now are: more sympathy from England; for the present, more money-help; and, also, next to God's blessing, more of her choicest men.

Mrs. Alexander's lines might have been written expressly of Australia:—

"O let the thought within thee stir
Of thy lost children, Island Mother.

"They hear no more, when Sundays come,
The old bells swing in village towers,—
A message from the angels' home
To this poor work-day world of ours.

"For them no calm chance words are said
By pastoral lips in love and meetness,
Like breathings from a violet bed,
That touch the common air with sweetness.

"Therefore, lift up thine arm this day!
Bid the Church meet them, Island Mother!
Lest they forget her as they stray,
And falsely deem they find another!"

MY EXPERIENCE OF THE CHINESE.

By the Rev. A. C. Hoggins.

ENOUGH has been said about the Chinaman's failings, let us add a few words as to his virtues before we consider the most interesting question of his aptitude for Christianity.

Reference has been made to his industry; it might perhaps have been said that his industry is only one view of the all-round energy of character, which causes him at once to turn his thoughts into action. Whatever may once have been the character of Chinese philosophy, the Chinese labourer of the present day is not a thinker but a doer; little time gives he to dreaming; "up and doing" is the principle that guides him. And it is not his power of labour only that has enabled him to attain the important position he occupies in many foreign lands. He owes it rather to the astuteness he exhibits in seizing the opportunities that are offered to him, or, in other words, to his thorough "business" capacity. There is a Californian story which, if it is true, well illustrates this. It is said that during a strike in one of the towns, a Californian tradesman was bewailing his loss of custom. Suddenly he was surprised by the offer from a band of Chinamen to fill his workshops for him, and do his work, the only return required being that he

should teach them the methods of his trade. Thinking nothing could be worse than his present position, the tradesman accepted the offer, and all went well for a time; the Californian recovered his business, and was fast filling his coffers, when one day, with as little warning as on their arrival, his Chinese assistants, to a man, deserted him. It was not long before he found that they had set up, on their own account, a rival establishment in a neighbouring street. Before very long other Chinese shops were opened, and the whole of the trade, in that particular locality, was transferred from the whites to the sharp and calculating "Celestials."

In British Guiana, the different races to a great extent confine themselves to their own special occupations. A few years ago the retail trade of the country, and a fair share of the wholesale also, was almost entirely in the hands of the so-called Portuguese, who are in reality Madeirese. At present Chinese retail shopkeepers are readily found in any part of the colony, and in Georgetown there are several instances of well-to-do merchants, who, having started as labourers on the estates, have raised themselves by their energy and perseverance to their present positions. As if to make the story perfectly complete, British Guiana was some three years ago much exercised by a Chinese fraudulent bankruptcy. It is hardly necessary to add that it had been carefully elaborated after the latest "London" or "New York" pattern.

The same story is repeated everywhere. Go where they will Chinese immigrants soon render themselves the most important inhabitants of the place. A late writer on the "benefits" of war refers to them as an obstacle to his theory, in that being an inferior race they have not yet been extinguished, but are in fact supposed to number nearly one-third of the human race. And he prophesies that war and famine will soon accomplish the extermination which they ought to have brought about ages ago. Whatever the value of this theory, certain it is that the idea of extreme stupidity which a Chinese appearance at first undoubtedly conveys is scarcely ever borne out by the experience of those who have had personal intercourse with Chinamen.

We must class as another Chinese virtue the universal desire and singular spread of education amongst these people. Almost every Chinaman, even the poorest, can read and write; and competitive examination for government service, which has of late years drawn to itself so much attention in Europe, has been the custom in China for centuries; there, theoretically at least, every office in the State, excluding only that of the Emperor, is open to the meanest subject, through a course of local and central examinations. Unfortunately,

however, the character of their education is most essentially "Chinese." It consists well-nigh entirely of committing to memory many volumes of their classical literature, and of writing "essays" on moral subjects, after the manner of the ancients. Such an education enlarges very greatly the special faculty of memory, but is no doubt the principal cause of the peculiar lack of originality so strikingly manifested by all this remarkable race.

Among their virtues, too, must be placed one, without mention of which no account of them would be in any sense complete. We speak of their devotion to their parents. This is in the first place a religious duty; but it has, by habit, become a part of their very nature; and it extends not only to their immediate progenitors but to all of the same generation, as uncles, aunts, &c., and yet more specially to parents of parents, and their coevals. Undutifulness, in fact, occupies much the same place in popular estimation with them as murder does with us! Human life is held very cheap in China, and the destruction of it, in ordinary cases, is not thought such a very terrible affair; but the man who ill-used his parents would be detested as much as the murderer with us. Love of country is an extension of the same feeling, and is very strongly developed. Wretched as the life of a poor man must be in the frightfully crowded lanes of a great city in China, no immigrant dreams of leaving it for life. Through all his sojourn away from it, his one hope is eventually to return, when, having gathered in other lands what is a fortune to him, he may live free from daily fear of death by violence or starvation. And if his hope is frustrated, and death overtakes him on the foreign shore, he will, if his means admit of their being carried out, leave in his will directions that his bones be transported back to his native land and there buried in one of the "cities of the dead," so that in time to come his remote posterity may pay his memory the same veneration that the memory of his ancestors has always received from him. It is said that two or three ships laden solely with the bodies, or bones, of departed Chinamen sail from San Francisco every year. It is always included in every contract with an immigrant that he is to be sent home again after so many years' residence. And his usually stolid-looking countenance will ever soften into pathetic meaning when he tells you how long he has been away, and at what time he hopes to see his native land again.

We profess to be giving merely a gossiping account of our own experience and of what would first strike the casual observer, and we cannot, therefore, omit to mention one or two peculiarities in regard to the Chinaman's language, dress, and behaviour. His language differs, like most else about him, entirely from that of other parts

of the world. The *written* language of China is common to the whole race, and is said to be legible also in Japan and Formosa, but the *spoken* language varies with every town and district. The characters, representing as they do not letters but words or ideas, receive an infinite number of different names in different parts of the country. Thus inhabitants of neighbouring cities may be perfectly able to write to each other, and yet be unable to converse. Two sick Chinamen were taken to a certain Colonial hospital, and by the consideration of the authorities a Chinese nurse was detailed to attend to them. But it was found by the chaplain who visited them that the broken English which they had learned was the only medium by which they could communicate with one another!

Their dress, again, presents peculiarities too well known to require description. The hairless scalp with the pigtail behind, the loose trousers and wooden *sabots* are almost as characteristic of them as their yellow complexions, flat faces, and almond-shaped eyes. But a lengthened residence in British Guiana—and we suppose elsewhere—modifies even these peculiarities, and in the second generation, though the sallow complexion and hairless brow remain, the pig-tail vanishes, European dress is adopted, and it is sometimes even difficult, but for the name, to know that the individual before you is one whose parents came from the "Flowery Land" so far away. The writer vividly recalls a journey in a Colonial steamer, when the company, at the usual dinner on board, were much disturbed by the presence at table of a Chinese family in their full national costume, and with the habitual dirt around their finger-tips, yet who, careless of the ill-concealed disgust of the European passengers, insisted upon taking their share in the meal, and conducted themselves thereat with the utmost complacency and self-possession. Just such a thing a negro would have delighted to do, but either would not have had the courage to do it, or, finding the courage, would have carried the thing out with a jaunty insolence of manner, altogether different to the calm self-respect exhibited by the "Celestials." As to their food in general, not much need be said. They will eat anything that Europeans eat, and many other things besides. The poorer Chinese exist upon what other races consider waste, and often a Chinaman finds means to live with sufficient comfort, where an Englishman would find no food at all. But though he thus accommodates himself to untoward circumstances, no one in the world loves good food better than he does, and where he can get it he will have it; there is no pork and no poultry in the country like that bred and fattened, for his own use, by the Chinese immigrant.

But is he not very unemotional, very unimpressionable, very incapable of high thoughts and aspirations? A daily paper spoke of his race a short time ago as one "without the religious instinct," among whom, therefore, Christianity was never likely to be successfully propagated, and we are constantly told that his land must be regarded as a "closed" land to the Missionary, and that the few converts, who cannot be denied, are the exceptions that prove the rule as against the greater part of their race. Yet there can be but little doubt that more than a thousand years ago a Nestorian form of Christianity was widely spread throughout the country, and even for a time patronised and adopted by the court. This seems to be proved among other things, especially by the monument discovered by a Chinese workman, A.D. 1625, in or near the city of Síngáu-fú, the capital of the Province of Shense, the inscription on which was copied and published at Amsterdam by Kircher in his "China Illustrata." This inscription seems to show that Christianity in this form was introduced into the country about A.D. 636, and that when the monument was erected in A.D. 781, Christianity had been embraced by many persons of high station, and was in a very flourishing condition. And there is still less doubt that even in the very heart of China Christianity exists, and numbers, it is said, not less than three-quarters of a million of adherents, who are only concealed because of the severe and useless persecutions which open profession would bring upon them. These Christians mostly belong to the Roman Church, who have in the interior at least four Bishops, and very many *native* clergy, in addition to their staff of some five hundred European Missionaries. And from time to time there come by circuitous channels, and are published in the reports of the Society "De propagandâ fide," most interesting details of the various shifts and disguises adopted by the R. C. Missionaries on their journeys to these remote churches, and of the labours, persecutions, and sometimes cruel martyrdoms endured when they have reached them.

Nor are the accounts from the Missions of our own Church less interesting or less encouraging, though with them the work is as yet only in its infancy. But it is in the English Colonies that the strongest proofs of the Chinaman's aptitude for Christianity are to be found. From Singapore an English Missionary reports that though there may be a difficulty at first in inducing him to listen to the teachings of Christianity, when once this difficulty has been surmounted, the zeal of the Chinese convert is so remarkable, that, in the Missionary's opinion, it will only be necessary to have Christianised a fair number of Chinese, to provide earnest Missionaries, who will leave us, in

enthusiasm, far behind, and take into their own hands the conversion of the world!

In British Guiana, where the Chinese, though not numerically strong, form a very important element of the population, a Christian Church has been formed, chiefly by the efforts of a few native Christians from Hong-Kong. This counts in its ranks upwards of one-eighth of the population, and has distinguished itself by building, in the first instance entirely without instigation, a central church in the principal town of the Colony, where, since its consecration, nearly six years ago, Services in their own language have been continually if not daily conducted. It is even said that the only well-to-do Chinese Christian in the place we speak of has endowed the church with a sum equal to nearly £100 a year. If this be true, it will be the only endowed church in the Colony, and it is certainly the first church built in the settled part of this portion of our dominions by any non-European race for itself.

Clearly, then, there is no insurmountable difficulty to the Chinaman in embracing Christianity. And we have shown that he is certainly not lacking in some at least of the domestic virtues. As to his conduct as a citizen we have the evidence of an Australian magistrate that the Chinese are the most orderly and well-conducted citizens with whom he has had to deal, and although we hear much of his turbulence in Californian villages, investigation usually shows that white people have, in the first instance, been the aggressors.

Whence then has come the low opinion that has been formed of Chinese aptitude either for Christianity or civilisation?

Jealousy of his success as a labourer has no doubt been the chief cause of this in California, and possibly some of our own ideas have been borrowed from America. But there are several small circumstances that have assisted in producing this low opinion, such as the generally degraded character of his countrymen who are brought by ship to English ports, his readiness to copy the bad, as well as the good, of those among whom he is thrown, and his usually impassive and unemotional appearance. This last has no doubt had much to do in creating the opinion of his unfitness for religion. He seems always perfectly patient, and perfectly indifferent to everything that is said or done to him; nothing seems to arouse him, except his gambling—and that maddens him. No doubt he accepts a change of creed slowly, but all the more earnestly perhaps for that very reason when he does accept it. It is not always a gain to the Missionary that those whom he instructs should be too ready to accept his teaching. It is said, for instance, that the negroes are always of

the religion of their masters. In America they are always Christians, while in Asia they are equally invariably Mahometans. Even the intelligent Hindoos are at times not above simulating conversion for temporal profit, as when a Missionary in Guiana received a visit from a Brahmin, who explained that he felt that he was excellently fitted for a "Missionary," and, if his services were accepted, would guarantee a large number of converts—at so much a head!

If it has been found difficult to arouse in the Chinaman an interest in the new faith offered to him, there are, at least, very few stories of this kind about him, whilst, on the other hand, where progress has been made in the work of conversion, as in some of our Colonies, there *are* found stories of earnest devotion, and self-denial, as also of privation, hunger, and thirst, and worse of all rejection by friends, cheerfully borne in defence and testimony of the faith received. A Colonial Bishop has been heard to say that he has known more instances of this among the few hundred Chinese converts in his diocese than among any other people in his own or other lands.

There is so much similarity, both in appearance and in character, between the Japanese and Chinese, that few will be found to say the people, who could give to the Church the wonderful story of the "Japanese martyrs," could be wanting in the "religious instinct," or in anything belonging to the true spirit of the martyr, or the true enthusiasm of the Christian. Already similar stories, as we have said, reach us, now and again, from the heart of the land itself; and many more will come when the full history of what is going on there now is told.

In all our Colonies, in Singapore and in Borneo, in Queensland and in Victoria, in North and in South America, Missionaries speak, almost with one consent, of the earnestness and devotion of their rapidly increasing Chinese converts. It is only a question of time and patience. The work is, no doubt, hard, but the beginning of the end has come, the mighty barrier that blocked the progress of the great Xavier is undermined, and soon will crumble into ruins; soon, very soon now, may we expect to see the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy, "Behold these shall come from far; and lo, these from the north and from the west; *and these from the land of Sinim*."

It is perhaps unfair to attempt to form an estimate of a people from the cursory observation of a few emigrants in a foreign land; yet something may be deduced even from this, and the writer, having had business dealings with some of these immigrants, having seen them in the field, and in the workshop, having employed them as servants, having visited them in prison, having known them as heathen

as Christians, is persuaded that, if they can obey so well (as they heir own imperfect moral code, and do so much (as they do) for own fanciful and decaying superstitions, the knowledge of a er morality and of a more satisfying religious faith, will enable ı to take a high place yet among the nations. It may be doubted her any race live so consistently up to the moral law which they ess; their tender and unswerving devotion to their parents and r aged relatives, whom many races neglect and desert, their ly affection, their love of fatherland, their boundless liberality to fellow-countrymen, and in regard to whatever religious oppor- ies they may have, their plodding industry and perseverance, reality, their earnestness and thoroughness in any undertaking hich they set their hands; all these show them to be capable of reatest things. And their present contact with Western ideas and sation, giving them wider and more liberal views of life, and cially the spread of Christianity amongst them, offer, it would ı, good ground for thinking that we might soon enable them to me not only the largest and most ancient, but also one of the nost peoples of the world.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

By a Niobrara Missionary.

IN riding over a stretch of some eighty miles of Sioux country in the early part of April some suggestive features are presented which may enlighten the public somewhat on the h-vexed Indian question. The short and easy roads to the settlet of the problem are as numerous as they are futile and ill-judged. l the good Indians are on a tree," said a high military authority ng the three stars on his shoulder. He referred to a not unmon mode of disposing of the dead. In travelling anywhere ugh the Indian country, at border posts and villages and ranches, will hear this repeated *ad nauseam*, a fair specimen of feeble and ar frontier wit. The cry of extermination is heard all over, but lly deserves notice. We should have a Marat to carry out such a cy, a directory to back him; millions of treasure to expend, and ıany white soldiers to sacrifice as there are Indian souls, and a

national heart callous to all feelings of humanity, honour, justice, and the contempt of the world.

Another cry is, "Make them work." The beauty of all these answers to the problem is their laconic brevity. Of this plan more presently. Another is, "Teach them English." This is at present very popular, and we must touch it with a tender hand, for it is popular not only in the East, but also in the West, not only with civilians, but also with the military, both with clergy and laity. Another is, "Break up the reservations, give each man a farm, fit him out, give him a few years to prepare himself, and then open the whole country to settlement, and let the Indian fight out his own struggle for existence." Another is to homestead them on their reservations, carry out fully their treaty stipulations, and protect them by such stringent laws that they will be unable to sell or dispose of their lands for a generation. This is the opinion of those best calculated to judge. The difficulties in the way are not fully understood.

Then, too, one is apt to hear opinions which are mere "formulas" and worth but little. One is the dishonesty of Indian agents. Another is the Government providing Indians with guns, ammunition, tomahawks, and scalping-knives. Another is traders doing the same. Another is that you train and Christianise an Indian, and he inevitably goes back and becomes a savage of savages.

Another is to regard the Indian as a something of different species from ourselves. This tendency causes quite an addition to our English vocabulary, so that an Indian woman becomes a *squaw*, her baby a *papoose*, her son a *buck*, her husband a *warrior*, their house a *wigwam* or *tepe*. They cannot in popular parlance take a good whiff of tobacco, but must smoke the pipe of peace. Nor can they shake hands and make treaties as other people do, but must bury the tomahawk. They cannot even die like ordinary men, they must needs go to the "happy hunting-grounds." We persist in calling them red men, and on their calling us pale faces, which they don't. I have heard with suppressed emotion Commissioners from Washington addressing them in speeches filled with this dime-novel rhodomontade, and wondered by what subtle devices the puzzled interpreter would make their meaning clear to the assembled natives.

And again, it is a common fallacy to regard as authority a man who can say, "I have lived in the Indian country years, and know." Now I would suggest that when such a person makes a statement of this character, great circumspection should be used in assenting to his views. That which is nearest to us is often that of which we *know* the least. The inhabitants of frontier towns like Y[illegible]

Bismarck, and Pierre, know nothing of Indians. A few may wander through their streets, or occasionally buy at their stores; but they know nothing of the lives, habits, thoughts, of the people who are so near them. I remember after having lived one month among a small band of Sioux, eating and sleeping in their houses, riding and walking freely with them over their reservation, seeing them dressed like white people, living like white people, farming and doing all kinds of labour that was to be done, whether with hammer, plane, anvil, steam-engine, or mill; seeing them at church and school, and hearing them discuss plans among themselves for punishment of crimes, prevention of drunkenness, of unfaithfulness in the marriage relation, for carrying the Gospel to their brothers still in darkness, &c., after all this I happened to be riding with a stage driver across the river, and he pointed to the other side with the remark that he would not risk his life over there for a thousand dollars; that a wild and bloodthirsty band of Sioux lived there, &c., &c., ending up with the hope that Government would exterminate them.

The occupant of a military post is not necessarily a good judge. The sight of an Indian inside of a garrison is almost as rare as of a wild duck in winter. True, they go to the sutler's to buy, and the trader will tell you they are good pay; and one will see them buying very much the same things as white people—provisions, clothing, &c., and in addition, instead of jewelry, beads and ear-bobs and shells, and instead of rouge and violet powder, vermilion and other paints. *They can get no whiskey, wine or beer, or guns or ammunition* here, and white people only under great restrictions. To judge of the lives or character of a people by seeing them for a few minutes in a store is no more feasible than for a denizen of Madison Avenue to judge of the life and habits of a street arab by seeing him buying from an apple stand. True, in the course of years a very occasional visit may be made to see the Indians. A ride in an ambulance to the agency; a pleasant day spent in calling on white friends; an hour devoted to an idle gaze on an issue and the throngs of Indians mud bespattered from their long ride to the agency, in the degrading act of receiving the Government dole; or perhaps a drive through an Indian camp and haste in returning to garrison before night, forbidding more than the briefest stay, and that generally at a Mission house, or if there is none, perhaps at the better-provided home of some half-breed, and return.

So much for the non-combatant part. As far as the soldiers and officers go, many never see a campaign for years. Others may pass through an expedition, and have a few flying skirmishes; rarely they

may have a long and serious campaign and be in some hard-fought contests, where the customary pluck and bravery of Americans are exhibited. But even here the battle-field is no fair place to judge of the life or habits of a people, nor is the captured camp a fair representation of the mode of living on an Indian reservation, and this is that with which the Government has to deal. An officer may sometimes be put in special charge of the military management of an agency. If he is active and efficient he gains quite a knowledge of Indians, but after all it is an executive view of the question.

An agent is not necessarily a good judge. He is a distributing officer. He may be honest in his administration, kind and firm toward his charges, anxious to help them. He may have councils innumerable with them (and of all vitiating influences I think a council is one of the worst), but unless he goes freely and frequently over his reservation, knows what his people are doing and what they need, his knowledge may be very slight. It may be a mere office knowledge. He may show what he has received and what distributed, and he will finally resign his office or be relieved, with clean papers and a most poorly-posted mind and a very cloudy view of Indians.

The trader, knowing what an Indian brings to sell and what he buys, gets a very fair knowledge of his industry, habits, and home needs. One is a good hunter, one raises considerable of a crop; another must have many industrious girls or women in his family from the amount of bead work and dressed skins; another, buying furniture, tacks, nails, mirrors, dishes, toilet articles, &c., must live very much like a white man. Another asks for paint, beads, shells, red cloth, brass tacks, duck, and he sets him down as a wild fellow. He knows who is honest and who is not, and who industrious and who lazy. On the whole, though he may never stir from the store, his knowledge is very fair. The agency *employé* is not necessarily posted. His horizon is very small, not extending beyond the wood pile, the hay stack, the water wagon, or the agency farm. The head farmer is supposed to oversee and teach the Indians farming, but oftentimes his time is taken up superintending the work on the farm and that white settlement called an *agency*. The Government school teacher has a very limited sphere. His or her duty is to ignore and check all exhibitions of native characteristics, to teach the pupil a foreign tongue and new modes of life. If sustained by the strong arm of the Government he finds his children quite tractable, quiet, not very stupid, with occasional epidemics of running away; a difficulty in the course of time becoming less and less. The Commissioner sent out by the Government, *abiding* with the agent, meeting the Indians in all their bravery in

council, has no fair view. He sees but little, and that little is largely coloured by the influences about him. The Missionary is not always well fitted to judge. The sphere of his own work may be largely confined to an agency or garrison, if he has fixed his headquarters there. But if he throws himself into his work as a Missionary to Indians, lives in their camps, shares in their struggles for existence, visits and nurses their sick, eats with them, sleeps in their houses, is with them in season and out of season, not only preaches to them but hears all their troubles, ideas, doubts, instructs their children, sees and fights against their heathenish customs and superstitions, I think that his knowledge, though not by any means complete, is tolerably extensive and deserves a good deal of consideration. A Missionary of long experience is no child. I do not believe any one is more sensible of the vices and faults of the people than he is. It is true his views are almost always tinctured with great faith and hope despite the most discouraging appearances, and I think he is right.

As a Missionary travelling over eighty miles of Indian country this April, 1882, preaching, baptizing, marrying, giving the Holy Communion, catechising, visiting sick and well at different points, I could see much that would be very interesting to the public.

And first as to the country. Here is a reservation eighty miles long and about one hundred miles from east to west for some 2,500 souls. What a simple arithmetical calculation to determine how many square miles to each person. A little over three square miles for every man, woman, and baby. But there is a great deal of barren land, without any vegetation save sage brush, cactus, and hardy woods, some places being without even these. Much is rough and broken ground, entirely unfit for farming. Much is highland with only grass on it, far removed from wood and water. There is only abundant timber along two streams, and on one of these not so very thick until you have travelled a hard day's journey on horseback from the mouth. The agency is one or two days' ride from any very good land, save one piece (timberless), where perhaps twenty families could take homesteads. By law every Indian (head of a family) is obliged to come once in two weeks to receive his rations, and from four to six days must be consumed in coming to and returning from the agency by those who are trying to homestead. The Government having seized and sold a great many of the Indian ponies some years ago, they have but few horses, and generally can use them only for hauling rations. The same arithmetician who calculated the amount of land each would have may also compute how many days will be left for work. This ration business is a great curse to the

Indians. The Government is pledged to furnish them by treaty. It is part of the pay we promised for the Black Hills after lawless white men had stolen that country. They are to be given until the Indians are self-supporting, and they are given in such a way as to cramp them in their efforts to work. I would ask any farmer East, who has to do his own work, how much successful farming he would accomplish were he obliged to leave his fields untouched from Monday till Wednesday or Thursday evening every fortnight all the year round.

Let us stop at the first house we see and learn what this man, decently dressed, has done. Here is a log kitchen and eating-room, about 18 × 14, well built, a covered way and a sleeping-room about the same size. There is no floor to either room. The roof is of rails covered with hay and earth. The windows are single sashes, letting a faint amount of light into the house. There are beds, chairs, table, cook stove, cupboard, white dishes. Near by is a log stable. A goodly stock of hay, a solid corral built of logs, and a field of about ten acres not yet touched by the spring's plough, but showing the marks of last year's cultivation. He has evidently worked hard all the spare time he could get, and has a fair prospect; but I find some white man from Pierre is trying to buy his land (this is on the east of the Missouri) and the dazzling offer strongly tempts him. I urge him to hold on to it, and afterwards ask the agent to try to prevent the sale. He, however, says no law can touch the case, and so this poor fellow, who is but a child in understanding, will probably, before the year is over, be cheated out of a very fine homestead. This is but one case out of many, and there should be some way to protect them both from scheming whites and from themselves crossing the river. We pass by a large farm, of perhaps a hundred acres. They are ploughing and seeding, have good stock, and plenty of agricultural implements, seed of all kinds—potatoes, oats, &c. This is the agency garden, and very creditable it is. We are glad to see them putting in potatoes, and ask whether the Indians have got theirs. "No," is the answer, "there is only enough for the agency garden." We hope they will be encouraged to put in oats this year, and are told the agency has only enough for its own garden. This is surely not right. Indians want to plant, and above all, potatoes and oats, and care should be taken that every season plenty of seed should be on hand for them.

Passing a mile beyond we come to an Indian who is trying to plough a ten-acre field. His only stock is a pair of little ponies, not strong enough to work at anything like this. He says he has been

agency to borrow a good team, but the agent has none to lend him, and so he has borrowed an ox-team issued by the Government to a neighbour of his. I watch them a few minutes. One is holding the plough, two are trying to make the cattle work. In vain they plunge, struggle, pull different ways, and finally, giving one desperate try, fall down. The field is covered with zig-zag scratches, showing that they have been working hard all day, but to no purpose. This man knows how to drive oxen, but his team is worthless. I pass about a mile further on. Here is a man putting up a log house on the prairie. He says he would soon finish it, but he cannot get any boards for window and door frames. He asks me to help him in ploughing; he wants to work up five acres. I tell him the only team available is the worthless yoke of oxen we have just passed. Here is another man whom I meet on the road; I know him to be industrious. "Well, friend, when are you going to plough?" "When —— and —— are through with the cattle." Pitiful prospect! Make them work? Why there is not one of these men but would have his five and ten acres in, if he were provided with a good *working* ox-team (not a couple of unbroken steers), a good plough, and seed enough to put in the ground; and there are about fifteen families here all ready and willing to do what they can.

A few miles further on I come to a miserable log hut by the ford of a stream. Who is this girl with painted face and Indian dress, ragged and dirty, who throws a blanket over her head as I approach? Alas, she was for two years a bright resident of a deservedly praised school. She had learned considerable English, and had gained some knowledge of house work, but her parents are wild and heathenish. They have taken her away from school, and she has returned to her old sordid life. What hope is there that a little girl should do otherwise, that she could raise her family to the plane that she had reached, or fail to sink to theirs? And what more is to be expected even of boys and girls carried to the East and educated with great expense at special schools, but that they will sink to the best of the people among whom they must live, unless they are of extraordinarily powerful characters. It will be no fault of theirs. Learn English! That is well, but it is not enough. A white boy with a good education, but thrown penniless among such a people, would soon sink, not only as low, but lower than an Indian boy. Unless something is done for the men, women, and children *in* the Indian country, unless they learn habits of industry, unless they cast away the slough of their old life, unless the Church and her schools can reach them and help them here, all the work and treasure expended at Eastern schools will be

like water poured into a sieve. There will be nothing to show for it. If $30,000 was expended in this field every year by our Church among the Sioux, in addition to what *is* done, and that is much, to increase the efficiency of and extend our work, I will warrant that the same amount of money expended at Hampton and Carlisle would bring forth fruit much more worth showing, because the people here would be rising with their children. They, coming back with enlarged ideas, would find their parents and brothers and sisters with expanding views. Their tendency would both be in the same direction upward, and then the extra training of the Eastern graduate would be an advantage to his friends and relations as well as himself.

In regard to this learning English let us take a note of this. I have living with me a Hampton girl. She is able to understand ordinary English, but limited in her conversational powers. I asked her what the Sioux girls spoke among each other at Hampton. She said, "*Sioux*." "And what language did you use in talking to your negro girl room-mates?" "*Sioux*." "And what language did they use?" "Oh, *they*, many of them became very skilful in speaking Sioux." I can't tell how strictly true her statement was, but from what I know of the character of the people it bears strong marks of probability upon it.

Crossing the ford I pass over about ten miles of broken alkali and worthless land, and come to a pretty fair stretch of country now almost timberless. There are a good many people here. I notice the fields are untouched, and hardly any men about. Why are they not ploughing? Almost all the men with horses and wagons have just been sent up to Standing Rock to bring down Sioux prisoners to this reservation. That means at least two weeks' absence. But the work cattle are here. The boys can plough. No, they have taken the work cattle and all the strong horses. One man was going to start off next week to take a homestead. He has chosen one forty miles off, but he can't leave now; they have taken his horses. My Indian teacher here has urgent and important duties, and a large field to plough. He has been pressed into the service too. Another man had a yoke of cattle given him, and was to start in a couple of days for a homestead, where he has already (last year) broken a good piece of land and got out his logs for building. His cattle are seized. Make them work! Make them homestead!

I call on a sick girl. She has just had a paralytic stroke (paraplargia). I can do nothing for her. Nor can the doctor to whom I had spoken. There is no hospital, nor appliances for such a case. *And he is* provided with no way for visiting the sick. There

er cases here. A boy with cataract, and doomed to blindness; sumptive and scrofulous cases; one boy shot. There is no hospital, l they need hospital care, but what can one do?

We pass on. As we get further from the agency we find the people re self-helping. They are scattered out away from one another. see houses half built, fields, houses well finished, and occupied by n in earnest, but whose work does not thrive because they have to nd so much time in the ceaseless round to and from the agency.

Here is a man with a large field enclosed. Good solid posts well , but what a fence. One slender wire stretching two-thirds of the y round. "That's all I was allowed." "Did you raise much?" 'es, but I could not fence it in with so little wire, and had not time cut rails. Then the cattle ate up everything while I was away at agency last summer." "I see you have a good chicken house. ere are your chickens?" "Alas! you remember we all of us had spend a month at the agency waiting for our annuity goods, and en we came back all were dead or eaten by foxes. There was no to look after them." "How are your cows doing?" "Well, nly lost two while after annuities. They were mired." "How l you manage to farm this year?" "I have cut steamboat wood, l will hunt some beaver. With what I get from these I will buy visions." "And your rations?" "I will lose them. Back rations forfeited."

A beautiful rule. The man who is too busy to go for his rations eits them. He who, giving up any idea of work, is a faithful ndant at the agency, or in other words a "coffee cooler," gets m. The treaty of "'76" reads that in order to be entitled to ons a man must work. The practice is, in order to obtain rations an must *not* work.

So we may continue our journey only to have the scene repeated r and over again, of checks and hindrances put in the way of honest rt towards self-help, only noticing that notwithstanding all the her we leave the agency, the larger grow the fields, the better the ses, the more independent the men.*

* *Spirit of Missions.*

IN LIBERIA.

By Bishop Penick.

Cape Mount, *May 11th*, 1882.

TO-DAY we have had another practical demonstration of this abominable system of domestic slavery among the aborigines here. In one of my letters I told of the remarkably bright four-year old boy, named Deser, whom I had brought to the Mission on the 23rd of last August in a starving condition. Well, he was the first of the starving children to begin to improve, and soon became a general favourite by his witty sayings and sage remarks. But alas, as soon as flesh and strength began to come to him, these wretched covetous people began to plan and plot to get him into slavery again. Once a woman came and picked him up bodily and walked away, but Mr. McNabb heard in time to rescue him. Last night when Mrs. Brierly came to supper she informed me that a woman came while she was at dinner, and the larger girls were at the branch washing their clothes, and took Deser away, and that no steps had been taken to get him back. As soon as I had finished supper, I went to the children from Deser's town and asked if they knew what woman had taken the boy. There was no difficulty in finding this out. The woman's name was Sombo, and she claimed to be his aunt. After a consultation with the Rev. Mr. McNabb we decided to do what could be done to recover the boy. So this morning I went to the Liberian governor, Mr. R. J. B. Watson, and stated the case. He advised that I send a boy, one who knew both Deser and his abductress, then come and let him know and he would send a Liberian constable and bring both. So coming back, Edward Allen, a Vey of seventeen years, was sent over, and nobly he did his part.

Finding Sombo (who by the way was one of King Barra's wives—King of Jundoo, twenty miles east of here), he at once demanded of her Deser, and the contention waxed hot. The woman denying all knowledge of him, Edward then returned to the governor, who sent a constable, arrested the woman and had her sent to me.

I had previously informed the governor that I wanted the law press the case to its uttermost. When the woman came she denied having the boy, but claimed that he was her nephew, and that she *the party* who sent him to the Mission, as she could prove by

Harris and Louis Penick Clinton, the two Mission boys who brought him here first. I called them, and both told her she falsified, and that they knew nothing of her in the matter. She then made various statements, and said if I would let the matter drop she would bring him back. I told her I had no idea of letting it drop if he never came back. That she had stolen the boy and owned to having him, and I would let the law decide the matter. She protested it was her great love and near relationship that had caused her to take him away. As matters progressed I found the Government interpreter, one Coles, who is an educated Vey, was doing all in his power to shield her. I requested the Rev. Mr. McNabb to go with her to the governor, and to let the law do its uttermost. He soon returned saying the governor said that King Barra was here talking a "war palava," and therefore any fine imposed on the woman the governor would have to pay, he having sent for the King. So we just had to compromise by making her restore the child and hear some good advice.

Now it so happens that King Barra has a son, "Momo," at the Mission, a most winsome boy of fourteen or fifteen. Momo came this morning and informed us that this woman was not one of his father's regular wives, but came to him during the famine to prevent starving; and so *ergo* his father was not accountable for her bad conduct, adding, "If you will let me go to my father when school is out I will tell him to send Deser back." I let him go, not to get Deser, but to get the truth of the matter. He returned about 4 P.M. and said, "Bishop, the woman tells stories. Deser is not her brother's child, but she said she just wanted him for her slave. She took his clothes, and when he cried to come back, hit him on the head." About sundown Deser came back in "triumphal procession," a large crowd of natives coming with him, also the woman who stole him, and so we triumphed, "thank God." I have had a talk with Deser, who substantiates what Momo says, save that the woman did not strike him, but cut a switch to whip him when he cried to come back. She stripped him of his clothes, and hid him behind the rice farm to-day, lest we should find him. This instance, story number one. Now for number two.

Some weeks ago there came with a man, I am sorry to say, who had been baptized here, a poor slave boy, wasted to a skeleton from hunger, with a face marked with unceasing suffering. I begged for this boy to feed him, but the master refused to let me have him. Noting, however, my sympathy for the slave, he left him here with a relative, that he might daily visit the Mission and beg food, which food he is compelled to carry and give to his owners. I gave him meat and bread to eat in my presence, but I fear if he ceases to carry

a portion home they will stop his coming. He did not come yesterday nor to-day. Now here is a case of starving to death, and yet what can we do? To help the sufferer we must reward the wretch who oppresses.

The third case is that of a slave of King Phah, of Jundoo. Edward Allen, the same boy who found Deser's abductress, told me some months ago of this case. He says King Phah had a young man slave who attempted to run away, but Phah caught him, brought him back and burnt him alive. "Phah," he said, "was Guss's father, one of our old Mission boys." So when Guss's cousins, Sadie and Yallow, also old Mission boys, came down, I asked, "What did that slave of Guss's father, the harp player, say when Guss's father burnt him?" Putting it thus threw them off their guard and they said, "He just halleed twice; once he called Guss, and once he called his brother, that's all." "Did they burn his body bad?" I asked. "Oh, they burnt up every bit, bones and all. The ashes just looked white, that's all." "How did they fix him," I asked, "to burn up all?" "They laid him down and laid a pole on him, and wrapped him to the pole from head to foot, then drove up two forks and laid the ends of the pole in the forks, then put plenty of wood under and set it afire, and it burnt fast, for a big wind was blowing that day." "Don't your uncle fear?" "Yes, he begins to fear now, for he says somebody will make medicine (*i.e.*, poison or witch him), for this makes three men he has burnt."

These facts need no comments from me. They speak for themselves. Phah lives at Jundoo, twenty-two miles from this point, in the undisputed territory of Liberia. God, and God only, knows with what wickedness the heathen heart is reeking. When I asked Sadie and Yallow, "Is it no 'palava' for Phah to burn that man?" "No, because Phah is a gentleman, and the man was a slave, and the gentlemen made a law that any gentleman might burn his slave when caught trying to run away."

Some twelve months ago, when I ventured to state in one of my published reports that domestic slavery was here among the aborigines, I was roundly called to task, and even the facts were denied by some over-zealous friends of African civilisation. So let me say I stand ready to substantiate every statement made herein by abundant testimony if needs be. And I say further, the day has not come to shout the jubilee of Africa's redemption, but it is the day for all loyal and true friends to sound the trumpet and gird on the sword for the battle, for there is a mighty conquest to be fought, and many lives to be offered up, ere this land can be free.

When they "shall know the truth they shall be free indeed."

th! The truth! and nothing but the truth, wielded by the Spirit God, can save this people and give them liberty. All the flourish rhetoric, and misrepresenting in speeches and sermons, of which ere has been too much, but keeps back the true forces of liberty, and ays the day of Africa's redemption.*

THE CANAL BARGES MISSION.

II.

By J. Batty.

IT was at one of the meetings of the Church Congress—that held at Stoke-on-Trent in 1875—that a discussion took place on the "Duty of the Church to our Boatmen on nals." Many a good work has ere this owed its origin to these urch Congress meetings, which are sometimes spoken of as if ey were barren of results, and it was so on this occasion, for shop Selwyn, through whose diocese so much canal traffic was ntinually going on, in conjunction with others decided upon a Church Barge" as the best means of reaching the canal men, d carrying out amongst them the Mission work which it was eir desire to effect. But there was no time lost in waiting till the rge should be ready. A chaplain, the Rev. Malcolm R. Graham, s appointed by the Bishop in 1877, whose duty it was to visit from ace to place wherever the largest number of barges were wont to ie up," as it is called, on Sunday, and hold Services in the open air in some shed. Often would the Bishop himself conduct these Ser- es at the different halting-places when he had a Sunday free from ier engagements. In November, 1877, he announced that he had ilt a "Church Barge," which required certain alterations and rangements to be carried out in order that it might suit the varying ight of the different canal bridges. This work was being carried on der the Bishop's eye; for it required much skill and careful superin- idence, but he never saw its completion, for ere it was finished the e that watched the work so anxiously was closed in death. These its amongst the canal men were among the closing scenes of the

* *American Churchman.*

good Bishop's days. His work was almost over, and the great and noble life nearly ended. In singular contrast to his earlier years, and yet singularly appropriate, did it seem that he who in his far-distant diocese had loved his Mission vessel, the *Southern Cross*, with all a sailor's pride and affection, who could safely steer its course amid the dangerous rocks and shoals of the Pacific, who had been accustomed to all the grandeur of the island's scenery, to the fresh invigorating breezes, to the luxuriant vegetation, and the sunny clime of the Southern Hemisphere, should now in his home diocese, at the halting place, or in the humble barge, or on the busy canal, still devote his great powers to the population who lived on its borders, or worked on its waters. Already the hand of death was upon him, but never did that noble life appear more noble than when thus ministering amongst the lowliest of his flock. Bargemen may forget many things as they move slowly on from place to place, they may have little affection for the stations where for a short time their travelling homes may be "tied," but assuredly those days when the Bishop himself came amongst them, and the words of loving counsel which he addressed to them, will hold an unforgotten place in many hearts.

Generally beginning with some words of kindly interest, the Bishop, or the chaplain, would enter into conversation with the bargemen, walking beside them on the towing path, asking questions about the voyages, talking to them about their horses or anything which would open the way to a little friendly intercourse.

Of these early days of the Mission Mr. Graham writes: "I do not know that there is any more difficulty in getting at barge people than at any other class. I used simply to go to the cabins and invite them to a Service, whenever a Service was about to be held, or I used to walk by the man driving the horse and talk to him on ordinary topics.

"I think if approached with tact they will respond to one's wishes kindly enough, but like other people, I suppose they don't care to be driven. We generally met with civility, though of course at times it was of a rough kind.

"I had the great advantage of being sometimes in company with Bishop Selwyn, and I suppose nobody knew better than he how to begin a work of that kind. I fancy he too generally began by engaging their attention with some topic in which they were naturally interested, such as their horses, voyages, &c.

"The attendance at Services was perhaps usually about one in every twenty of those who promised to attend."

But the work was not allowed to drop after the Bishop's death.

sum of money was voted by the Diocesan Council to the Barge Mission Fund, and a Committee was formed under the chairmanship of the Venerable Archdeacon of Stoke-on-Trent, Sir Lovelace T. Stamer, Bart. After the first outlay connected with the completion and fittings of the church barge, the Committee estimate that an annual income of £350 will for the present maintain the Mission with its modest salary and allowance for travelling expenses for one chaplain, and the necessary expenses of repairs, wharfage, voyages, and other contingent expenses. But the Diocese of Lichfield is not the only one where this Mission work is needed, and where it is being carried on, the Rev. M. R. Graham, the first chaplain, having visited some of the principal places on the banks of the canal in some of the neighbouring Dioceses as well.

The clergy living on the canal lines are invited to give notice of the places where any considerable number of barges are likely to "tie up," and families of bargemen to be found on the Lord's Day, in order that the Mission chaplain may attend and conduct Services for and with them. Much personal intercourse with bargemen and their families has thus been held. The break caused by the Bishop's death, and the time required for the completion of the barge, led to some little delay in the working of the Mission. But at the close of 1878 a chaplain was appointed by the Committee, the Rev. R. H. Moore, formerly employed in Missions to Seamen; and the offer of the former chaplain, the Rev. M. R. Graham, to work gratuitously for the Mission in such departments as might still be open to him and within his reach, was accepted.

The church barge is moved from place to place to give opportunities to the bargemen stationed there to attend the Services on board, and it is moored for a longer or a shorter time at any station where an opening for carrying on its good work seems to offer itself. Speaking of the work generally during the first quarter of the present year, 1879, the chaplain writes that its success has exceeded his most sanguine expectations, partly due to the work having been carried on under "exceptionally favourable circumstances"; these exceptionally favourable circumstances being the extremely severe winter through which we have passed, and the long period of frost which completely suspended all traffic upon the canal, and kept the barges frozen up for several weeks at the same spot. It was just when the second long frost set in that the chaplain began his work. Coming amongst them at a time when all were suffering from enforced idleness, and many of them experiencing its painful consequences in actual want, added to the unavoidable suffer-

ing from the intense cold, the message of "Peace and Good-will" found a more ready acceptance than perhaps might have been the case in a more prosperous time. To help them in their adversity, to relieve their more pressing wants, to raise up friends for them, was one branch of the chaplain's work, and to induce them to attend the Services which he provided for them, to place their children under the instruction of the Sunday-school, and to bring their little ones to baptism, was the great aim which he continually set before them. The Tour for the quarter includes visits to Tunstall, Longport, Burslem, Etruria, Stoke, Cheddleton, Borlaston, Stone, Penkridge, Wolverhampton, Tipton, Dudley Port, Spon Lane, Hednesford. Previous to the completion of the church barge, the chaplain began his work as follows, holding Services wherever an opportunity offered, or a building was available for the purpose :—"Sunday, Jan. 5th, 1879, at Stoke, morning, a Reading in a boat, five present; evening, Service in Fenton girls' school, forty-seven present. Thursday, 9th, at Stone, Service in school, forty-seven present. Friday, 10th, forty-five present. Sunday, 12th, afternoon, thirty-three, evening about seventy. Wednesday, 24th, Service at Borlaston Church. Impossible to get at number of boat people who came from nine boats." But we need not follow out the statistics of daily work, a Reading in one place, a Service in another, a Sunday-school at a third, just making the most of every opportunity until the church barge should be completed, and the "Messenger," for such is its name, ready for its special work. Before the end of February all was ready. A long, neat-looking barge, its flag bearing the arms of the Diocese of Lichfield, a small private cabin for the chaplain at one end, and the boatman's cabin at the other. All the centre occupied by the "Church cabin," one end of which is marked "The Boatmen's Mission Room," and a movable hatch between the two divisions of this church cabin, apparently for the purpose of forming it into one long room, as occasion might require. On Friday, the 21st of February, the Rev. P. H. Moore brought his floating church from Lichfield to Wolverhampton, and commenced the Services on board. "Sunday, Feb. 23rd, morning Service, twenty-five present; afternoon, thirty-five; evening, forty-five. Sunday, March 2nd, Sunday-school, morning, four present; afternoon, nine; Service in evening crowded to excess, the majority boats'-people." On Sunday, March 23rd, the chaplain's log records: "Weather very stormy; snow fall heavily; no Service or school in the morning, people would not come out; afternoon school, twenty-seven children present; evening Service crowded, chiefly boats'-people." Again, "March 30th, eve Service, the most crowded since I entered the service of the M

It was quite impossible to count the people. One had to squeeze to one's place. The majority boats'-people." But even with these results we must not imagine that the church barge was always floating in smooth waters. Far from it. There was opposition to be met and difficulties to be encountered. And those amongst whom it was placed received it so roughly that more than once the chaplain and his small crew had quite enough to do to keep guard on their little vessel against the crowd of "roughs" by which they were surrounded. Especially was this the case on two Sundays in March, when the crowd burst in one of the doors, rocked the boat, rang the bell, and mimicked the Service. It is not surprising that the particulars of the attendance on those two Sundays have not been very carefully recorded, but the chaplain notes them both nevertheless as "highly successful days," and can vouch that there were large numbers present at the Service on both days. The boat was a novelty, and as the novelty wore off the little excitement which had attended its first arrival passed away, and the permanent advantage remains of all the boats'-people knowing when and where to attend the Service. Previous to this, on the chaplain's first Sunday at Wolverhampton, the only room he could obtain for Service was unknown to the people, and some distance from the canal side. This accounts for the small numbers present on that day (January 19th), still he adds, "I did some work at Aldersley and the Blue Coat School, and visited a large number of boats. It was a very cold day, and there was much snow on the ground. I walked many miles." One serious drawback to the operations of the Mission is the ignorance of the boat people themselves. It is seldom that in any company of boat-people the chaplain finds so high a number as 50 per cent. able to read at all; and on testing the capabilities of twenty-three children present one morning at the Sunday-school, only two could read; and one of these, who was deaf and dumb, had been educated in an institution for mutes, and the other brought up in a workhouse school, and as a whole these were the children of very decent respectable people. And yet for *nine years* England has possessed an Elementary Education Act, the power of carrying out its provisions being conferred on School Boards, possessing almost unlimited powers and unrestricted means! We can only say, what would England be in the matter of education if it were *not* for voluntary efforts? There is more real work embraced in such a brief record as this, "I am forming Improvement Classes for youths, and have taught some to read small words already," than is done by many a far larger outlay of time and money. It may be slow work, patiently carried out, but

it *is* work, and work which it may reasonably be hoped will lead to good and satisfactory results.

Numbers of families have been growing up unbaptized, and these the chaplain seeks, keeps a record of their names, and has led many to come forward and offer themselves for Baptism. Thus he writes on one boat: "A family to be baptized on their arrival. Mother and baby not fit to come out last trip. Kept aloof for long, now asking to have them baptized." Again: "I have quite a number of children to be baptized." On one occasion: "Went to Penkridge to baptize nine, and found the fathers all drunk and fighting in a meadow."

There are many other works connected with the Mission besides the more direct one of sending its movable church from station to station. Thus the chaplain writes that small Mission churches are required at all the wharves along the canals; and bright, cheery, comfortable shelters supplied with means of amusements as counter attractions to public-houses. "There are at this moment," writes the chaplain (April 5th, 1879), "four boat lads on board the barge, three of sixteen years and one of fifteen years of age. Two are playing at draughts, one is looking on at the game, and the fourth is reading an account of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race in a daily paper. Two can read; one was educated in St. Peter's School, Wolverhampton, as far as the attainments required of fourth standard children; the other was trained in the Chester Industrial School. The other two can neither read nor write."

To help these to obtain even the smallest amount of elementary knowledge, to fill up their vacant hours with some useful occupation, to provide them with some innocent recreations, these are works which require much patient care and attention, and yet works which will assuredly repay the labourer for all the pains bestowed and time expended in furthering these objects. To rescue some who, from the cradle to the grave, through the years of sunny childhood and early youth, on to middle life and even to old age, have known no better home than the miserable cabin in which their lives were spent, whose experience of life has been bounded by the towing path and the canal wharf, to whom the Bible has been almost an unknown book ("for," Mr. Smith says, "I do not remember having seen a dozen Bibles in the canal boat cabins in all my life"), and the blessed truths of salvation an unopened page, this is the work that the Canal Boat Mission is now carrying on amongst these waifs and strays.

We do not mean that this Mission is the first, or the only effort on behalf of this class. Between thirty and forty years ago a

Mission boat with its "Bethel" flag might have been seen at Newark, but after a time the work languished, and one day the Bethel flag was lowered and appeared no more. Efforts have been made to reach the people. At Chester also a Mission boat with a little spire is at work on the Shropshire Union Canal; collect the people for Services, and the children for school. At Oxford, Aylesbury, Paddington, and other places, in some of these Missionaries from various societies have worked amongst the canal population, but the Mission of which we are now writing has the advantage of being a distinctively systematic effort on the part of the Church to meet the requirements of this particular class, and as such it has met with a welcome from them. No class has stood more in need of such efforts than has this canal boat population. More out of reach than any other, and less easily brought within the circle of Christian influence, living far more amongst themselves and far less in companionship with the outer world even than the "navvies," these canal boat homes have been the strongholds of ignorance, and too often, unhappily, the abodes of vice. In one year only, nearly *eighty* boaters were confined in Stafford gaol, chiefly young men, and principally for thieving. And the condition of this class was one which, without legislation, would have become worse rather than better; at least such was the evidence given before the Royal Commission of Inquiry granted by the Home Secretary in 1875, that "the boatmen and their families were worse off now than they were twenty-five years since."

Thanks to the efforts of several Missions the condition of these people is gradually improving; the absolute total inability to read and write will ere long become a thing of the past. The cabin homes relieved from overcrowding, and properly ventilated and inspected, will no longer be the miserable abodes they once were; and their inhabitants will no longer live in utter disregard of public worship, for opportunities are now given to them, and Services brought within their reach, and they are gradually learning that they possess no truer friends than the Chaplain and Missionaries who spend their lives amongst them.*

* The substance of this article appeared some years ago in the pages of a contemporary. It has been recast by the Author for the Publishers of "Mission Life." The subject is one which imperatively calls for more general attention and more vigorous effort.—[ED.]

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

CALCUTTA.

A Year of Work in India: A Sensible System: C.M.S. in Santhalia.

THE *Indian Churchman*, in an article pleading for more concentration and division of labour in the Church's work, points to the example of other religious communities: "We know the strength of the Jesuits in and round Calcutta. The division of labour is perfectly understood by them, and acted upon, and we see the results. Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen's organisation is on the same principle. He has a body of missionaries who have each a kind of distinct life-object to live for. One devotes himself to the study of Sanskrit literature, and his business is to extract the best passages from it for the edification of readers of those papers which emanate from his branch of the Brahmo Somaj. Another gives his time exclusively to the reading of religious works written in the English language. A third considers it his department to improve his musical powers for the edification of the whole body, and so on. This kind of separate and divided labour has brought forth abundant fruits, as far as the growth and consolidation of the party is concerned. Mr. Sen is a born leader and organiser, and to this fact his great success is attributable. On the other hand, a system which requires that the same Missionary should be a pastor to his flock, a preacher to various non-Christian bodies, such as are to be found here, a teacher in a school, a writer of tracts and books, a teacher of music, a medicine man, an accountant and report writer, &c., cannot be a very sound one, though it accords with the high-pressure life of the present century."

The Rev. S. Endle, writing from Assam, says: "The Missionary's year of work, here in India, naturally falls under two divisions—the hot season, devoted mainly to educational and pastoral efforts; and the cold weather (lasting for some five months in Assam), when it is possible, with proper precautions against sunstroke, to spend the whole day in direct evangelistic labours among the non-Christian inhabitants." Mr. Endle was engaged in this latter work between October and Christmas, and intended to resume preaching among the villages early in January, continuing it to March. In this itinerating the

Missionary must dispense with home comforts, and be content with plain and simple fare, sometimes sleeping in rough sheds and school-houses, imperfectly protected from cold and wet. The people are attentive, and show their gratitude by bringing out little presents of rice, plantains, oranges, sugar-cane, &c. It is rare to find a man who can read, the people being intellectually far behind Bengal and other parts of India; and they are slow to grasp any ideas above the sphere of their daily wants. Still, Mr. Endle thinks the cause of the truth is making way, although the work is of a preliminary kind.

The Rev. J. R. Hill, of the Banda Mission, has returned to England, leaving Abdul Ali in charge at Banda. He is thoroughly worthy of the post, though not yet in Priest's Orders. Mr. Hill regrets that no one has been sent out to combine the superintendence of the Mission with the Services in the Station Church, for which the Government allowed 100 rupees a month, and urges that with the local subscriptions the Mission would thus be nearly self-supporting. The opinion, however, seems to prevail at present that the agents of S.P.G. in India should be restricted to Mission work proper.

The C.M.S. Missionaries in Santhalia have published in the Santâl languages the Collects and Epistles in the Prayer Book, and have commenced the printing of a Bible history, and a revised edition of St. Matthew's Gospel.

The Report of St. John's Divinity School, Lahore, mentions the fact of the recent establishment of a new Theological College at Allahabad, of which Mr. Hooper is the first Principal. This will in future draw off students from the N.W. Provinces, one of the chief sources of supply in years past to the Lahore College. At present, however, there is no decrease in the number of students in the latter.

LAHORE.

"Is this the Religion of the English?" Valuable Literary Labours: A Real Need at Delhi: Progress: Why Peshawur is Afghan.

In this Diocese, according to the last C.M.S. Report, considerable progress has been made in the literary work connected with the Missions. The Lectures given at the Divinity College three years ago on the Book of Revelation have been published as a commentary for the use of the Native Church. Besides the revision of the Urdu Prayer Book, the Rev. G. Droese has printed St. John's Gospel in the language of the Rajmahal Pahâris, and has commenced a dictionary and grammar. The Rev. T. P. Hughes and W. Jukes have completed the Pentateuch in Pushtu; and the Rev. T. J. L. Mayer

continues his translations in the same language, having revised St. Matthew's Gospel, carried the greater part of the Psalms through the press, finished the translation of Isaiah, and began Job. The Rev. T. R. Wade has revised his Kashmiri version of the New Testament, and has printed the Sermon on the Mount in the Persian and Sharada characters. This is the first fragment of Scripture ever printed intelligibly in the vernacular of Kashmir, and some of the people, when they read it, exclaimed in astonishment, Is *this* the religion of the English? The Rev. J. Sheldon has prepared St. John's Gospel in the language of the Brahui or Birohi nation, inhabiting a part of the Afghan and Beluch frontier. Other works are mentioned as produced under a Sub-Committee of the Christian Knowledge Society: (1) Tálim-i-Muhammādí, a useful synopsis of the teaching of Muhammad as compared with Christian doctrine by the Rev. Imad-ud-din; (2) Hidáyat-ul-Istiquámat, a short Catechism on Confirmation, abridged from one of the Society's tracts, by Mrs. Gardiner of Gujranwala, and translated by Lala Maja Das; (3) an Urdu edition of the Churchman's Almanack for 1881. This was much appreciated by the Native Church, and has contributed both to decency of worship, and also, we hope, to regularity of Scripture-reading in private. The Punjaub Religious Book Society have also in hand, (1) Ain-ul-Hayat, an Urdu translation of the "Spirit of Life," by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, the translator being Mr. Tara Chand of Delhi; (2) A Catechism of the Christian Faith, especially intended for Inquirers, by a Native Agent of the Delhi Mission; (3) Selections from the Prayer Book in Kashmiri, by the Rev. T. R. Wade. There are also in preparation, in Urdu, an abridgment of St. Gregory's Pastoral Care, and a series of Sermons for the Christian Year.

The Report of the Lahore Divinity School up to March, 1882, contains many items of interest. In October last four new students joined the College. Amongst those who arrived in March there is an elderly pundit, with an acute intellect, and a considerable reputation for learning. More than eight years ago he was baptized, but at that time he did not believe in the Divinity of our Lord, and he afterwards lapsed and joined the Arya Somaj. His mind was full of doubts and difficulties which he frequently urged in controversy. But a change has passed over him, and he is now a humble student of the Scriptures and a seeker after truth. Another is an elderly convert from Islam, who has been for some years a catechist at Dera Ghazi Khan. The course includes Isaiah, St. John, the Pastoral Epistles, Pearson and Forbes on the Creed, Scrivener on New Testament Criticism, Church History, Prayer Book, and Mr. Hooper's Urdu version of

Dorner's "Person of Christ." Missionary meetings are held on Friday evenings, with lectures on the lives of ancient and modern Missionaries. Mr. Weitbrecht has also lectured on Old and New Testament exegesis, selected portions, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Deuteronomy, Ezekiel, and the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians; also on the History of the Jews, Butler's Analogy, the 1st Book of Samuel, Romans, and the Life and Writings of St. Chrysostom. The readings in the Epistle to the Corinthians led to a lively discussion on the words, "Every man praying or prophesying having his head covered, dishonoureth his head," the question being one which has caused some hot disputation among native Christians.

Evangelistic work has been carried on in the neighbourhood, but it has been hindered by organised gangs of Mohammedan youths of the lower sort, who appear on the spot, and exert their voices in opposition to the preachers. Lahore has perhaps felt the wave of Mohammedan revival which has passed over other parts of the world. The Mission station of Pind Dadan Khan has lately been under the supervision of the Divinity School Missionaries. The Batala district has also been visited with good results. In November the Bishop of Calcutta visited the Divinity School, and gave two earnest and practical addresses. The fall of a beam of wood having made a serious breach in the old room used for a chapel, it has been decided to commence a new one, with the 6,600 rupees left by Mr. Gordon for this purpose. Some donations have been added to this, but about £200 more is wanted to complete the building. Help is also solicited for the purchase of a small organ. Mr. Weitbrecht also reports the commencement of a new church in the Anarkali Mission. This church was completed in February last, when it was opened by the Bishop. At present it accommodates 150, but when a new aisle is added, there will be room for 300. In August, 1881, there was a severe visitation of cholera in Lahore, which daily claimed its scores of victims; but only one member of the congregation died of the plague. Whilst it raged, numbers of people came to the daily Service, and seemed much impressed. The Rev. Yakub Ali was indefatigable in visiting and exhorting during this sad period.

It is proposed to erect in the city of Delhi, as soon as a site and sufficient funds can be obtained, a building for the delivery of addresses and courses of lectures on religious subjects to Hindus and Mohammedans. Such buildings have already been erected in several other large cities, and have been found of great value. Preaching in bazaars is a method of work on which God's blessing

has rested in the past, and which it is not proposed to discontinue. Still in the noise of passing traffic, the changing character of the audience, and liability to interruption from opponents are serious obstacles to this method of making known Divine truth. A lecture-room, open to the street, offers most of the advantages of the bazaar, and is comparatively free from these difficulties. It is especially needed among a Mohammedan population, who love controversy for its own sake, and are much given to disorderly interruption of teaching which they oppose. Rooms might be attached to it for a Missionary, catechist, and bookshop. The catechist might make it his residence, and the Missionary might attend at certain hours of the day. The Rev. E. B. Birks of Trumpington, Cambridge, will receive contributions.

The Delhi Mission has now branches in Kurnaul, Rewaree, Rohtuck, Gurgaon, Fareedabad, Bhievanee Mahraolee, besides the Zenana Mission in Simla. There are in connection with the Mission congregations, 886 Christians; 61 adults and 43 children have been baptized during the year. There have been 30,000 cases for medical treatment in Delhi and 6,000 in Kurnaul. In the schools there are 1,560 boys and 840 female pupils. A Christian college has just been started for a higher class of students.

Some objection having been made to the description of the Peshawur Mission as a Mission to the Afghans, the Rev. T. P. Hughes, in a letter to the *Pioneer*, pleads seventeen reasons for asserting that both the city and district of Peshawur are within the limits of Afghanistan. The inhabitants of the Peshawur valley are Afghans by descent, and speak the Pushtu language. Four Afghan tribes inhabit the district. The district formed part of the kingdom of Afghanistan until the battle of Nowshera in 1823, in which Sardar Azim Khan was defeated by Runjeet Singh. Punjab, the land of the five rivers, only extends to Attok; all beyond is Afghanistan. Dost Mohammed claimed Peshawur as an Afghan town. Hence Sir John Lawrence suggested that it should be ceded in 1858. All the Afghans, whom Mr. Hughes has consulted, say the same, and he has never heard it doubted for a moment, that geographically and ethnologically Afghanistan extends as far as the right bank of the Indus. The province of Candahar was peopled by tribes who gradually migrated from the district of Peshawur, the ancient name of which was Gandhara, whence the word Candahar is derived.

RANGOON.

Holy Week at Moulmein: Easter Festivities: Overproof: The Andamans: Tounghoo.

At the S.P.G. Mission at Moulmein, there were devout and regular congregations during Holy Week and Easter. There was a daily Celebration, and short "five minute" addresses were given in the mornings in Burmese, in the evenings in English. On Good Friday there was Burmese Matins and Sermon at 8 A.M., Tamil Matins, &c., at 10.30, and a Service of the Seven Words from 2 to 3.20 P.M. This was chiefly in English, but the Burmese were not forgotten. Between 70 and 80 people were present. In evening of Easter Eve three Burmese, two Eurasian, and one Tamil, in all six children, were baptized. The chapel was crowded, and heat rendered just tolerable by the punkah lately put up. The Services on Easter Day began at 5 A.M.; the early Service was trilingual, with two short sermons in English and Burmese, and 38 communicants. On Monday there was a tea, with magic lantern and recitations by the boys of the Mission school. On May 1st an entertainment was given to the children of the school, and an additional table was spread for the visitors, who attended in large numbers. After tea a Burmese address in the most flowery language was read by one of the school boys, to compliment everything and everybody connected with the giving of the feast, and expressing the hope for a yearly continuance of the same on even a grander scale in the new school about to be built. Then came recitations, the best of which were, "The Destruction of Sennacherib," 'The Inch Cape Bell," and "The Brahmin and the Rice Pot." This was followed by a distribution of prizes, and a magic lantern. The entertainment was crowded by the Burmese neighbours, as well as by the parents, sisters, cousins, uncles, and aunts of the 120 boys of the school.

During a recent visit of the Archdeacon of Rangoon to the Andaman Islands there was a discussion with a view to a Mission to the Aborigines, a wild but very interesting race, to whom the Gospel has not yet been offered. The Archdeacon thought the time had come for action, and said that he had made this the chief object of his visit. A fund had been raised by former chaplains and residents. This amounted to the sum required to maintain a Missionary for about two years. But he thought that in a work of this kind two Missionaries should be associated, one of whom might be a medical Missionary, as disease was rapidly reducing the numbers of the native

tribes. He had received some very touching appeals from the people, showing their readiness to receive instruction; but there must be some personal risk to the pioneers of Christianity among such a people, for they are a very wild and excitable race, much too ready with their arrows at the approach of strangers.

The Rev. T. W. Windley in a letter dated April 23rd, 1882, mentions the commencement of a school for Karen Christian girls at Tounghoo, for which the Ladies' Association of the S.P.G. have given £100 a year. A suitable teacher is much needed, but an ordinary schoolmistress is not the kind of person for the post. The Karen girls are, until taught, dirty, wild, shy, and uninteresting; but they can be taught easily, and their affections are easily gained with care and affection on the part of the teacher. They require to be taught in a motherly way, and to learn cleanly and Christian habits, that they may be fit wives for the boys now under training in the Mission. Two "Sisters" would be the best for such a work. On May 2nd the native clergy and agents of the Tounghoo Mission assembled for a retreat of a day and a half.

On Whitsunday the offertories in St. John Baptist's Church, Tounghoo, were given to the children's convalescent home at Broadstairs.

MADRAS.

Great Development: Attractive Preaching: What one sees in Tinnevelly: A Striking Service: The Rajah of Ramnad.

The sixth charge of the Bishop of Madras speaks of the great development of the Church's work in his Diocese during his tenure of office. He has seen the numbers of the Native Church mount up from 48,000 in 1862 to 101,000 or more in 1881. The native clergy have increased from 38 to 120, and 99 have been ordained by himself. Two assistant Bishops and the Bishop of Travancore have been added to superintend the Missionary operations. There are 100 pastors of congregations or districts; groups of parishes have their district Church Council, from which representatives are sent to a central Church Council at which a Bishop presides. Few other Bishops are able to record such an expansion of Church work and organisation within their spheres of labour.

The Rev. J. E. Padfield has been engaged in the production of Telugu Christian books. He translated Paley's Evidences, and is at work upon Bishop W. How's Commentary on the Four Gospels, *under the* Madras Committee of the S.P.C.K. The Rev. S. Paul,

stor at Ootacamund, has written a book in Tamil on "The the Bible," and a new Tamil edition of the Pilgrim's

ke Rivington was at Coonoor in June. He remained and gave a course of Sermons on "What is Man?" ord," "The Destiny of Man," "Supernatural of God in Man," "The Life of God in Himself." e much appreciated by the visitors, including men opinion and varieties of education, who had come to ,,iri Hills from all parts of India. On Friday mornings he nstructions to a different class of hearers on such subjects as Life of Faith," "Perfection," &c.

Rev. A. Brotherton Vickers gives a description of various places nevelly, including Nazareth, where the Rev. S. W. O'Neill spent and held a Mission. Alvar Tirunagari is a great centre of inism. There are some 18,000 Brahmins in the place, with a emple and scores of smaller ones. There is also the beginning mple, four huge monolith pillars for the base, a tower about high, said to have been begun by a Rajah, about 1,500 years ago normous expense; a Pariah man ran over the threshold, and rk was discontinued. When Mr. Rivington visited the place four ago, the result was six converts, and there have been some since. ween Nazareth and Edeyengoody it is necessary to cross a desert sand called the Thoerai; deep soft red sand, and a palmyra nd there; the villages are like oases. At Muthaloor, the "first ian village" in Tinnevelly, a most striking Service was held. hurch was incomplete, without roof; only walls, aisle, pillars ches, and the dark blue heaven above. Father O'Neill stood at p of the chancel steps, and two brown native boys, with a blaz- rch, fed with cocoa-nut oil, stood at each side. About two nd natives sat closely packed on the floor; it was a very im- ve scene, the quiet stars above, and the tall, earnest figure pour- th burning words to the earnest, eager multitude. At Edeyen- there is a magnificent church with a grand tower. It has been 36 years in building. From the top of the tower you have a table view; on one side there is the calm blue sea, stretching away in the sunshine. Then turn and look inland, and what e? No plain, no land, no houses, but a vast waving carpet of ra tops, a dense forest extending to the horizon; in one direc- here is the deep red of the sandy desert; in another the tall f a church. When the church at Edeyengoody was completed vas a gathering of more than 9,000 Christians.

At Ramnad Father O'Neill and Mr. Vickers had a visit from the Rajah, who brought garlands and hung them round their necks and wrists, and showered rose water all over them. He is a quite young man, and well educated, is very friendly to the Mission, and would be a Christian, if it were not for the inevitable persecution of his wives and relatives. His income is about 10 lakhs, and all the people tremble at his little finger, and call him "Swami," the god. Father O'Neill's lecture made a great impression. It was on kingdoms and governments, illustrating this from the great stone in Daniel, pointing to Christ's kingdom as the only perfect and lasting one. There are now 5,000 Christians in the Ramnad Mission. Close by is the famous temple of Rameshweram; to visit first Benares, then this, ensures eternal happiness, Outside the city there was a small raised platform round a tree, painted with red and white stripes; this was for the cholera-devil, to divert his attention from the city!

CEYLON.

Educational (C.M.S.) Progress at Kandy: Reception at Kalutara: What Buddha was and would be.

Trinity College, Kandy, is prospering under its energetic Principal, the Rev. J. G. Garrett. The number of students has risen from 177 to 238. In race they are Singhalese, Kandians, Malays, and Eurasians; in religion, Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Hindus. Among the non-Christians there are some inquirers, and one late student has said of himself, "I belong to Lord Jesus." The estimation in which the College is held by the natives is shown by the fact that the surplus funds in the hands of the Singhalese Committee for the reception of the Prince of Wales have been expended in founding a scholarship for Singhalese boys.

At Kalutara great preparations were made to receive Mr. Duthy on his return from England. Two arches were erected and decorated profusely with palm leaves, fruit, and flowers, and the school-children were marched out to meet him at the railway station, and an address of welcome was read. Evensong followed in the church, after which Mr. Duthy gave addresses in English and Singhalese. In his Singhalese address he pointed out the fundamental difference between Christianity and Buddhism. Buddha, a wise and good man, had given them a law (Dharma), but had not been able to tell them how to obtain forgiveness of sins—the transgressions of that law. It was the Christian religion that told us how our sins might be forgiven. He then went on in a few well-chosen words to speak of God's great

love to man, in giving His Son to procure us this benefit by His death. If Buddha were now alive, he would have undoubtedly become a Christian. A large number of Buddhists were in attendance.

BOMBAY.

Poona and Ahmednuggur: European Teaching and Tactics a Source of Atheism: Who's to Blame? The Mohammedan Precursor of Christ.

The Rev. T. Williams, in speaking of the Poona and Ahmednuggur Missions, says: "Immediately on the Intercession Day such sums came in that our debts are paid, and we are free to open new work." Some of the priests of the Cowley Society are now transferred to Poona. Mr. Williams thinks that it would have been better to carry out Bishop Douglas's scheme for the S.P.G. Marathi Mission, and to have formed a chain of S.P.G. stations from Belgaum in the south to Ahmednuggur in the north, the links to be supplied by the intermediate stations of Kohlapur, Sattara, and Poona; making Poona the centre for training institutions of Mission agents. Under the new arrangement the Ahmednuggur Mission, being worked on somewhat different lines from the Poona Mission, will probably require a separate centre. But in so large a field there is room for several agencies.

The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh, native priest of the Cowley Mission, in a letter dated July 3rd, says: "The Poona Mission is now taken up by our Society, and I have come here at the request of the Superior. I prefer Poona to Indore much, as the people there appeared to be very indifferent to religion. The English education is spreading rationalism and unbelief in India. Four days ago I and Mr. Rivington visited the Poona College. He happened to ask the students there to come to Father Rivington's lectures. When they knew that they were connected with Christianity, they showed impatience, and said they were not going to be blind believers, for they were educated men, atheists or agnostics. This state of things is owing to Government employing European teachers, from whom the students acquire infidel notions; whilst Christian influence is scrupulously excluded, other influence is allowed. The Bengalis are naturally a more religious people, and show more earnestness in seeking after truth. The effect of English education upon them was that they took up Brahmoism. The Brahmos of Bengal are much more in earnest than in these parts. The Prárthaná Samáj both here and in Bombay is a mere sham! Mr. C. Rivington is doing his work here admirably,

and is building up a native Church on true Catholic principles. He is well qualified for this work, but much needs a helper like-minded with himself, as he is single-handed. Father Rivington is also here, and is going to give a course of lectures to the educated natives. The Rev. R. L. Page wrote that he and the Rev. N. Goreh were going to take up the Panch Howds Mission on the 1st of June. This has been done at the Bishop's urgent request, as Mr. Cecil Rivington had been single-handed so long, that it was impossible for him to carry on his growing work, and some addition in men and means was a necessity. The new arrangement will also be a help to the Wantage Sisters in their good work in the English and native school and native hospital. The great want in the Panch Howds Mission is a native church. At present the native congregation worships in the chapel belonging to the Mission-house, which is much too small for the purpose. The Bishop has given £85 for this purpose, and if his liberality leads others to follow, the church may be commenced before the end of the year.

The Rev. S. W. O'Neill, writing from Indore, says: "I asked my Múnshi to-day what he believed about Mehdi, the 'guide' who is expected to appear before the judgment day. He said he would not come until there had been seven years without rain, and until Antichrist had arisen and turned all men after him. Then Mehdi would come and be followed by Isá Masêh (Jesus Christ). So then I asked him how it was the man who claims to be Mehdi in Egypt has so many followers. And he replied that it was only the ignorant, common people. All learned people knew that Mehdi could not come yet."

CHINA.

The New Bishop, His College and Work: Wants.

The Bishop of North China writes from Chefoo, May 4th, that he has now got his little College afloat, and that he is anxious to secure an addition to the number of pupils. There are three at present, of whose earnestness and devotion he speaks highly, but with all their education before them, the presence of one or two of a higher educational stamp would be a great advantage to them. They live a simple community life, having little or no intercourse with the settlers in the port. The Bishop finds them food, clothing, and house-room, and gives them a training for the ministry, with the hope of their being ordained at the end of three years, or when they reach the canonical age, if their conduct and progress have been

satisfactory. The passage money out is found, and also the return money, if after three years the plan is found not to succeed. They on their part undertake to work in the diocese, health permitting, for seven years at least from the time of Ordination. A graduate might come and live with the others, study Chinese, and prepare for ordination. There is a fair library upon which to draw for the purpose. Work might also be found under the S.P.G. in Peking and the neighbourhood, for one preferring Mission work among the Chinese apart from the "community."

SOUTH AFRICA.

The Provincial Council: Proposals.

The Rev. W. L. Bowditch writes from Pieter Maritzburg, June 18th, that amongst the subjects for discussion at the Provincial Synod of South Africa in January next, there is a new Marriage Canon, the subject of Temperance, and a resolution on Unity. His scheme on the last point is to form a Guild in each diocese for intercession that all the peoples of South Africa may be gathered into the Church, and also to take such steps as may be possible to further Missions to the Mohammedans and heathen; to reclaim schismatics, and to promote unity amongst the faithful. Last year the Maritzburg Synods agreed to the principle that the laity should have a voice in the election of the parish priest, and a Committee is framing regulations for consideration in June, 1883. The Bishop is to be left free to exercise his veto, without assigning any reason; the laity are to submit names to him for induction, so that they will feel bound to support him, and thus the Synod of clergy will represent them if it consists of their nominees. The senior lay delegate to the Mixed Synod might nominate in each case.

BRITISH GUIANA.

The Potaro and Upper Demarara Missions: Running Short: Native Church Building: Native Missionaries (Honorary): "My own Proper Work": "As in the Time of Raleigh."

The Rev. A. Gwyther, Curate of the Upper Demarara district, is also supervising the Potaro Mission till a successor to Mr. Pierce can be found. In a letter dated June 27th, he says: "I am not now in a position to give you a proper account of the Potaro Mission, as I have only visited it once, and that visit was a most lamentable failure. The Bishop had pointed out that visits should only be made in the two

dry seasons of March and October. But March being the month in which the Bishop comes up for Confirmations was closed to me; so I took January rather than leave the Mission unvisited. Due notice was sent, but no Indians came down to meet me. The weather was heavy, and they seem to have doubted whether after Mr. Pierce's fatal accident in the river any one would go. Counting the Indians who went with me there were never more than seventy souls in church at any Service during my stay, which was shortened by a week from want of provisions. We arrived at the Mission in the evening of January 12th. On the following Wednesday we were compelled to leave and to go as fast as we could. When we got to the bank of the Demarara every grain of provision was finished. On the other hand we saw standing evidence of the numbers and earnestness of the Indians in the large building they have put up as a church, 70 feet by 36, oval at both ends. The floor and the sides to a height of 4 feet 6 inches are made of varamilla, the bark of the pump-wood tree. The roof is made of dhalabana leaves, and must have cost a world of trouble. There is a large house put up for the superintending priest, also a house for the catechist. A very large space is cut open and planted with plantains. There is an immense work to be done. Under the present system the holy Eucharist can only be celebrated during two short periods of the year, so no great results can be expected; but good is done by elementary teaching, in transmitting which the Indians are very good. If one Indian knows the Creed, he at once sets to work to teach those around him, and thus the knowledge of Christ, though but in a slight degree, has been wonderfully spread among these people by themselves. The Marihi rapids in the Essequibo were those in which Mr. Pierce lost his life and the lives of so many of his family. The Essequibo is a very dangerous river, and full of fierce rapids. But the fatality was due to Mr. Pierce insisting on going straight down the centre of the fall, when the Indians wanted to lower the boat down one of the side channels."

"My own proper work lies on the Demarara River, from Dolgin to the Great Falls, and as much higher as occasion may require; the distance between the two places is 100 miles. At Cumaroo I am going to build my house (at present I live about, from place to place) and I shall probably remove the Mission there from Muritaro. None of the rapids in the Demarara are very dangerous. The Cumaroo path by which I go is a short one, and over good ground, not more, I reckoned, than fifteen or sixteen miles. By this route the only rapids and falls of any consequence are the Tamatumari, which

ery beautiful. There we have to haul the boat overland to the top f the falls. It is nearly four days' journey from the Great Falls of ıe Demarara River to the Mission of St. Michael and All Angels, otaro. It is also four days from Dolgin to the Great Falls."

"It would be a great blessing if another man would give himself) the work of this Mission. The insulation cannot be greater than ıat willingly faced by many a Missionary in other lands, and perhaps ith less pleasing and helpful surroundings than there are at Isowreh. here is only one language to learn, the Akawoio ; for though there are veral other tribes represented at the Mission, their languages are so osely connected with Akawoio, that it is intelligible to them in arning the Creed and receiving instruction."

Mr. Barrington Brown, in his work, *Canoe and Camp Life in British uiana*, says, "The civilised and cultivated portion of the colony lies ıly along a narrow strip of sea-coast. Behind this are swamps, then ooded rising ground, and finally mountains and savannahs stretching uthwards, all lying in a state of nature, the haunts of wild animals ıd various Indian tribes. This portion, between the rear of the ıgar estates and the confines of the colony, is known as 'the in-rior'; and with the exception of a few settlements on the banks of ıe lower Berbice, Demarara, and Essequibo rivers, it remains to-day the same state as in the time of Raleigh."

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Self-sustaining: The Diocesan Synod.

The annual Missionary meeting of the Fredericton Diocesan Board Missions was held in Trinity Church School House, St. John, N.B., ı July 3rd. The Bishop in his opening speech said, "This branch of hurch work is reaching a crisis in this province. The question is, e we not depending too much on the charity of others, are we not king away, perhaps, from others poorer than ourselves? Have we ɔt been leaning too heavily on the home Society? We are called ɔon now to make our own work self-sustaining. We must realise is Missionary duty, and increase the number of self-sustaining ırishes. If we cannot support a minister we are not worthy of ıving one. Some of our parishes have been receiving money for ĸty years. These should now do something for themselves. A rge sum of money has been withdrawn from our Home Missions is year. The Board has asked the Missions throughout the Diocese meet this withdrawal by increased subscriptions." The Bishop

added that each of the older Dioceses had been assessed with a share of the sum required for the new Missionary Diocese of Algoma. The Board of Missions reported an increase of 300 dollars over the receipts of last year. One of the other speakers dwelt on the new call for Missionary effort to provide for the flood of emigration that was pouring into the North-West.

The following day there was a meeting of the General Committee of the Diocesan Church Society. A protest was made against the presence of Mr. Davenport on the Committee, on the ground that the Mission chapel in the parish of St. Paul, which was served by him, was not under the Rector's jurisdiction. The Bishop overruled this, and the Report was then read, in which it was stated that the long expected diminution in the grant from S.P.G. takes place this year. The Diocesan Society, besides maintaining between 30 and 40 Missions in the Diocese, has also a fund for the relief of widows and orphans of clergymen. Various grants were assigned, and a small sum was placed at the Bishop's disposal for the promotion of special Missions in parishes.

On Wednesday, July 5th, the Diocesan Synod met. The case of Mr. Davenport and the Mission chapel was again brought forward, and a memorial was presented to the Bishop, complaining of the chapel and the Services as an intrusion upon the rights of the Rector. The Bishop, by request of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, laid before the Synod the grave necessities of Windsor College, caused by the withdrawal of legislative support. Some 40,000 dollars would be required. The Bishop of Nova Scotia wished this Synod to make Windsor the college of the two provinces. After a long discussion upon Mr. Davenport's position, the Synod proceeded on the following day to consider their relation to the University of King's College, Windsor. It was agreed that Divinity students should be encouraged to pursue their studies there, as it was the only distinctively Church University in the Maritime Provinces. Dr. Spencer, the Vice-President of King's College, gave a sketch of the past history of the institution, and appealed for liberal support, especially from the many graduates present. There is a school attached to the College, which is in able and sound Church hands. The Bishop gave his support to the proposal, though he expressed disappointment that his efforts to establish a Divinity school in connection with Fredericton Cathedral had not been seconded. Some progress was made with the codifying of the Canons and Church Acts before the Synod separated.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

By the Rev. J. Coley,
*Author of "Mission Work of our Church in India," * and sometime Chaplain in the Diocese of Calcutta.*

THERE is one striking point of contrast between the Established Church of England and the nascent Churches, which are being formed by our Missionary Bishops and Priests among her races in foreign lands. It is the absence of discipline in the one se and the presence of it in the other. By discipline is meant con-mity to the rules of the Church and to the laws and ordinances of Divine Founder, or ready subjection to the appointed privations and nalties for disobedience. This conformity, or the penal alternative, due, not from the Clergy alone, but from all the members of the ody. For Church discipline is a misnomer, if it be understood only the Clergy—who are a part and not the whole of the Church—ough such, we know, is the erroneous sense in which the term is nstantly used in Parliament, on platforms, in society, and by the cular Press. This discipline is what we find (in the Gospels and pistles and in the messages to the Seven Churches) to have been ovided for the Catholic Church by its Supreme Head, and un-ubtedly designed for all ages. And ecclesiastical history teaches at it was uniformly practised in primitive times, without any excep-on of race, rank, or degree. The Apostles first, and afterwards the shops, and by leave and delegation Priests also, were administrators it; and it was always held to be as essential to the well-being and en to the life of the Church, as military discipline is to that of an my, or discipline in general to the continuity and usefulness of any ganised community of men. The Homilies declare it to be one of e marks of the true Church of Christ. The sins punished by clesiastical discipline were obstinate offences against the creed, or gainst the moral code of the New Testament, or against the laws of e Church. Heresy, blasphemy, and idolatry were offences against e Faith. And heresy meant, and still means, persistent denial of any the articles of the Catholic Faith; heresy, no less than flagrant morality, being always considered to be deadly sin, and so repre-

* S.P.C.K.

sented in the Gospel. The punishment consisted, according to Divine law, in excommunication; that is, the exclusion, publicly pronounced, of the offender from the communion of the faithful, from the fellowship of the Church, and therefore from all Christian rites. He was "put away from among them" (such is St. Paul's expression in 1 Cor. v.), as though he had never been baptized; he was regarded "as a heathen man" (such is the Lord's own word in Matt. xviii.); and if by this penal discipline of excommunication he was not brought to shame and repentance and publicly absolved, he was refused the last rite of Christian burial. None but Christians in the proper sense of the term, none but faithful members of the Catholic Church, were entitled to Christian obsequies.

We know that this divinely ordained method of keeping the Church of Christ on earth pure from antichristian doctrine and unchristian living has been maintained throughout all ages, from the time of the Apostles, with more or less fidelity by the Churches of Christendom, except by the Church of England for the last hundred years and upwards. And in proportion to such fidelity in the use of it these Churches have been doctrinally and morally pure. The abuse of it by the Church of Rome we sorrowfully admit to be one of her scandalous corruptions; but the abuse of it by a particular Church is no justification for the disuse of it altogether. Every set of Canons in the English Church from the earliest times enjoins the strict observance of the discipline of Christ and His Apostles with respect to heresy and immorality; that is, the excommunication of persistent offenders of whatever calling, clerical or lay, and of every degree, from kings downwards, without respect of persons. Let any one look into Collier's *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain* and Johnson's *English Canons*, to be satisfied of this. After the Reformation the same discipline, free from Papal abuse, continued to be exercised; and not much more than a century ago most faithfully and God-fearingly by the good Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man, till the Civil Power cast him into prison for simply obeying God's Word and the Law of the Church, and doing what King Louis the Debonair had requested the Bishop of Utrecht to do, putting the *heads* of society, and not only the *tails*, to open shame for their immoralities. He carried out impartially our Canons and Constitutions of 1603, of which Lord Chief Justice Coke asserted, that, having been confirmed by the Sovereign, they were binding on the whole Realm (Gibson's *Codex*, p. 29). It is indeed unintelligible how Christianity could possibly have been established, and the Church of Christ in its integrity have been planted in British or in Saxon

times, without due regard on the part of Bishops and Priests and the faithful at large to that appointed method of maintaining the doctrinal and moral standard of the Gospel, which had been observed by the Apostles, the founders of the first Churches of Christendom.

Now of course no particular or national Church has a right to discard any one part of that constitution, which our Lord Jesus Christ has Himself conferred upon His own ecclesiastical Body, the Catholic Church, of which, as of all particular Churches, He is the Supreme Head; and therefore no Church is justified in discontinuing the godly discipline which He has ordained for the preservation of soundness in the Faith and of pure morality. In like manner, no Missionary Bishops or Priests going abroad to found Churches in other lands have any right to think that they are at liberty to dispense with any part of the system which the New Testament plainly states was adopted by the Apostles and delivered by them to the Bishops whom they consecrated for the Churches in various parts of the world; or to expect that the Divine blessing will be accorded to their enterprise, unless such system be introduced at once and maintained in its entirety. Nor indeed have our own Missionary followers of those first Apostles and Bishops and Elders presumed to think so. This surely is a gratifying reflection. We may look all over the wide Mission field in Asia, Australasia, Africa, America, and Polynesia, and it will be seen, that, wherever through the agency of Missionaries of the English Church, native Christian communities have been formed, there the discipline, which Christ has commanded, has been honoured with observance. It has not been represented to the converts as a theory, or as an optional expedient, or as a thing of the past, only adapted to and only meant for the first starting of the Church in Apostolic days, like the miracles designed for the first establishment of the Christian religion in the world and no longer required for its perpetuation from age to age; but they have been taught at once to accept and submit to it as an essential, perpetual, inseparable part of the new religion, which with the full approval of their reason they have embraced. They have been taught the necessity of conforming to the Rule of Faith and the Code of morals, which they have deliberately chosen, or else of suffering the penalty of exclusion from the community and its privileges for non-compliance. Whenever occasion has arisen for such excommunication, publicly and formally pronounced by episcopal authority, on the score either of heresy or of immorality, they have seen the reasonableness and justice of the procedure, and its identity with that inflicted upon the heretics Hymenæus and

Alexander, and upon the incestuous offender at Corinth, and they have yielded a full and practical assent to its adoption among themselves.

If, however, we compare the English Church of the present day with what it was in British and Saxon times prior to the encroachments of Papal abuses, we cannot but perceive the grievous difference between her conformity to the Scriptural model of discipline and order then, a conformity established by the first planters of Christianity in this country, and her non-conformity to that model now. The same difference will strike us, if we compare her present actual condition with her theory and profession of doctrinal and moral discipline, as laid down in her rubrics and canons. The English Church of our day both at home and in the colonies, except where free from State control and therefore not the Church of England as *legally* understood, consists of all English men, women, and children, of every creed and of no creed, of good character and of the very worst. "Every Englishman," said *The Times* a few years ago, "is according to law a member of the established Church, and there is no process and no form for his separation from it." The rites of the Church are at the command of all, whether in creed and character qualified for them or not; and the Clergy are required to administer them to all alike. The Clergy themselves are subject to the penalty of suspension or deprivation, or even imprisonment by being delivered over to the secular arm, for the offence of repudiating State jurisdiction in spiritual matters; while the people are subject to no ecclesiastical censure whatever for open immorality, infidelity, profaneness, and blasphemy. Every article of the Catholic Faith may be denied by them, and every commandment of the Decalogue violated, without the fear of exclusion from the privileges of Christian fellowship, should they be desired for the sake of appearances or from any other worldly motive. The 29th canon, requiring communicants, and not the parents, for a very wise reason, to be sponsors at Infant Baptism, is commonly treated even by the Clergy themselves as a dead letter.

Infidels, Jews, profligates of both sexes, are married, if they will, in church with the Office of Holy Matrimony. All alike, Christians or not, may be buried with the Burial rite of the Church, the rubric at the head of it being set at nought; and some even that have avowed their disbelief in Christianity have been honoured with sepulture in Westminster Abbey! Discipline, therefore, is extinct among us; and so far from a Christian and a Churchman being synonymous now, as formerly, it is a fact, though monstrous, that the champion of atheism, Mr. Bradlaugh, who once demanded an apology for being by mistake

spoken of as a Christian, is yet *by law* a member of the established Church! And Mr. Voysey boasts, as he is *legally* entitled to do, of his loyalty to the Church of England remaining as firm as ever!

The contrast to all this presented by our Mission Churches abroad is remarkable. In the first place, the initiatory sacrament of Baptism is everywhere administered with scrupulous care, and received with reverence, as a spiritual gift. If it be the baptism of adults it is not administered till after a long course of preparation and satisfactory signs of sincerity and fitness; and then it is by immersion, or generally so, according to primitive usage, and according to the ancient usage of our own country, as we read in Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*, B. ii., and according to the direction of our Prayer Book, by which mode the force of St. Paul's argument in Rom. vi. is made much more apparent. If it be of children, care is taken that they are presented by really earnest Christian sponsors, qualified according to the rule of the Catholic Church, and therefore of our own; communicants, and not the parents, though the parents may be themselves converts, and because the parents in that case have their own natural responsibility, which is quite a distinct and separate thing. Here too we are reminded of the ancient English Church; and so again in that Church there were canons enjoining the priests not to sprinkle the infants, but to dip them in the font. It is pleasing, again, to observe in our foreign Missions with what eagerness and faith the first Christian rite is sought after both by adults for themselves, and by Christian parents for their children, not as an occasion for mere festivity, nor merely as the way of acquiring a Christian name, but as a solemn religious mystery and a regenerating gift of Divine grace. What else impelled a woman of quality in Madagascar, for instance, to walk with her infant fifty miles and back, in order that the child might be baptized by an English Missionary? Such cases are far from uncommon.* Confirmation too is desired and applied for from a similar religious motive; not merely because of a certain age, or because of ability to say the Catechism. Then, with regard to behaviour in the House of prayer, any English observer must be struck with its exemplary decorum; foreign converts evidently feeling it to be their highest privilege on earth to be worshippers in God's House. Irreverence and levity are of very rare occurrence indeed. Kneeling, if not prostration, is their congregational posture of prayer. What can better evince their appreciation of the use and the comfort of assembling in church than the fact, to be witnessed in various parts of

* See *Mission Field* for May last, p. 160.

the Mission world, of the feebler sex, and even the aged of both sexes walking a dozen miles or more to reach it on a Sunday, neither snow, nor biting wind, nor scorching sun, keeping them away? Is this too florid a picture? The writer of this paper has witnessed much and read much to justify the description. But all is not perfection; and was there ever a Church that could claim it? The Missionary's heart is filled, at times, with sorrow over cases of inconsistent living, unstable character, falling into deadly sin, relapse into superstitious and idolatrous ways without the giving up of the Christian profession and Christian worship. Such are just the cases where the penal discipline ordained by the Lord for the sanctification of His Church is duly applied. If private admonition and public rebuke have been administered in vain, the Mission pastor, with the Bishop's authority and sanction, openly pronounces the excommunication of the offender, and by this formal sentence of the Church he is cut off, as well as by his own act and deed, from Christian fellowship and Christian rites, until on repentance he is absolved by the same authority in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. If offenders remain impenitent, they remain cast out; and dying excommunicate, they are debarred from Christian sepulture; the rubric of the Burial Office is observed. Thus the holy Table is fenced and guarded, as it should be, against profanation; and Christ's binding and loosing power is exercised, as He ordained it to be, by His episcopal Ministry and the body of the faithful acting in concert together (1 Cor. v. 13). What is the consequence of this dutiful exercise of appointed discipline? The consequence is rarity of occasion for its use, appreciation of the privilege of the faithful only to partake of the mystical Body and Blood, preservation of the Church from doctrinal and moral corruption, and, if we take the communities of converts and their children in all parts of the Mission field as an aggregate, a prevailing fear of God and a real belief in the Gospel.

It is this happy maintenance of primitive discipline, as ordained by Christ and His Apostles for the well-being of the Catholic Church, that constitutes the most signal contrast between the newly-formed Churches of converts in foreign lands and the English Establishment, in which such discipline has fallen into desuetude. So long as such discipline, wisely and reverently kept within the bounds of Scriptural rule, is preserved in those young Churches abroad, we are warranted in expecting them to be blessed with marks of Divine favour. Indeed it may well be regarded as one of the principal attractions of Foreign Mission Life; and one often feels surprise that this attraction alone has not more power over the minds of men, who are con[illegible]

whether they shall prefer for their ministry a parochial sphere at home, where the rules of Christ and His Apostles for the defence of religion and morality are ignored, or a Mission sphere abroad, where the Church is free from all State interference and tyranny, free to exercise her own spiritual rights and powers, and to act according to the revealed will and ordinance of her Divine Head for the benefit of the souls of His members.

For one thing certainly we must hope and pray: that our Missionary Bishops and Priests will not by any considerations be induced to give up what they have had the piety and wisdom to establish. There is already some inducement to do this in one part of the Mission field. At the Allahabad Conference in December, 1881, as described in MISSION LIFE, the Rev. D. Mohun told us that some of the native Christians of India are manifesting a spirit of resistance to ecclesiastical censures, on the ground that the English community are totally exempt, though needing the discipline more. "The Christian Church," he said, "as a spiritual society or corporation, has an inherent power of censuring and punishing its members who offend against its laws. The absence of discipline among European Christians reacts unfavourably on the native Christians, and weakens even such discipline as we still exercise. Our people, seeing that there is no effectual discipline, even for notorious offenders, in English congregations, institute comparisons and resist and resent the application of a stricter rule to themselves." This is deplorable; nor can we wonder at the appearance of such a spirit. But how is the difficulty to be met? Certainly not by concession, that fatal expedient, which has been one principal cause of the degeneracy and anarchy of the English Church. It is the scandalous example of infidel and immoral English men and women that has so wretchedly hindered the reception of the Gospel in India, as in other countries. And shall the spiritual authorities of the Church suffer that other scandalous example of rebellion against divinely ordained discipline, which has been the very occasion of such rampant infidelity and unbridled wickedness, to be followed by our converts, to the ruin of the work of so many faithful ministers of Christ and the destruction of the spiritual edifice, which is being raised upon the Scriptural, and therefore the only safe, plan of the first inspired master-builders? We have need to be very earnest in our deprecation of this disaster, and in our supplications for apostolic fortitude and wisdom to be given to our Bishops and Priests abroad, that they may manfully resist the encroachment of such corrupting influence *ab extra*, and save the young Churches committed to their charge from the catastrophe of

losing one of the characteristic marks of the Holy Catholic Church of Christ. The present loss of it among ourselves is a matter of the deepest concern to all true Churchmen and loyal subjects of Christ's kingdom upon earth; and is often being publicly deplored not only in the Lent Commination Service, but in charges and sermons and speeches by some of the Bishops themselves, in whose office the exercise of punitive discipline not merely over Priests and Deacons, as most Englishmen fondly imagine, but also over the people of the Church, is inherent, and with whom it rests to devise means for its restoration. The honest and mighty words of the late Bishop Selwyn demand attention: "It is impossible to doubt that a law is right which is enjoined in Scripture, and that a course is practicable which is actually practised by all other Christian communities but our own. Thus we are censured by the dissenting bodies for every ungodly sinner that continues among us unreproved, and for every notorious profligate whose remains we consign to the earth with the same words of sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. Worse than all, our erring brethren may be lost for ever for lack of that solemn and even awful warning which the Church prescribes, but which we dare not pronounce. In no other way can we come to peace of conscience in the discharge of our ministry than by fulfilling the law of the Church relating to discipline." He therefore instructed the Clergy to present such offenders to him for solemn and formal admonition, which being unheeded again and again, he would, as a last resource, "pronounce the sentence of excommunication, and so release the Clergy from the obligation of violating their consciences by giving Christian burial to one that persisted in an unchristian course of life" (*Bishop Selwyn's Life*, vol. i. p. 242). The late Bishop Cotton of Calcutta "sympathised with the scruples felt by very many of the Clergy against the indiscriminate performance of the Burial Service"; and he supported a Government Chaplain in his refusal to read it over a soldier who had died of delirium tremens (*Life of Bishop Cotton*, ch. x.). So again Dr. Mitchison, late Bishop of Barbados, on the need of Church discipline in the West Indies: "If the man were to die unrepentant in the midst of his incestuous harem, what clergyman could dare 'commit his body to the ground in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life'? And yet a clergyman refusing so to do, unless this man can be pronounced formally excommunicate, *i.e.*, unless some restoration of Church discipline here by common consent be possible, is liable to suspension *ab officio et beneficio* for three months" (Charge, March 5th, 1874). To these *episcopal* utterances let the weighty opinion of an eminent lay

added. Mr. W. E. Gladstone thus wrote to his friend, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce: "Suppose you were forced to say what was the most formidable barrier in the way of the religion of the Church among the people, I confess I have a strong impression that your greatest difficulty is this: the Church preaches one thing and practises another. The system is a paper system and a mouth system; it has lost its judicial force; and vice loses a great part of the ordained means of correction, and faith of support. Methodism and Dissent have a discipline, and from it I believe they draw nearly all that is respectable and spiritually solid in their strength. To me, therefore, it always appears, that of the conditions necessary for the palpable manifestations of the Church *as the Church* some are fulfilled, and some forward in the way to fulfilment; one faith and liturgy the first, the lives and preaching of the clergy the second; but that the acting of the Church lags far behind" (*Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. i. p. 254).

The Scriptural discipline already established among our foreign converts from heathenism is a vantage-ground, which, to use the mildest term, it would be folly for our Colonial and Missionary Bishops to surrender. Rather let us look for the restoration of such discipline among our own countrymen, as one of the possible results of the success of our foreign Missions, and of the example set the mother country by newly formed Churches of other races, which we have accustomed from the first to that godly and salutary system of control and censure. Revival and reform in other ways has been and is being effected, notwithstanding the hostility of the secular Press and many difficulties, which fifty years ago had seemed insurmountable. Why should there be no reform in this more important matter? But even if not, and if the English Church should never be able to extricate herself from the jealous grasp of the civil power, which has been fastening upon her more and more tightly in recent times, that would be no justification for younger Churches founded on a Scriptural basis, and happily exempt from subjection to a political Parliament, to part with that essential of catholicity, unity, and co-operate holiness, which is not a human but a Divine ordinance, and which has been thus divinely established in order that it might be a perpetual safeguard against moral degeneracy and against declension from the one true Faith.

BISHOP STEERE.

By the Rev. Jas. C. Yarborough.

DR. LIVINGSTONE was once described by a negro, who had served him as a guide during his Missionary travels in Central Africa, as one who held black men to be his brothers, one whose name and memory would be preserved long after his generation had passed, a leader whom it was a privilege to follow, and who knew his way to the hearts of men. The same, we think, may be said of him—the friend and fellow-worker in some sense of the great traveller himself—who has lately been called to his rest at Zanzibar, in the midst of a life which seemed hardly less promising for the future than fruitful in the past.

Whatever is written by that remarkable man Bishop Steere, once said the writer of an article in the *Guardian*, is worth reading. Born in 1828, and originally educated for the bar, his private studies led him deep into theology and metaphysics. He graduated at University College, London, in 1847, proceeding LL.B. in the following year and LL.D. (gold medallist) in 1849. Engaged for awhile, as a layman, in Christianising work in the East End of London, in connection with the Guild of St. Alban, a year or two later he left London and bought a house and some ground not far from Tamworth. Here he established a sort of religious house, which, however, did not prove a success. Giving this up, he was ordained by the Bishop of Exeter, and took a curacy in Devonshire. At the age of 28, while still in Deacon's orders, he published a collection of essays on the Being and Attributes of God. After this he became Rector of Little Steeping, near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, and brought out in quick succession an edition of Bishop Butler's works—with fragments before unpublished, which he had himself discovered during his earlier studies in the library of the British Museum—and a sketch of the persecutions under the Roman Emperors.

We next find him no longer in the quiet Lincolnshire Rectory, but battling with fever in the poisonous swamps of Central Africa. He had joined Bishop Tozer in the Universities Mission on the Rovuma and Shirè. "It was hard," he said, "to send one's best friend into the middle of Africa, and to stay comfortably at home oneself," so he *volunteered* to go with him for a year or two and see him comfort[illegible]

settled. But the year ran on to another and another, until it was 1868 before he saw his Lincolnshire home again. Through the whole time his letters, though often chronicles of recurring disasters, spoke the same spirit, strong and patient, which marked so deeply his later years. He returned only to put his house in order, resign his living, and, leaving his wife behind, because the state of her health precluded the possibility of her accompanying him, devoted himself, in 1872, entirely to the work of Christ in Central Africa. Here for ten years, despite his busy life and the trying climate, his pen continued to labour as energetically as ever. He had to open up one great door of communication between Africa and England, the door of language, and, for the whole period we have stated, his busy hand and brain were at work formulating, classifying, and translating the native languages that lay within his reach. Working on the lines of Dr. Krapf, he may be said to have founded the literature of Central Africa. Swahili, the great trade language, which is to Africa more than what French is to Europe, is now completely attainable to any who possesses Dr. Steere's Handbooks and Dictionary. Steadily his work went on, though it seemed to those who lived with him at Zanzibar that he never had an hour to himself. One translation after another came forth in quick succession, and was printed either at the Mission press at Kiinua Mguu, or by the S.P.C.K. Only those who have had to create the literature of a new nation will know what a gigantic task he had taken in hand. Portion after portion of the Bible was translated, revised, and printed; numberless tracts and treatises on the Korān were set up by the Mission workers in Arabic type for use in Zanzibar; the Book of Common Prayer; the best of our hymns; Swahili tales and reading books; geographies; histories; manuals of arithmetic, for the use of the schools, kept the Mission press continually at work, until the busy brain and the strong hand ceased on that sad Sunday in August last. Shortly before his death he had planned a series of educational works in Swahili on higher subjects, for the use of native teachers and clergy. Lawyer, metaphysician, and author, he was also architect, and a traveller of no mean attainments. He made several expeditions into the interior. Beside his journeyings in the Nyassa country, in the early days of the Mission, he visited, shortly after he became Bishop, Mataha's town, walking some 800 miles through country which till then had been, for the most part, unexplored by Europeans. The exposure and privations of this journey brought upon him the most serious attack of illness he ever had. But in the following year (1877) he had so far recovered as to lead and plant the first colony of released Christian slaves in Eastern Africa at Masasi.

After this he made occasional visits to Megila, about 100 miles from Zanzibar, and in 1880 explored part of the Zaramo country, with a view to establishing a station there. This closed the list of his Missionary travels, and a serious illness which followed warned him that twenty years of labour and journeyings in Central Africa was beginning to tell even upon his iron constitution.

But the work which above all others will ever be associated with his name is the Memorial Church at Zanzibar, which he raised upon the site of the old slave-market. When the selling of slaves was forbidden the market was put up for sale. "The evil spirit was driven out," he said, "what spirit should dwell there?" The English State had done its part, it remained for the Church to do hers. The Rev. A. N. West bought the site, and the church, now completed in everything except internal decoration, has been raised up by the exertions of Bishop Steere. "It is a monument of industry and a token of triumph," writes the Rev. Luke Rivington; "not one inch of it has been raised by the aid of the Mission funds. Standing, as it does, as *the* building of the place, it is an educational force." The schools and college in and near Zanzibar, the works on the Mission estate at Mbweni, the printing-press, the quarry, the road-making, all have grown under his fostering care and wise supervision.

A Missionary Bishop should be best known, if not most honoured, in the land where his life's work has been done. Those who knew Bishop Steere during his twenty years' sojourn in Zanzibar, tell us that there is no man living who has done so much for the cause of civilisation in Eastern Africa, not in Mission work only, but in the far wider sense of opening up the way to better the condition of the native races.

The quiet and solid way in which he worked is perhaps the best evidence of his character—a man of deep humility, and yet of almost unbounded ambition to do much and say little for his Master's cause. "Don't call it the Cathedral," he said once, speaking of the slave-market church, "we will build a cathedral, please God, some day in the centre of the town."

In one of his best remembered speeches at home, he looked forward with hope, which seemed to pass into conviction as he spoke, to the time when each great nation of Africa should have its own Church and its own Bishop and Clergy.

He was a man of great powers of sympathy and kindness for others: none ever went to him for help or advice without getting material and judicious assistance. Some thought him severe. He had great power of satire, but it was kept well in check by his kindly disposition. His was rather the severity of one who had a high standard of right

ı thought and action, and disliked above all things unreality and in-ncerity. The kindest sayings of such a man often seem the keenest ıtire to uneasy consciences. His self-forgetful patience in explaining ard things to others whose minds were not as comprehensive as his wn was remarkable, but beyond this, and here was what lay at the ɔot of much that was done by those whose privilege it was to work ith him, he had a power of inspiring men with such an amount of ɔnfidence in him and his judgment, that one felt it was not difficult ɔ obey him without asking a reason for his orders.

Personally, he was a man whom once to have seen was always to ːmember. His square thoughtful head, with keen eyes looking from nder their heavy brows, his face somewhat stern, but with lines of ıtense tenderness about the mouth, seemed to stamp itself upon one's ıemory; and his hands—there was more character in Bishop Steere's ands than in some people's faces—they used to hang at his side like a ıilor's, half closed, broad, sinewy hands they were, ever ready, as it ːemed, to grasp a beam or haul in a rope. And again and again he ʼas called upon to show the East Africans how to use the tools of the ıason, the carpenter, and the printer. He had a remarkable insight ıto character, and the rare faculty of attracting young and old by his entleness, his geniality, and his ready wit. Notwithstanding his ense of humour he took a very sober view of human nature. He was ʼonderfully simple and reposeful in his habits; but beneath the out-ʼard man was a deep, almost hidden spring of enthusiasm which bore .is life along in its channel of holy thought and effective action.

It is not easy to speak freely of the devotional side of such a nature s his. Those who remember his address before leaving England for he last time will have felt that the picture of a Missionary's life which ıe drew was but the picture of the spirit of humble imitation of his Master which breathed through all he undertook. He seemed to see leeper into the mysteries of faith and revelation than most men. I ıuppose it was his great metaphysical power acting upon deep per-onal holiness that was the cause of this. One who listened to one ɔf his last sermons—a sermon on "the Life to come"—writes of him: He seemed to be looking beyond Paradise, even into heaven itself!"

He died on Sunday, the 27th of August, 1882. Little we thought ıs we listened to the words in the lesson that evening, "that the Lord vas indeed taking our master from our head" that day, and this by ı death so sudden and so painless, that it seemed almost like a ranslation to the joys of Paradise. The fittest remembrance of him s to think of his own words, spoken so shortly before his death, and ɔ which perhaps some intimation of his approaching end lent much

of their impressive earnestness: "The martyr's life," he said, "is not lost; nor is the life sacrificed for love of the brethren in the Master's cause a life that is lost. It is the opening of glory, it is the very entering within the veil along with our Lord Himself. It is following Him not in life only, but following Him through life into Paradise, through life into eternity. If we would indeed see what is blessed, the most blessed of all things is not only life, but death in His great service."

IN THE LAND OF GILEAD.

(From the German of the Rev. S. Müller, of Bethlehem.)

By A. G. Weld.

IN a former number of MISSION LIFE* I gave some account of Mr. Müller's work amongst the Bedawîn of the neighbourhood of Bethlehem, and of the desert of Judæa. This is a work so dear to its Author that it grieves him to the heart to be obliged to turn away, for want of funds, many amongst the children of these nomads whose parents earnestly desire to see them educated by him.

The future of Palestine is a question that is being largely discussed and speculated upon at the present time. Had Mr. Müller but larger means at his disposal he could do much to give this question a practical solution, and could ensure a great measure of prosperity for the Holy Land in the future, by spreading, with the knowledge of the Christian religion, a general taste for agriculture amongst the younger generation of Bedawîn. This would convert a race of nomad robbers into law-abiding Christian settlers. Mr. Müller and his wife have in a remarkable degree that virtue of sticking to their post which is said to be one of the main secrets of the success of Roman Catholic Missions, and the absence of which has often caused the failure of those sent by our own Church, of which communion Mr. Müller is an ordained clergyman.

The Müllers have this year gone for a few months to Germany, to see their only surviving child, who is receiving his education there. This is the first time they have left the Holy Land for

* September, 1881.

ore than twenty years. The only change they have previously lowed themselves consisted of such short Missionary tours in ılestine as those of which I have already given translations, and similar tours to the east of the Jordan. The journal of one of ese latter seems to me to offer so many points of interest that think I may unhesitatingly commend it to the attention of the aders of MISSION LIFE.

PART I.—FORDING THE JORDAN.

Circumstances having prevented me taking my usual spring Mis-ɔnary tour, I turned my steps in the autumn to Es-Salt, which is nsidered to occupy the site of the ancient Ramoth-Gilead. It being :cessary to attach yourself to a caravan in order to reach Es-Salt th safety, I considered myself fortunate in hearing of one which was leave Jerusalem on October 16th. The *rendezvous* appointed was e spring in Wady-el-Hod known as "the Apostles' Fountain." hither, therefore, I repaired at mid-day, accompanied by our Scrip-ıre reader Herr Thaher, and by the Bedawy Achmed, as well as by y wife. On arriving there I found no one save the shepherds water-g their flocks, but by-and-by my fellow-travellers dropped in one by ıe, some riding, some on foot. The leader, around whom the whole .ravan grouped itself, Schach Ibrahim Abu Ischaber by name, a ember of the Greek Church, was one of the principal inhabitants of s-Salt, in the neighbourhood of which city he carried on cattle ·eeding and agriculture upon a large scale. He struck me at first ght as a very unprepossessing person, but by degrees I found out ıat I had misjudged him.

On the way to Jericho I held a conversation with two Mohamme-ıns from Bethlehem, who were journeying on foot to the encamp-ent of a tribe of Bedawîn across the Jordan, whose lands they were ɔing to plough, hoping to receive a third of the crops in return for ıeir labour. One of them told me he had first become acquainted ith the Bedawîn of that district when he fled to the other side of the ɔrdan in order to avoid serving as a soldier in the last war.

Whilst most of the Christian Bethlehemites gain their livelihood by ɔnest labour, the Moslems frequently resort to robbery as a means of ıbsistence, and as I happened to know that this man bore an espe-ally bad character as a thief, and that he had often proved by his wn experience the truth of the Arab proverb, "The thief flees when ɔ man pursues him," I took the opportunity of pointing out to him ıe bad policy of the dishonest life he had been leading; upon which

he assured me that he was desirous of amending his ways. His wife was for many years in our Orphanage, and was in the habit of attending our Services.

It was towards sunset when we descended from the hills into the plain of Jordan and caught sight of Birket Musa below us on the right hand. Passing under a fine aqueduct of ten arches we crossed the Wady-el-Kelt, through which flows the torrent supposed to be the brook Cherith of 1 Kings xvii. Isolated within its enclosing fence we espied on our left the wretched little mud-built, tile-roofed inn where the traveller may obtain quarters if he choose to pay an exorbitant sum for them. Abu Ischaber asked me whether we would prefer taking up our abode there or at the castle, an old square tower near the modern Jericho, which on account of its being the only stone building in the neighbourhood, and also of its overlooking the surrounding district, is occupied by a small military guard. As we had brought food and bedding with us we elected to spend the night at the latter. Having passed the miserable huts of Jericho we soon reached the courtyard of the ruined castle, where we found several Arabs already preparing to sleep.

The good-sized court is provided with a tank into which water is conveyed in the night-time by a trench from the Ain-es-Sultan. It was difficult to find the smallest corner that was even tolerably clean. At first the others proposed to clear a space for us round the reservoir, but we refused their offer on account of the damp, and chose for ourselves a portion of the south-west side of the court, which was shaded by the wide-spreading branches of a large mulberry-tree growing in the neighbouring garden. Not content with cleansing the spot of the accumulated filth that covered it, there was a general emulation in ministering to our wants. Before we had time to open out our own carpet, one of the soldiers brought a clean mat, and spread it on the ground for us, whilst Abu Ischaber himself brought us bedding. We were not sorry to have a supply of comfortable things between us and the bare earth, because the nights had begun to be somewhat cold. A fire had already been kindled, and a welcome aromatic steam went up from the boiling coffee, which was handed round to all, and caused a genial tone to prevail amongst the twenty persons present. After supper we composed ourselves to sleep in our corner, using for pillows our well-stuffed saddle-bags, our men meanwhile keeping watch till 12 P.M. My wife soon fell asleep, but I could not close my eyes, for women and girls kept coming and going to fetch water from the tank, and till late into the night people were arriving at the castle to wait there for the dawn. At last quiet prevailed, and

dropped off into a short nap, from which I was aroused at midnight y a man trying to intrude into our quarters. I jumped up to see ho it was, but as soon as he saw I had observed him he beat a hasty :treat. An hour after I was again disturbed, this time by a party etting ready to depart for Jerusalem. Once they were gone, how-/er, I enjoyed a spell of peace till about 4 A.M., when the call re-)unded that those who were going to Es-Salt must prepare for their)urney. Accordingly, in the cool that precedes the dawn, our ıravan of fourteen persons got under weigh, half of them on foot. y-and-by the rays of the sun, powerful even at his rising, began to ry up the heavy dew which had rendered the path almost slippery. 'he tedium of the way was beguiled by covies of partridges that got p close to our feet, at which one of our fellow-travellers fired unsuc-ssfully; and by meeting about fifty people from Bethany, driving efore them asses laden with straw, that they had been buying in ıe country to the east of the Jordan.

Ere descending into the lowest part of the Jordan valley, we per-:ived on our left the Convent of St. John, belonging to the Greeks, 'here I spent a night in February, and about which I had moreover eard a great deal from a Bethlehemite who was working here in ıe autumn and winter, helping the few monks to put into habitable rder three old vaults belonging to the so-called Kasr-el-Jehud ("the ew's castle"), which lay ready to their hands. Each monk is ex-ected to contribute his share to the common larder by fishing in ıe Jordan. They not unfrequently catch fish of 18 lbs. weight, nd when this is the case they take them to Jerusalem for sale. On ertain spots along the banks of the Jordan which are submerged at igh water they plant garden produce, which flourishes remarkably 'ell; especially large and fine-flavoured are the water-melons. The rethren are equally successful with their field crops; their barley,)r instance, growing to the height of a man in less than two months. Unfortunately, however, the convent has many enemies to contend 'ith, amongst which are the herds of wild boars; yet great as are the ıvages wrought by these animals, they are as nothing compared to ıe burdensome exactions of the government, which as soon as it ears of any agricultural work being carried on by these monks, is)rthwith down upon them for a tenth of the fruits of their labour. 'hus little inducement is offered to bring the Jordan plain into culti-ation, which is much to be regretted on account of the marvellous :rtility that would otherwise characterise it, as another instance of hich I may mention that a vine at the monastery of Hadschle bore hundredweight of grapes four years after it was planted.

On reaching the Jordan ferry we saw indeed the ferryman's hut close to the water's brink, and his bark moored hard by, but the owner was nowhere to be found. The river had shrunk into such a narrow span that there was no longer any need of his assistance in crossing it, so he had considered himself for some time past as at liberty to absent himself from his post. We all waded across the Jordan, its waters reaching up to the horses' saddle-girths. The stronger and most courageous of those on foot led their weaker and more timid companions by the hand, none of them seeming to heed the soaking their slight clothing experienced, trusting to its speedy drying in the brilliant sunshine. The whole caravan reached the opposite shore in safety, but the well-known insecurity of the spot rendered it necessary for our party to push on rapidly, since it very often happens that travellers are suddenly pounced upon here by robbers, who have been lying in wait for their prey in the brakes and thickets that border the banks of the Jordan, and afford them excellent lurking-places. In illustration of this we were told the following tale of what befell a negro here not long ago. He was the servant of the Arabic Protestant minister at Es-Salt, and was attending his master's son back to school at Jerusalem after the holidays. He and his young charge had joined a caravan, but on descending into the Jordan valley they had loitered behind the rest, and just as they reached the spot where we had landed a Bedawy rushed out of the neighbouring thicket, and falling upon the negro, before the eyes of the terror-stricken youth, wounded him so severely that he died on reaching Jericho, whither he had been carried. This was a case of *vendetta*, the Bedawy considering his deed amply justified by a blood-debt which the unfortunate negro had incurred, and which, according to the ideas of the sons of the desert, could only be paid by his death.

PART II.—ES-SALT (RAMOTH-GILEAD).

On emerging from the jungle which fringes the eastern bank of the Jordan, the two Bethlehemites who were seeking to engage themselves to the Bedawîn as ploughmen parted from us, and wended their way to the right, whilst we, turning to the left, pursued our journey to Es-Salt, riding onwards in silence through the lonely wilderness, where we saw no signs of animal life, save two camels feeding at a distance. After more than an hour's ride we reached Tell Nimrim,* "The

* The site of the Amorite city of Beth-Nimrah. To its waters Isaiah makes reference (Isa. xv. 6; Josh. xiii. 27; Num. xxxii. 36).

of the Leopards," where we came upon shepherds, and found
ɜedawîn engaged in irrigating their fields, whilst the song of a
îyeh resounded amongst the thickets growing along the edge
brook Nimrim, from which she was gathering sticks. The
ːe of water here brings with it once more the welcome sight of
ːion, and the wide plain is not alone sprinkled with the low-
g apple of Sodom, but with trees high enough to form a feature
view from our house-top at Bethlehem. The brook Nimrim
n into the Wady Esch Schaib, near the entrance of which we
ɜd a tent pitched, at whose door sat a Bedawy and his wife.
pedestrians of our party were lingering a little behind the rest,
ːeiving which the Bedawy determined to play a practical joke
m. Throwing himself into the crouching attitude of a beast of
bout to spring upon its quarry, he darted into the midst of the
ɔst of the stragglers, who forthwith took to flight, and did not
unning until they had overtaken the foremost of the caravan.
owing the example set by the Arabs of Palestine, the very
t of whom invariably asks his neighbours to share his frugal
owever scanty it may be, we invited our fellow-travellers to
ɜ with us of the bread, cheese, and *dibs* (boiled grape juice)
ːormed our own breakfast. As the narrow path wound upwards
h the valley, we kept constantly crossing and re-crossing the
ıg "brook of the leopards," whose banks were adorned with a
ınt growth of oleander, causing us to marvel at the immense
ıce between this well-watered tract, and the waterless hill-
y, and to regret the little use made by man of this ample store
er. After leaving the "waters of Nimrim" behind, our road
ɜ terribly monotonous, leading us, as it did, through a barren
ɔetween two walls of rock, with no living object or verdure for
ː to rest upon, save occasional small flocks of goats, and herds
le, with little patches of *Dura (Sorghum vulgare)* growing here
ere in some irrigated spot. The want of anything in nature to
the mind, made us feel weary after being six hours in the
so that when we once more greeted the re-appearance of our
ːnd the merrily purling brook, we were right glad to halt by its
ıd drink a cup of coffee to refresh ourselves for the four hours'
ıich still lay before us. It did not prove half so dreary, how-
ɜ the morning's journey had been. We kept seeing herdsmen,
hand, engaged in hewing down and chopping up branches of
ı order to feed their cattle on the leaves in lieu of the ordinary
which was very scarce. Great olive-trees stood by the wayside,
straggling limbs showed that no pruner's knife had touched

them; and here and there were water mills, some in ruins, and all inactive for want of sufficient water-power to turn them. Ten minutes after reaching the Chirbet Es-Sug we came upon an encampment of the Aduan Bedawîn, where we were regaled with coffee. Signs of culture now began to be abundant; a stream of water ran along our path, and to right and left of it were plantations of figs, pomegranates, and olives, interspersed with vegetable gardens.

Up and ever upwards mounted our way. Surely Es-Salt ought to be soon in sight. Yes; there it is at last! picturesquely situated on the slope of a hill whose summit is crowned by an old castle. Outside the town we met two acquaintances, the teacher Nikula and his assistant, who were just starting for a little walk, but turned back on recognising me, that Nikula might conduct us to his house, where he and his young wife, who was our foster-daughter, gave us and their brother-in-law, Thaher, a very hearty welcome, and thus at sunset of Friday, October 17th, our journey came to a most prosperous conclusion. We had scarcely set foot on our friend's threshold when the Missionary, Bachnam, and some members of his congregation came to greet us, followed shortly afterwards by the Arabic Protestant minister, Chalil el Dschemel, who is greatly beloved in Es-Salt. This Missionary told me he had been implored by the Circassians of Amman (Rabbath-Ammon), six hours distant, to attend them for ophthalmia. Having complied with their request, his treatment was frequently followed by cures, which earned him the gratitude and devotion of his patients. Sojourners as we were in a strange land, we could not fail to discern the protecting hand of our God in the hospitality shown us by the Arabs. The good teacher and his wife made a point of our remaining with them during our stay at Es-Salt, and insisted on turning out of their own sleeping quarters, that my wife and I might occupy them, contenting themselves with a bed on the floor. Knowing how much it would have hurt the feelings of our kind entertainers had we not agreed to their self-sacrificing arrangements, we stretched our weary limbs on the comfortable couch they had prepared for us, and by-and-by I dropped into a sleep which would have been sounder had not troops of jackals constantly wakened me by howling close to the town.

The principal inhabitants of Es-Salt are persons from Nablûs, Jerusalem, and Damascus, who have established themselves here as merchants, tradespeople, &c. The majority of the population is Mohammedan, and consists of about four hundred families; a small portion belongs to the Greek Church, but the number of its adherents is diminishing, owing to the labours of the Protestant and Ro-

Catholic Missionaries, who have won over several from the Greek lock to their respective folds.

Es-Salt (together with its neighbourhood) has the misfortune of still retaining the notoriety it has long possessed of being a chosen place of refuge for evil-doers of every description from Palestine, since by fleeing hither they escape the arm of justice. The district is under the dominion of the Pacha of Nablous, who had been staying here shortly before our arrival. He lodged in the house of the Protestant clergyman, who has found himself amply recompensed for he trouble and expense the entertainment of the Pacha cost him, by he respect with which he has since been treated by all the people in he place, especially by the force of 300 military which is stationed at Es-Salt for the protection of the town and its vicinity. The officers are most courteous in their behaviour towards the clergyman himself and towards his congregation, ever ready to assist them by every neans in their power, and careful that no soldier shall at any time be quartered upon them. The Missionary Bachnam was appointed by he English Church Missionary Society to labour amongst the Bedawîn of Peræa (the ancient Gilead). He told me he had lately net with a young Bedawy, by name Yûsef, of the tribe el Ubeidy, encamped in the Wilderness of Judæa between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, whose profound acquaintance with the Word of God, and specially with the truths of the Gospel displayed in his answers to he Missionary's questions, so surprised the latter that he asked him where he had acquired such knowledge, and learnt from the youth hat he had been taught for three years "in the house of Kasi Müller of Bethlehem." This was most comforting intelligence to us, as proving that our instructions had not been thrown away in the case of Yûsef el Ubeidy, the gifted boy, who to our great regret had been too soon taken away from us by his relatives.

Herr Bachnam gave us many particulars of his work amongst the Bedawîn, saying that the hospitality practised by these nomad Arabs often opens a door to him for the introduction of the Word of life. When telling a story, or relating any incident to them, he always manages to bring in portions of the Bible narrative. Those from the Old Testament are always received with acclamation, but he finds it more difficult to gain a hearing for the events of New Testament history, specially those of the Saviour's life. He thinks, however, that the Old Testament will eventually prepare the way in their hearts for the reception of the New.

SIGHT TO THE BLIND.

I.

By H. A. Forde.

[Papers for Mothers' Meetings.]

XLIV.

THIRTY THOUSAND! Can you count up such a number, can you get it by any means into your head? I fancy you answering, Thirty thousand what? Thirty thousand pounds? Thirty thousand soldiers? Do you mean an army?

Well, my thirty thousand are scarcely an army, though I bring them before you as a body of men, women, and children banded together in Great Britain by one remarkable tie, set apart from the rest of the world by reason of the same grievous bodily affliction. The thirty thousand I would have you count up to-day are the thirty thousand *blind* people of our own country.

You never thought there were so many? You knew there was a blind man to be found here and there at a street corner, a blind child now and again to be pitied among its seeing brothers and sisters in a cottage home, but thirty thousand of these poor creatures! No, such a vast number never entered your head to conceive.

Yet it is true. And now, perhaps, you are roused to ask, What becomes of these poor blind? Must they all be led about by intelligent little dogs, all bear round their necks the printed placard, "Pity the poor blind," all be condemned to a life of dependence and beggary? God forbid. The lot of the blind in this year of grace 1882 is brightened by many and many a ray of light directed upon it by the skill and wisdom of those who are always trying to make our poor ruined world better and happier. There are Blind Asylums we all know, Blind Schools where children are taught to make baskets and mats, and instructed in such trades as are possible to the sightless, and we have all seen the raised letters by which the blind are taught to read. It looks very wonderful to watch the fingers of the "poor blind" travelling slowly over the page of his book as he sits "by the wayside," and to hear his voice in measured accents giving out a well-remembered text, and we are glad he can "search the Scriptures" for himself; but *after a while* we reflect that this book-reading in our thoroughfares is

a poor way of earning a livelihood, it savours too much of "living on charity" to please the independent nature of an Englishman.

At least so we seeing ones think, and let me tell you that the blind have feelings and desires just like ours. Nothing of them is blind but their eyes, and that affliction is often partly made up to them by the greater quickness of their other senses. They often hear better than we do, and their sense of touch is much finer. Prove this last statement if you will by shutting your eyes and passing your fingers over their raised books; I doubt if you will be able to make out more than a word here and there.

It is all very well to teach the blind to read, and make mats, weave baskets, and take part in such industries as are common in the work-a-day world, but still they scarcely ever make a livelihood by all this; sighted people run them too hard in the race, it is an unequal competition. Surely a better plan would be to find out some occupation where their superior keenness of hearing and touch would come into play, and give them if possible an advantage over people with eyes!

But what occupation could this be? A blind man has found such a one, and set all his powers of mind and body to make it known, and to gather around him the blind of many lands to educate into honest, happy, self-supporting men and women.

I do not think that man has spent a wasted life. I should like to tell you about him, gathering his story partly from his own lips, partly from what others have written concerning him. His name was (no, *is*, for he still lives and works for the good of his fellows) Francis Joseph Campbell, and he was born in Tennessee, America, in 1834.

He shall go on now telling you his own tale in his own words. "When about three and a-half years old, while playing in the yard, a sharp thorn of an acacia tree was run into my eye, inflammation ensued, which, by bad management of the doctor, was allowed to continue till the sight of both eyes was utterly gone. This calamity produced a great effect upon my parents. It became a law of the family that I was to do exactly as I pleased. So, naughty and perverse as I may have been—must have been—I only remember two punishments, and strange to say, both were unjust. The first was once when my two brothers and myself were playing in the barn, they both began fighting. I begged them to stop, and my voice brought my father to the spot. He was an impulsive man, and rushed forward to punish somebody. It being dark, he caught me and punished me. My brothers rushed to my rescue, crying out, 'It is Joseph, poor blind Joseph.' The whole family were in tears, my father quite inconsolable. I was

only six years old, but this little incident, which I remember distinctly, did more than anything to prevent my becoming altogether selfish.

"About this time my father had heavy losses; nothing remained to us but a small farm in the mountains, where father, mother, and all the children had to work early and late. I was an exception; nobody expected me to do anything, indeed I was allowed nothing to work with, for fear I should hurt myself. But once, my father being from home, my mother let me have some wood to cut up and an axe. When my father returned he was amazed to find six cords of wood all cut and carefully packed away. He praised my brothers, and they told him it was I. Next day he went to the village, and returned with a beautiful new light axe for me. Ever after he took the greatest pains to teach me all sorts of farm work. But there were times when I was very dull, especially during the season when all the other children went to school. Oh, the anguish of those dreary, idle, lonely days! Long before evening I would wander off on the road to the school, and sit listening for the far-off voices of those happy boys and girls coming back from their lessons.

"In 1844 a blind school was opened at Nashville, and we heard that on April 1st ten blind children would be received there. Day after day my father went to the village five miles off to make arrangements for me, and came back saying, 'Melinda, I cannot do it.'"

(Very likely the too indulgent father was afraid that his little blind boy would miss the pettings and care of home.) "But my mother, a brave, noble-hearted woman, would answer, 'James, we *must* do it, it is the one thing we have been praying for, we shall lose our chance; the school may be soon full, and then——'

"So she and the neighbours persuaded him; he purchased the things, a sewing-bee was held to make my clothes, and in twenty-four hours I was ready to start."

I must pause here to say that a bee in America means a gathering of neighbours and friends for any general purpose; we have all heard of spelling-bees, but there are also bees for sewing, preserving of fruit, &c., &c. Now let Joseph go on.

"A kind old gentleman volunteered to take me in his buggy to Nashville; my father went with us part of the way, riding my own pet horse. When he said in a choked voice, 'Good-bye, Joseph, my son,' for the first time my courage failed. Earnestly I hoped the school would be full. When arrived there, my conductor called from the carriage, 'Is this the Blind School, and is it full yet?' the reply 'No,' though given in a wonderfully kind voice, sounded to me *like a knell.* We were made welcome; the one pupil, his name

James, was called. I was taken to the schoolroom, and the New Testament in embossed letters was put into my hand. I was electrified, and so eager to begin that the teacher sat down beside me, and in three-quarters of an hour I had learnt the whole alphabet."

Not bad that for a blind scholar. I question if any totally uninstructed boy, *with eyes*, could have learned his alphabet more quickly; but then Joseph wanted to learn, he liked learning. Those were happy days, he says; he evidently soon overcame any shyness or home sickness. But to proceed with his account.

"The school, or rather family, consisted of the earnest teacher, Mr. Churchman, a blind gentleman, his affectionate and kindly wife, and two pupils. We took all our lessons in their private room. But soon more pupils came, and regular school-work had to begin, especially music. I shall never forget my first singing-lesson. I had succeeded so well in my other studies that the teacher called upon me first. . . I was asked to 'sing a tune,' in vain; then the teacher hummed one for me to imitate, also in vain. It was discovered that I could not tell one tune from another. Well, I was considered hopeless, was told I could never learn music, but must take to basket and brush-making."

A common boy would have settled down to these ordinary occupations, on finding himself thus beaten at the outset, but our "blind Joseph" was not a common boy, and the decree seems to have roused a new spirit in him—he *wouldn't* be beaten.

"Piano-lessons," he goes on, "were regarded as a waste of my time and forbidden. The other boys laughed at me. I was left out in the cold. But I secretly hired one of the boys to give me lessons in music (the good father at home, however bad might be the times, would certainly keep 'poor Joseph' in pocket money), and I practised whenever I could. Three months after the music master, also blind, accidentally entering the room, said, 'Who is that playing the new lesson so well?' 'I, sir.' 'You, Josie, you can't play! Come here; what have you learnt?' 'All that you have taught the other boys, sir.' He laughed. 'Well, then, sit down, and play the instruction-book through from the beginning.' I did it. Fifteen months after I gained the prize for pianoforte playing. . . This winter of 1845-46 was intensely cold at Nashville. Our river was frozen over. We could get no coal; for a whole month we had to manage with a single fire; very few lessons were done, but I practised from five to six hours daily, working for half-an-hour and then rushing into the playground and running round it ten times, which made a mile, and back to my piano again."

This persevering industry in a blind boy of only eleven years of age is so remarkable that his friends by this time must needs have left off thinking of him as "poor Joseph."

Perhaps he had one advantage over many blind people—he had not been born blind; all through life he could call to mind with pleasure the recollection of his father's orchard trees in full bloom, of the red and white clover field, of the stars in the dark night heavens which his loving mother carefully pointed out to him every evening, when the sad truth became too clear to her that her little boy's sight was rapidly failing.

We have seen that at work the boy was no "poor Joseph" now, but what about play, the natural happy recreations of youth without which a boy can hardly become a healthy, vigorous man?

Well, our blind boy was a first-rate rider, fond of hunting and fishing, and an expert mountain climber. Sometimes he chanced among unseen dangers, it is true, but he always passed through them unhurt. Venomous snakes haunted the mountains around his father's farm. "Often," he says, "I stepped unconsciously over them, sometimes upon them. Once working in the corn-field, I took up a large snake in an armful of corn. It struggled to free itself; I felt it and threw it violently from me, which probably saved my life. The snake was killed and I resumed my work."

But school and schoolboy days came to an end at last, and young Campbell found it necessary to try and earn money if he desired to continue his education at College. He was only fifteen. Of course he must teach music for his living, but how to do it; the lad could learn, but could he teach?

This question pressed heavily upon his mind when two young ladies offered themselves to him as pupils. Joseph was seized with an attack of low spirits, he had no confidence in his powers, what was he to do? He roamed off to the cemetery, and sat down on a tombstone to consider. The music master at the blind school had done all he could for him, but Joseph felt it was not enough, he wanted better, fuller instruction before he dare attempt to teach, and where was it to be had? The city bells seemed to ring mournfully, Joseph grew chilly and sad with the oncoming night and his own desponding thought.

"Suddenly," he says, "I thought of General Carroll, on whose tomb I was sitting. He was once a poor boy like me, yet for twelve years he was the idolised Governor of Tennessee. I sprang to my feet, my mind was made up."

He went straight off to a celebrated musician in the city, and

asked him to give him lessons. The man consented, and the day after the first lesson Joseph became teacher to the two Miss Allens. A year later Francis Joseph Campbell was appointed teacher of music in the very institution where he had been told he could never learn music!

Now for a time the impetuous young fellow began to set at nought the laws of nature, working and reading half the night as well as all day; it would not do, he fell ill, and had to take a thorough holiday in the country. That over he came back to his post full of life and strength, and all the wiser for his failure.

Now a new employment was put before him; he must not only teach in his Blind School, but he must find scholars. Parents of blind children are too apt, like Joseph's father, to dread sending them from their side, and it became quite evident that numbers of sightless little ones must be wasting their lives at home when they might be learning to be useful self-supporting men in the Nashville Institution.

How was this evil to be met?

Young Campbell found a remedy. He and a friend started on horseback to search for and capture these poor children.

America is a wide place, even though the young horseman travelled no further than Tennessee, and many inquiries did he make regarding the whereabouts of the little flock he had to gather. He visited schools, doctors, clergymen, and blacksmiths.

Why blacksmiths, do you ask? "Because," he answers, "country folks always gossip while their horses are being shod."

By the end of the first week he had found three blind children for the school at Nashville. To gain the dwelling of the third he had to cross a swollen mountain torrent, swimming through its swift deep waters on his sturdy little steed "Nelly." These three children put safely in the train for Nashville, young Campbell journeyed forty miles further to capture little Agnes Jones, another blind child, crossing another stream nineteen times, and climbing a steep mountain before he reached her dwelling. Agnes was given up to him, and put behind him on Nelly, in which position she travelled fifty miles, while the indefatigable Mr. Campbell went in quest of a certain Katie of whom he had been told. A third child, Lizzie Kelton, was also found and coaxed from a drunken father. Blind Lizzie was pleased at first at the idea of a ride on horseback, and went off willingly enough, but finding herself shortly leaving home and all familiar things behind her she grew frightened, and kicked and screamed so passionately that it needed all Mr. Campbell's art to comfort her.

Worn out at last with her griefs the poor little creature fell asleep in his arms, when he wrapped her in a sheepskin and fastened her by straps to his waist. "Nelly" was indeed a good creature to bear these unusual and troublesome burdens.

Two more little blind girls were hunted up in this town, and persuaded to come to school. Mr. Campbell says that the mothers generally consented first to giving up their children for instruction, the fathers were more difficult to win over; but the blind man was so earnestly convinced of the blessing of education to these afflicted little ones that he managed to bring the most stubborn parent round to his way of thinking.

He thus notices the results of this journey. "I sent George home with the horses, and I, with my little girls, went by train. . . . I had spent about four times the money voted me for this tour; had it failed I should have been extremely blamed, but it succeeded, and the sum was cheerfully paid. My little girls did well. Years afterwards when teaching in Boston, both Lizzie Kelton and Nelly Hammondtree sent me tokens of remembrance. Each had prospered in life; and, moreover, each had reclaimed the drunken father who tried to prevent her going to school."

If Mr. Campbell had only brightened the lives of these two girls in all his busy life it would have been a pleasant thought to cheer him, but he did much more, as we shall see.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

By a Prison Chaplain.

THE saying, "One-half the world does not know how the other half lives," is perhaps hardly anywhere so fully verified as in the experience of those whose lot it is to minister to what are called "the criminal classes." Tales of sin and misery are brought to their knowledge which seldom reach the ear of Parish Priest or District Visitor. Equivocal methods of gaining a subsistence, ingenious schemes for deceiving the unwary and preying upon society, dark histories of debauchery and sin, these are "oft-told tales" indeed to the Prison Chaplain. My experience has however convinced me that there are *none*, even in the very lowest stratum of society, so debased, so steeped in guilt, but that some spark of goodness is left in them, some

impress, faint though it be, of that Divine Image and Likeness in which man was at first created. To fan this spark into a flame, and recover in some degree those lost lineaments, is the mission of the Prison Chaplain.

And now to take the subject before us, or those criminal classes, in that detail in which alone we can effectually deal with them; one of the first things which would strike a stranger suddenly placed in my position is the large number of those whose subsistence is made dependent upon the passing of base coin. It is curious to note the reasons, or excuses, made for this practice. In most instances, of course, the accused flatly deny any fraudulent intent, and assert their ignorance that the coin they were endeavouring to pass was a bad one. But when, as often happens, a number of such coins are found in their possession, together, perhaps, with dies and moulds, or instruments for their manufacture, this defence will not do. Even then I have never met with one who could see that it was a species of dishonesty in the sight of God, or a breach of the command, "Thou shalt not steal." Readily admitting that the practice is an infringement of the law of the land, it is held to be perfectly justifiable if it is resorted to from necessity or poverty. I am sometimes inclined to pity those who are tempted to err in this manner from the latter cause, while I think no punishment is too severe for the coiner. Undoubtedly if the former is deemed "worthy of stripes," the latter deserves "many stripes."

Even in the case of the experienced burglar, or housebreaker, we continually meet with the same difficulty in convincing the prisoner that the act for which he is suffering punishment is a *sin*. Nothing is more common than for the question to be asked, "*What was I to do, sir?*" And this question, after all, like many others, is more easily asked than answered. I remember being much amused with the reasoning of one notorious burglar, who was for a short period under my care. The man had already served two terms of penal servitude, besides imprisonments for shorter periods. He was thirty-nine years of age, and twenty-four of these had been spent in "durance vile." When captured on the last occasion, he had committed eight burglaries on eight successive nights. On one of them he had escaped from his pursuers by swimming across the river. I pointed to his ticket, which charged him with the offence technically called "breaking and entering." He indignantly denied the impeachment, so far as the *first* term was concerned, "for," said he, "five out of the eight windows I entered were left unfastened, and I had only to raise the sash; indeed I was very careful, sir, and broke nothing at all. I suppose, however, I shall

get the *long stretch* for it, now I 'm caught, and very glad the engineer of Portland will be to see me again, sir, for I worked hard for him when I was there before, and am a good hand at a job." He told me that when he was at liberty he was miserable ; he had no friends, and all appeared so strange to him in the streets that he was happier far in prison. It will, perhaps, hardly be believed, but this man was passionately fond of poetry, begged me to lend him a copy of "Tennyson" from the library, and told me that once, when in prison, he had learned by heart a whole book of *Paradise Lost.* Clearly every spark of goodness was not extinct in such a nature as this, and I could not help thinking that under judicious guidance this wandering sheep might be led back into paths of rectitude.

Another who had been brought up in his early days amongst Presbyterians once said to me: "I can feel that my time here has been a blessing to me, sir. I have read more of my Bible than ever I did before. I have learned more of Christ, and the way of salvation through Him, than I ever knew, or ever thought I should know." This man was acquitted of the crime laid against him. Is it then too much to hope that he went down to his house in Scotland a better man than when he left it, and that he would carry out in his future career the lessons he had learned in the prison-house ?

Now and then we meet with eccentric characters. One whose proclivities were for breaking into churches, for which he had several times been punished, occupied his leisure while awaiting trial by writing verses on sacred subjects, which he would recite to the chaplain with great dramatic effect.

Another, on entering the police van, caught sight of the letters V.R. on the side.

"What do those two letters stand for ?" he inquired.

"Victoria Regina," replied the warder.

"Nothing of the sort," replied the prisoner; "they stands for—

'Vagabonds Removed.'"

I need not say that these were men of a different stamp to the burglar we are accustomed to see delineated in the pages of *Punch.* Many have been doubtless driven to their present course of life by necessity, but I found in all the same inability to perceive that they were not only criminals in the eyes of the law of the land, but guilty of offences in the sight of God. I will not enter into the sadder instances of the effects of the Fall which have come under my notice, the consequences of the more violent passions of human nature. The misery caused by revenge and lust, by rage and hatred, I draw a veil over. Many of them are too sad to commit to writing, such as the

narratives of would-be suicides, some of which are almost enough to cause one's hair to stand on end. Alas! in how many instances has the demon Drink been the evil spirit which has tempted them on to destruction!

Perhaps in every case what distresses one most to see is the number of juvenile criminals, wretched little waifs and strays of humanity whose crimes too often are the result of the lack of parental care and discipline. Right gladly would I close the prison doors against all such, convinced that their entrance there serves but to confirm them in a course of crime by the example of their elders. I am certain that the most vigilant care and watchfulness (and such I know is exercised in the prison with which I am connected) is insufficient to prevent their contamination. I would very urgently recommend for support an institution which, although in its infancy, has already done much good work in rescuing these poor waifs from the downward path on which they have entered. I allude to the "Church of England Home for Waifs and Strays." Then again there are two projects which I should like to see accomplished. First, I wish there were some prison or House of Detention *for juveniles only*, to which magistrates might send those whom they remand or commit for trial, so that contact with their older fellow-suspects would be impossible even in so slight a degree as their attendance on the Chapel Services together. And secondly, I should like to see established some "Guild" or "Society" of young men who would endeavour to look after those who, not being "waifs or strays," *i.e.*, orphans or destitute, are out of the sphere of the institution I have named. A society which would endeavour in some degree to counteract the evil associations of these children's homes, and by preventive measures, such as bringing them under the notice of their parochial clergy, and by taking them in hand on their release from their *first* confinement, rescue them from the evil course on which they had taken the first steps.

If there is any connection between Poverty and Crime we may well tremble when we consider what the future of the 20,000 homeless children of London is likely to be. And if "prevention is better than cure," it would seem that no expense is too great, no trouble too much which is taken to rescue and house and teach those of early years, who, not knowing the blessings of home, are certain to fall into prison. It is not difficult to discover them; they may be seen hanging about the markets, railway stations, or crowded thoroughfares, always in the look-out for a chance of earning a copper, which generally means an opportunity to steal. As may be supposed their ideas of

morality are somewhat misty. A bright little chap of eleven years who had been accused of stealing grapes from a vinery, scorned the inference that he would take anything from a shop-door or counter, or that this, equally with the other, would be a theft; while another who had stolen some bacon from a loft, which he ate without thinking it necessary to submit it to the process of cooking, thought he was justified in so doing because he was hungry. Boys of this kind seem to have a wonderful desire to go to sea, no doubt in many cases in the hope of thereby escaping punishment, but in some also a genuine wish to leave the society of companions in evil-doing. It is by no means uncommon for boys to understate their age, in order to come within the limits of admission to a training-ship, and I am afraid that parents (if they have them) readily acquiesce in their desire for the sea, so that they may get rid of one of the arrows of an overstocked quiver.

Since the above remarks were sent to press an opportunity has been afforded by the publication of the Annual Report of the Inspector of Reformatories and Industrial Schools of testing their cost and advantages. The cost of these institutions stands at £470,000 per annum, and will inevitably increase; but this, it must be remembered, provides for the support and education of 23,000 children, a great proportion if not all of whom would become criminals in a few years time. Of course a certain per-centage of these are failures. The boys relapse into crime, the girls also "go wrong," but on the whole there is no doubt that much is done to arrest crime in its early stages and prevent the juvenile scapegrace from budding and blossoming into the full-grown criminal.

But let us come to a stratum above these—boys having some ostensible method of gaining a living—who have parents and homes, but who from lack of wholesome restraint and example are ready learners in that school of crime, the streets of London. Amongst these are the errand boys, also apprentices to handicraft trades, boys employed at the post office and newspaper offices. These are the cases to which I have before referred, as being in my judgment utterly unfit for an ordinary prison, who should not be permitted to see the inside of a prison where elder sinners are confined, even for the short interval between their committal by the magistrate and their trial, for in the lapse of time the disgrace and the shame and the restraints are forgotten, and the terrors of the prison-house are not sufficient to deter him to whom a second temptation comes. When boys of this class come under my notice, I am always desirous of knowing what amount of religious instruction they have had, whether they have attended Sunday-school, whether they have been confirmed, &c., what

they are in the habit of using. In nearly every case attendance at Sunday-school has been dropped when the boy went to work, as if it were *infra dig.* to attend a Sunday-school when day-school instruction had ceased. I once suggested to a poor woman, whose daughter in order to go to work had left school at an earlier age than usual, that there was no reason why she should discontinue going to Sunday-school. The reply rather indignantly given was that "Mary Ann had *finished her education!*"

Then as to Confirmation, in nearly every case this is an unknown rite; the ignorance that exists about it is evident from the answers I get when I put the question, "Have you been confirmed?" Often have I received the reply, "No, sir, at least *not as I know of*"; while one whom I asked the other day said, "No, sir, I 've not been *confirmed*, but I 've been *converted*."

Then we come to another class, young men from eighteen to twenty-five years old, of tolerable education and respectable parentage—young men occupying such positions as junior clerks, warehousemen, salesmen, &c.; these make our acquaintance charged with embezzlements, forgeries, or other offences, the fruit of temptations peculiar to their calling in life. I grieve much to see these young fellows when I think of the difficulty, nay, the almost impossibility they will have in regaining their position, and also when I consider how they might have been a tower of strength and usefulness to many a parish priest had they been connected with their church and parish in one of the many ways in which young men can make themselves so valuable. I often think had they been members of a choir, Sunday-school teachers, parochial visitors, sidesmen, managers of clothing or other charitable clubs, Penny Banks, Church Institutes, or other parochial organisations, they might have been preserved from falling into criminal courses, for they would have come more or less under the influence of their parochial clergy; they would have been to some extent attendants on the public Services of the Church, perhaps Communicants at the altar, and I am daily more and more convinced that they who are such possess a safeguard and defence against temptation, to which those who know nothing of the blessings of public worship in the sanctuary are strangers. I cannot call to mind half-a-dozen instances amongst those charged with these offences who have been useful and active promoters of the various agencies for good which are to be found in every active and well-conducted parish; while, on the contrary, I have found that it is the lack of useful employment for evenings and spare hours which has been the beginnings of troubles, so true is the old saying that "Satan finds some mischief still for

idle hands to do." Many have told me how they would have been kept from evil companions had they got into this groove, and have begged me to commend them to their parish clergyman, that he may help them into a better way in future.

To all who feel moved to do something towards the reclamation of our *juvenile* criminals a great door and effectual is open, and without entering further into details the writer would adopt the language of the old King of Israel, and say to all such—

"Surge igitur et fac, et erit Dominus tecum."

LIKE THE CRY OF ANCIENT MACEDON.

By the Rev. H. G. Duffield.

IN the close and crowded city, where distress and sin abound,
In dark courts and narrow alleys, plenteous harvest fields are found;
Not of corn in golden beauty, ripening for the harvest tide,
But of precious souls immortal—souls for whom the Saviour died.

Like the cry of ancient Macedon—"Come over, help us here"—
There 's a voice for ever ringing loud in each attentive ear,
"Come, my brothers and my sisters, there is work for all to do,
For the harvest here is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

There are naked to be clothéd, there are hungry to be fed,
There are souls in thousands dying for the want of Living Bread;
Many mourners needing comfort, many little ones to win,
Many wand'rers to recover from the crooked paths of sin.

Shall we sit at ease in Zion, when so many hearts are sad,
And withhold the word of comfort which would make their spirits glad?
Let us act "the Good Samaritan" whatever may betide,
Nor like Priest or Levite, "pass them by upon the other side."

Then, arise, my fellow-workers, there 's a mighty work to do,
'Tis a work of loving labour, with a rich reward in view;
For, to hear the Saviour's blessing, O how vast the joy must be!
"Inasmuch as ye have done it, ye have done it unto ME."

THE BISHOP OF GUIANA.

By the Rev. W. T. Veness.

THE Bishop of Guiana, whose portrait appeared in our June number, has recently completed the fortieth year of his Episcopate. He is thus the senior, by consecration, of the whole Anglican Episcopate. It is given to but very few Bishops to have ruled over the same Diocese uninterruptedly for so long a term of years; and when it is remembered that the Diocese is in a tropical climate, and demands, from its peculiar circumstances, an unusual expenditure of physical energy, the fact is more remarkable still. It is not surprising that the people who had enjoyed the privilege of the Bishop's protracted pastoral care should wish to mark the event by an expression of their attachment and loyalty to him. As Bishop Austin proposed to be in England on the anniversary of his consecration, August 24th (St. Bartholomew's Day), it was necessary to anticipate that date. Accordingly, on St. Peter's Day (June 29th), the clergy and principal laity, headed by the Chief Justice, Sir David P. Chalmers, assembled at Kingston House and presented to their Diocesan a congratulatory address, signed by Members of the Legislature, Judges of the Supreme Court, Estate Proprietors, Public Officers, Professional Men, Planters, and other business men throughout the Colony, and by the Clergy, Vestrymen and Wardens, and a very large number of Church members in every parish and district in the Diocese. His Lordship, who was visibly affected during the ceremony, made a suitable reply.

A peculiar feature of the demonstration, and one which exhibited the Polyglot character of the Diocese of Guiana, was the presence of a number of Coolie* and Chinese communicants. The Chinese presented an Address, written in their own language on white silk, bearing the signatures of 169 Chinese communicants, together with two very fine porcelain vases, of which they begged the Bishop's acceptance, as a token of their esteem and veneration. After them came a deputation of Coolies, bearing an Address in Hindi and Urdu, with 239 signatures in Hindi, Urdu, Tamil, and Bengali, and a Hindi poem, by Catechists Mitchell, of Belair, and Lincoln, of Georgetown.

* The name "Coolie" is applied in British Guiana exclusively to labourers from India.

The number of Chinese in the Colony, according to the census of 1881, was 5,234, and of Coolies, 79,929.

Looking back to the commencement of his Lordship's Episcopal career, we are reminded that at that time not a single Chinese had arrived in the Colony, and that the first venturesome experiment in Coolie immigration had only just then been set on foot. Although in the interval the staff of clergy has increased only from 27 to 36, yet a considerable proportion of the Chinese immigrants have been brought into the Church, and the beginning of a systematic effort to evangelise the Coolies has been inaugurated with good promise of success. In Georgetown there is a neat little Chinese church, capable of accommodating about 250, and another church has lately been erected at the Chinese settlement of Hopetown, in the Demerara river.

Most of the Chinese catechists employed have been trained in the Colony, and a large number of exemplary Christians have returned to their native country, carrying with them the "good seed"—among them one who was employed by a Missionary at Hong Kong, and spoken of by him as "our best catechist." There is a neat little church, also, at New Amsterdam, used exclusively by the Coolies and Chinese for public worship.

Three Missions have been established for the Coolies, each superintended by a clergyman, with catechists labouring under him, capable of preaching to the people in their native tongue. Catechists are also employed in various localities under the parochial clergy. An endowment fund is being raised for a fourth Mission, in the Parish of St. Swithin, Demerara, in which alone 8,000 Coolies are settled.*

When the Diocese of Guiana was formed in 1842 out of the unwieldy Diocese of Barbados, the large negro population, so lately, and with so little preparation, emancipated from slavery, nearly engrossed the attention of its first Bishop. Up to 1810 there was but one English clergyman in Demerara—the chaplain of the garrison. At the commencement of 1824 Bishop Coleridge tells us that there were but three clergymen for the whole three colonies of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, extending along a coast line of 250 miles. In 1825 a grant of £20,300 was made by Parliament for providing for the spiritual interests of the negro slaves in the West Indies, and a few clergymen were introduced under the auspices of the "Negro Conversion Society." From this time progress continued to be made; the number of the clergy was increased, churches and chapels were built,

* Contributions for the "St. Swithin's Coolie Mission Fund" will be thankfully received at the S.P.G., 19, Delahay Street, for the Bishop of Guiana, or by the Rector, the Rev. Canon May, Demerara.

schools were established, and the negro population was treated with far more consideration than the labouring class in England. When Emancipation came in 1834, it found the great bulk of the negroes thoroughly pagan and uncivilised. To evangelise and raise them to a just appreciation of the privileges which had been thrust upon them was the main task to which the Bishop and his clergy were called. Very much has been done in this direction; but very much still remains to be done, and the inflowing tide of heathenism from the East is testing with some severity the depth of the work that has already been accomplished. In the face of this constantly-augmenting force, it is needful to strengthen the commissioned officers, if the rank and file are to remain steady and true to their allegiance. This is the great want of the Church in Guiana at the present time. In the last 30 years the population of the colony has been doubled; the increase of clergy of the Church of England has only been 33 per cent.

But a work of a more distinctly Missionary character had been going on for some time among the aboriginal Indians—the Red men of the Colony. As early as 1829 Mr. Armstrong—a catechist of the Church Missionary Society—had established a Mission station at Bartica, in the River Essequibo, which subsequently became a flourishing settlement under the Rev. J. H. Bernan. The Rev. Thomas Yond and others planted the standard of the Gospel among the Macusis and other tribes in the far interior right away to the borders of Brazil. In 1840 Mr. W. H. Brett was sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to labour in the Pomeroon. Previous to this there were no Missions to the Indians in any other of the rivers of the Colony, the Moravian Missions in the Berbice and Corentyn having been long since abandoned. But Bishop Coleridge had so effectually aroused an interest in the Aborigines that the Kiblerie and Ituribisci Missions were now founded. Of Mr. Brett's forty years of successful effort in the Pomeroon and Moruca time will not permit to speak here; suffice it to say that what he accomplished has encouraged others to press on in the same track, and that now a complete chain of Indian Missions stretches from one end of the Colony to the other—from the Waiini to the Corentyn. So satisfied have the Government of the Colony been with the work done in the Pomeroon and Essequibo that they have provided a salary for a Missionary in each of those rivers.

More might be said of the influence exercised by Bishop Austin in educational matters, and of his participation in almost every scheme having for its object the improvement and amelioration of the people

of his Diocese, among which may be noticed the establishment of the Diocesan Church Society, the Seamen's Mission and Sailors' Home, the Diocesan Synod, &c.; but it is time to draw this notice to an end. His Episcopate will be remembered chiefly for the Missionary activity which has rendered this Diocese a point of special interest to all who are fired with an earnest zeal for the spread of the Gospel.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

CALCUTTA.

The Position of the Bible in Missionary Work: The Brahmoists.

"*The position of the Bible in Missionary work*" was the subject of discussion at some recent meetings of the Calcutta Clerical Society, at which papers were read by the Rev. N. P. Parker of the C.M.S. and the Rev. M. F. Argles of the Oxford Mission. Mr. Parker concluded his paper thus:—

"If any one doubts the usefulness of the Bible in leading the heathen to come to the Missionary for explanation and further instruction, and in other ways preparing his heart savingly to receive the truths when preached, I think you have only to study the reports of the Bible Society, and to converse with Missionaries of experience to satisfy your minds on that point. One of the most promising of the babus at present attending my class is a man who was first impressed by the claims of Christianity by reading one of the Gospels by himself. About eight years ago a Missionary of the C.M.S. gave a Bible to a Hindu, and only a few days ago that Missionary was telling me of the result, that now in his village 25 souls have been so influenced by its teaching, that they are ready to place themselves under the instruction of a catechist. Inquire into the origin of the Native Christian community at Bonhoogly. Study the history of the Moravian Mission in Greenland, and of the London Missionary Society in Madagascar. Read the history of Begum Wullee Ul Nissa, who was baptized in this Mission Church, and proved such a valuable worker at Lucknow. Many similar facts prove how God is pleased to honour His Word. Surely His written Word is a light shining in a dark place, and the wider we can circulate it in this dark land of India, the

it is done with Christian discretion, so much the more I believe shall we show forth the glory of God, and set forward the salvation of men."

Mr. Argles in his paper argued that the heathen must first be brought to know the Church as a present reality, before the Bible is offered to him. Such is the order of the life of the Church in the past, and in the life of the individual Christian. The heathen must be led to seek admission into a society having its true home in the unseen world, and its ordinances for the supply of the needs of his soul.

Intelligent belief in the Bible presupposes some knowledge of the evidence for the Canon of Scripture, which we receive from the Church. The Bible was for the confirmation of believers, not intended as an instrument of conversion of unbelievers. In the Acts the Scriptures are always mentioned in connection of Jews, and not of Gentiles. The Ethiopian eunuch was not a heathen. Dr. Westcott observes how the Apologists abstained from quoting Scripture. The Bible is not a suitable text-book for first beginners. Our learners need to have the fundamental doctrines of the faith brought before them in a short and simple form, like the Apostles' Creed. Accordingly simple tracts and catechisms are in general use in Missions. The Word as preached by Apostles and Evangelists and their successors was oral instruction. The method of the Bible Society is of very modern growth. The circulation of Bibles is not God's appointed way of conversion, and is not likely to produce great results. The effect of it in India has been to diffuse a shallow and partial knowledge of Christianity as a religious system, and a general respect and admiration for the human character of our Lord. It rarely leads to conversion, though it may be a preparation for it. Conversion will only come where the heart is appealed to and deeply stirred, and this must be by present acts of self-sacrificing love. We have seen this lately in the movement in Tinnevelly, and it is surely in harmony with what we should expect.

The Quarterly Paper of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, after alluding to the controversies aroused by Mr. Willis's Sermon in the Cathedral on the Day of Intercession, gives an account of the intercourse which the Missionaries have had with some of the Brahmo inquirers. One of them wrote as follows: "Finally you speak of Christ's Church, and you seem to think I am outside it. Dear sir, I can assure you most emphatically that I am not outside the Church of my dear Jesus. He is always with me, and I am in Him." Such language as this is used by all Keshub's followers. They wish to be recognised as Christians, because they think they have imbibed the spirit of Christianity, but they have no definite belief in the Divinity

of our Lord, and see no necessity for union with any visible Church. This shows how important it is here to dwell upon the objective, historical, and sacramental character of our Faith. The Brahmos are quick and subtle on small points, but very misty and hazy when speaking about broad and important principles.

LAHORE.

The Bishop of Lahore and the Education Commission: Moral Teaching: A Valuable Lecture: The Result: What would Schwartz and Martyn say?

The Bishop of Lahore, in his evidence before the Education Commission, deprecated the forcing of education upon the people with such paltry instruments as we now have in the way of books. Improvement in the vernacular literature is the most pressing need. The highest ethical teaching might be given in Government schools, without any breach of the policy of non-interference with religious beliefs. In primary schools Sikhs and Hindus should have the option of studying their own vernaculars. But the Government should not be precipitate in extending mass education until the country is ready for it. The Bishop also stated that he was preparing a course of moral teaching on a theistic basis.

In a valuable lecture delivered in Lahore on February 14th, 1882, the Bishop, after explaining the views of the Government as to the Lahore University, and commending the study of the ancient books and literature of India, went on to speak of higher moral and religious aims, to which such training should lead. The best works of Plato should be studied and compared with the moral systems of India and the ethical portions of the Bible, and thus men might learn the true wisdom, which consists in knowing, loving, and imitating God. Some, he hoped, would go further, and be prepared by the enlightenment of the Government system of instruction to accept Christ as their Master and Teacher of truth, the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. "The Punjab would earn to itself imperishable honour, and reap untold blessings for this age and ages yet unborn, were it thus to take its start on the principle of wedding wisdom with knowledge." Where shall wisdom be found? asked the Hebrew prophet Job, after magnifying the blessings of independent scientific research; his answer is simple and forcible: Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding. "Wisdom and knowledge," says another prophet, "shall

be the stability of thy time, and strength of salvation: the fear of the Lord is His treasure." How else are we to meet the floods of vice and immorality which threaten to sweep before them all that our boasted civilisation and much extolled systems of education have produced? Are there none here whom it may please God to summon to the forefront, to follow in the track of Keshab Chandar, only to outstrip him far; to acknowledge Christ not only as your Hero, Prophet, and Priest; but as your King, your Saviour, your God; as Him of whom so many germinal truths are taught almost prophetically in the Veds themselves; for may we not indeed believe that those sparks of your own Scriptures have been kindled by the same Light and life-giving Spirit, who kindled into fuller glow and brighter radiance the constellations of prophets and apostles; the one source being the Lord Himself, who said, "I am the Light of the world; He that followeth Me shall not abide in darkness, but shall have the Light of life."

In a letter dated April 23rd the Bishop says: "What we desiderate for our new University is an addition to our junior chaplains of some two or three men at least, who would devote their leisure to the classical languages of India, and exercise influence on our Senate for the promotion of sound, moral, and (so far as Government servants may) religious teaching. It surprises and gladdens me to see setting in a most resolute and decisive spirit of protest against a secular and godless education on the part of the non-Christian youth of the Punjab."

"The result of my lecture on the University has been that the Senate insists on my drawing up two volumes on ethics, compiled from the purest and most approved sources, after the idea broached in the lecture. There was no retreating, for Natives and Europeans set upon me in force. I told them that there would be a third volume on purely Christian ethics, on far higher and deeper grounds than the rest, such as, 'As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, &c.' 'Oh,' said the leading Brahmo present, 'but we must have that too; we are quite prepared!' How startled and astounded Schwartz and Martyn would have been at such a bold statement in presence of non-Christians."

MADRAS.

A Disastrous Fire.

On June 26th a disastrous fire occurred at Mudalûr, the "first Christian village" in the Tinnevelly district, where an effort has been recently made to erect a new church in the place of one which had

fallen down. The fire was caused by an accident. A small fire was left burning in the house of a sick woman, and the woman who attended to her had gone to her work in the fields. The roof, which was made of wood and palmyra leaves, caught fire, and the flames spread unchecked, all the inhabitants being out at some distance from Mudalûr in their palmyra plantations. A strong wind was blowing, and soon the fire appeared in all directions, and it seemed as if the whole village was doomed to destruction. When the people perceived it, they rushed home from their plantations, crying, "God save us!" Many sprang upon their houses, and tried to pull off the roof before the flames could reach it, but in most cases the fire was too quick for them. Water was brought from the wells on all sides, but the fire was not extinguished before sixty-one of the best houses in the village, together with all the articles they contained, were destroyed. The palmyra season had nearly ended, and for four months the people had been getting large quantities of juice from their trees, to make a kind of sugar called jaggery, upon which they depend for their support. Some portion of every house was closely packed with this article, and the fire has thus deprived the people of their means of livelihood, besides rendering more than 300 of them homeless. The Rev. H. B. Norman, Missionary in charge of Mudalûr, appeals for contributions for their relief.

CEYLON.

Fever at Buona Vista: Point de Galle.

The Rev. P. Marks, in giving an account of the outbreak of fever in the Orphanage at Buona Vista, mentions that Bishop Strachan, of Rangoon, spent a day with him on his way to Burma, and gave him the advantage of his medical skill in the care of some of the patients. One case, that of a girl of fourteen, proved fatal. The course of the mail steamers being now diverted from Galle to Colombo, Mr. Marks and his Mission will be more cut off from the world than ever. The Bishop of Rangoon and Mrs. Strachan, who were at Galle on June 8th, were the last passenger visitors to Buona Vista. The exodus thence to Colombo has been very great, numbers of the native people having hitherto got their living by means of the mail steamers. This will affect the finances of the Mission seriously, many of the European friends and subscribers having also left Galle. Mr. Marks therefore urges the claims of the Mission, and especially the Orphanage, for support from a distance.

BOMBAY.

Church Discipline in Ahmednuggar: An Old Wânee: The Bhâgvat Purâna.

The Rev. T. Williams, in his report of work done in the second quarter of the year, mentions two grave cases of discipline with which he has had to deal in the Sungumnair district:—"Anunda Bhikajee was master of the best school in the district assigned to Mr. Lord. His school belongs to one of the largest of our congregations, and there is a Scripture reader in the village who has been highly thought of. He was baptized in infancy, and his father was at one time a Scripture reader, and is now Karbhari of the Bhokar congregation. We were therefore shocked when a charge of immorality was brought against him. There was no one in the Mission whose fall would have been so unexpected. The evil was aggravated by the conduct of several of our agents who knew of the offence, and neglected to report it; and when the investigation began, they even denied all knowledge of it. It was first reported to me by a relative of Anunda living in a distant village. In the course of the investigation there was a celebration of the Holy Communion for all the agents employed in the district, and Anunda was warned against receiving the Holy Communion whilst such a charge was over him, and thus aggravating his offence. Some who knew of his guilt remonstrated with him about this; but he persisted in presenting himself, though the result was that the crime was brought home to him by a crushing weight of evidence. He was at once dismissed from the Mission. Unhappily he has shown no compunction, but has gone off with the partner of his guilt to his father's village, his mother encouraging him, though his father, who is the Karbhari of the village, disapproves."

"The other case is that of several Christians taking part in a heathen tamasha, a rustic stage play with immoral songs and gestures. This took place at Pategav, where there is a congregation of many years standing. One of the offenders was an ex-master, and another the son of the Karbhari of the village. They were all excluded from Service, and the Karbhari's pay was reduced. Since then the Karbhari has sought to vindicate himself by expelling from his home the unworthy son. The others have repeatedly applied for re-admission, but as yet I have not even allowed them to come near me."

On my way to Sungumnair I passed through Vamori, and there baptized three Mangs—two adults, and the third a boy. They had all been prepared by a Christian Mang, Ram Chundra Tassâne, the brother of the two adults, and for some time an agent of our Mission.

Arguma, his brother, has long been under preparation, and passed an excellent examination. Ram Chundra's case is a very pitiful one. He is really clever, and would prove an excellent agent, but for his position as a Mang, and the inveterate enmity between Mahars and Mangs, which continues even amongst the Christians; the Mahar converts are much more numerous than the Mangs, and generally prevail in any dispute that arises. Ram Chundra had provoked his dismissal, but I suspect that if the matter had been sifted, it would have been found that he was more sinned against than sinning.

At Kothar Mr. Williams held Services in the Karbhari's house, as more private and less exposed to irreverent interruption than in chowdi, where the school is kept. He was well received by the caste people. "One old Wânee in whose door I usually sit, because it is the best place for my purpose, if by any means upon my arrival in the gav I fail to go at once to sit in his door, comes at once to inquire why I have delayed my visit, and has on two occasions carried me off to his door, and there proved my willing and effective supporter. He related the following story of his past life: some years ago a European put up at the Travellers' Bungalow there, and representing himself as an official of high position, induced the poor old Wânee to lend him a large sum of money, promising speedy repayment with interest, and giving an acknowledgment. The old man never saw his money nor the individual afterwards. It was found that the acknowledgment bore a false name, and was post-dated. The old man lent, because he had perfect trust in a European's word, and in spite of this fraud he retains this good opinion."

At Ashve there are some Mahars who have long been under preparation for Baptism. Mr Williams spent part of his days in giving them instruction, and part in visits to the surrounding villages. Mr. Williams deferred them, and told them to continue their preparation, and to meet him at Rahuri later on, when they could present themselves again for examination. Mr. Morant, of the Revenue Survey, was at Ashve, and was favourably impressed by Mr. Williams's work, as tending to remove certain misconceptions which he had previously entertained.

Mr. Williams's projects have been partly hindered by two attacks of fever, but he has succeeded in finishing the study of the Bhâgvat Purâna, the knowledge of which is an important help in Mission work. He says: "It is a work of an extraordinary and motley character, a marvellous mirror of Hinduism. It represents whatever of theology, cosmogony, mythology, philosophy and morality combined to make up this strange compound—Hinduism. Nor is it less valuable from

a historical point of view. Having read it I seem now to be in a position from which I can survey as from a mountain peak the course of Indian thought, whether religious or otherwise. I will only add that nothing that I have yet read has proved nearly so useful in my work as the Bhâgvat Purâna."

ZULULAND.

A Two Months' Journey: The Swazi King: The Charge of Trading: Polygamy: The Results of the War: An Earnest Appeal.

The Bishop of Zululand in his Pastoral Letter to his clergy, Lent, 1882, says :—

"In a two months' visitation journey, starting from St. Andrew's, I visited St. Paul's, Kwamagwaza, the Enhlozana, the Komati, the Bombo Mountains, and Delagoa Bay, returning by way of Enhlozana, St. Augustine's, and St. Vincent's, Isandhlwana. I met with much kindness, not only from those of our own communion, but also from members of the Norwegian and German Missions. At an interview with the Swazi king, in company with the Rev. J. Jackson, we obtained a grant of a very suitable place on the Usutu River, and permission for Mr. Jackson to begin at once the work of founding a Mission station there—the first which has ever been allowed to any Christian body within the boundaries of Swaziland. May the door thus opened be effectual to the conversion of many in that great heathen country!"

The Bishop alludes to the charge against the Missionaries of trading for their own profit, and recommends that those whose work is largely sustained by the alms of the Church at home should abstain from such daily labour as would engage too much of their time and energy, or any mercantile pursuits which would put them into a wrong relation with the people under their care. "We must not drive hard bargains with them, but must show them that we are living and working for their benefit, and not our own." At the same time it is good that an example should be set before the people of industry, and better modes of agriculture.

The Bishop, whilst he places deacons and laymen in charge of some stations, reserves to the superintending priests "the appointment of the Services, and the course of teaching, whether in sermons or classes, of catechumens, candidates for Confirmation and the like, the religious teaching in the school, the dealing with individual souls, the admission of any person to the grade of catechumen, or to other Christian

privileges, and on the other hand his exclusion, if necessary, from them."

Upon polygamy the Bishop says: "I am confirmed in my resolve not to recognise the heathen marriage contracts as true marriage in the sight of God, believing, as I do, that the essential conditions of such true marriage, expressed in our Prayer Book by the words 'keep thee only unto her,' and 'keep thee only unto him,' are entirely wanting in the intention of the heathen man, and by no means always desired by the heathen woman. In true marriage, by a great mystery, 'they twain become one flesh'; I fail to see how one man can become one flesh with many women, or with one, when at the time of contract liberty to contract with other women is assumed as a matter of course. I am told on all sides that since we refuse Baptism to a polygamist while he remains such, we are not likely to be perplexed by the question as to what a polygamist seeking Baptism ought to do with his wives. The question, however, arises whether the wife of a polygamist can be admitted to Christian privileges while she continues to live with him and perform the ordinary duties of his household. Until some more authoritative judgment is given, I should give it as my judgment that if the man will allow her to separate from him, she ought to do so, and, if she marry again, marry in the Lord; but that, if she be not allowed any freedom of action (and this, I think, will be the usual case) she may be baptized and continue to live with the man, striving to show him that the new and higher spiritual position which she has gained makes her more anxious than before to do her duty both to him and to her children. If she is evidently more industrious, more careful, more trustworthy, more patient and forgiving than she was before, she may hope to lead him to confess that God is in her of a truth."

The Bishop then proceeds to the subject of the admission and status of catechumens. In their marriage the first part of the marriage service is to be used. Catechumens must be carefully distinguished from "hearers," however regular such may be in their attendance at church. Some suggestions are added on shortened Services, and it is urged that all baptized persons should be taught and encouraged to attend at the worship of the Eucharist, whether desirous of communicating or not. Catechumens and hearers should be excluded, the latter altogether, and the former after the sermon. The Celebrations should be at an early hour on Sunday, and there should be Services for preparation on the previous Friday. A short office of thanksgiving should be said after each Celebration.

The Bishop appeals earnestly for aid from home: "We have suffered

in almost every way, and this year is to me at present a terrible dark cloud-bank. I do not see my way at all. We are expected out of income to defray the cost of putting up again most needful buildings, which were ruined in the war, and of erecting new ones, which the course of events since the war has forced upon us. That little income is reduced by £325 at one stroke, and I hear of nothing yet to make up for it. The Special Fund for Isandhlwana and the Mission to Hlubi never reached the meagre limits proposed, and is quite insufficient for this whole district, which is all new work, to which we were pledged more than two years ago, before I knew anything of the Diocese."

BRITISH GUIANA.

The Coolie Mission: Conversions: A Confirmation Service.

The Quarterly Meeting of the *British Guiana* Coolie Mission Society was held at the pro-Cathedral on Tuesday, 20th of July. Of the *Bel Air Mission* the Rev. R. H. Moor reported that 120 visits had been made to Estates' hospitals and Coolie yards, that 1,520 people had been spoken to, that 11 Coolies had been baptized in St. James the Less, Kitty; two of these were Mohammedans and one a Brahmin, "Garib Maharaj"; also that a large number of Coolie and Chinese children were under instruction in the Mission schools. Of the *Nonpareil Mission* the Rev. F. P. L. Josa reported 30 Coolie baptisms during the quarter, and two Chinese. There are 334 Christians now in this Mission; and the work shows progress, as there are besides 59 catechumens and 122 inquirers. The number of Asiatics in the district is 6,030; of these 172 Coolies and 171 Chinese are Christians. In St. Swithin's Mission 56 Coolies and two Chinese have been baptized. In Mr. Josa's Mission the Bishop held a Confirmation a few weeks before he left for England, when some 70 Coolies and Chinese, as well as a fair muster of the general congregation, were present. The Service began with a metrical Litany in Hindu, sung to a very beautiful melody which Mrs. Christopher accompanied on the organ. After this the Service was read by the Bishop in English, and by Mr. Josa in Hindi; before the laying on of hands the Veni Creator was sung in Hindi to an Eastern tune, and accompanied by the Coolies themselves on their native instruments—a novel feature in this country. The Confirmation Service was repeated in Chinese, and after the Chinese candidates were presented the Bishop gave his address; and after this addresses in Hindi and Chinese were given by the Missionary. Eighteen Coolies and seven Chinese were confirmed.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

At "Heart's Content": The Wreck of "The Lion."

The *Rev. C. E. Smith* gives an account of the erection of a church at "Heart's Content." The foundations were laid in 1880, a large body of men giving their labour freely and voluntarily to haul the stones for the foundations. Upon those foundations stands a church, which, when finished, will perhaps be the finest wooden building in the whole of Newfoundland. It is built on a fine site of rising ground in the middle of the settlement, and is a prominent object to vessels passing along "Trinity Bay."

Mr. Smith says the winter has been unusually fruitful in snowstorms. The snow is deeper than it has been for years. The boundaries between gardens and other property have disappeared. Snow is everywhere. Travelling is an impossibility with horse and sleigh, and traffic is more or less suspended. Of the wreck of "The Lion," in which the Rev. C. H. Foster lost his life, he says, he was returning from his wedding at "St. John's," and there were twenty other passengers in the steamer. It was a moonlight night, and they expected to reach "Trinity" about six the next morning. It is not known whether the steamer blew up, or foundered on a sunken rock. Only one body was recovered. It was a disaster without a parallel in the recollection of the oldest people here. The vessel was a large steamer, built especially for the Arctic seas, commanded by an experienced captain, and the night was bright and calm. Mr. Johnson, of "All Saints Exploits," also gives an account of the disaster. All that is that several fragments of the wreck were picked up on an island about 42 miles from "St. John's," and about 20 from their destination. It is a great loss to a diocese, whose staff was already so insufficient.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

Enormous Influence of Chinese: Necessity of more Labourers.

In the Diocese of *New Westminster* the Chinese field of Mission work is said to be still untouched virgin soil. There are thousands of Chinese in the country—thrifty, intelligent men, employed in the fisheries, on the construction of the railway, and other useful occupations. In one month 3,000 arrived in the province, and more are continually coming in. These men seem placed in our hands by God to be brought into His kingdom. A large majority will return to their native country to leaven it for good or evil.*

* We hope in our next to place before our readers a Paper by Lord Mulgrave on the work of this important Diocese.

IN THE LAND OF GILEAD.

(From the German of the Rev. S. Müller.)

By A. G. Weld.

Part III.—Inhabitants of Es-Salt.

Es-SALT is as large a town as Bethlehem, and is moreover the only fortified place to be met with far and wide in this region. In the afternoon we visited the much-ruined citadel occupying the summith of the castle-hill, which the government proposes restoring so as to turn it into barracks for the soldiers stationed at Es-Salt, some of whom are now dwelling under tents erected in its court-yard. After the garrison had been withdrawn from this town during the Russo-Turkish war, the Pacha of Nablûs came hither to carry out some decree emanating from the Sublime Porte. The absence of the military encouraged the populace to rebel and to fire into the Hall of Justice, compelling the Pacha to renounce the work he had in hand. Until this revolt took place the inhabitants of Es-Salt had been allowed to purchase immunity from the conscription by the payment of 30,000 piastres (about £250), but now it is compelled to furnish its quota of men to serve in the Turkish army. Es-Salt occupies a healthy situation, and is well supplied with good spring water. On the side where a steep bluff rises from the narrow rocky valley, the houses are so built into the solid rock that it forms one of their walls. The streets are as badly paved and dirty as they are in most Eastern towns. An animal that falls down dead is left to lie where it has fallen, until the dogs or other animals have made away with its carcase; that happily they are not long in accomplishing, as I myself observed in the case of a dead horse which was one evening left close under the windows of the house where we were staying. On looking out next morning I found it had been almost entirely devoured during the night. When spending the evening with some of the officers I took the opportunity of remarking to them on the want of proper sanitary arrangements, to which one of them replied that they hoped in time to remedy the present state of things. A proof of the feeling of insecurity prevailing at Es-Salt was furnished by the soldiers going about fully armed, even when leading their riding-horses to watering. Several men patrolled the town day and night, by which means its

streets were rendered very quiet. During our stay the police ransacked all the shops and stores for powder and lead, which they confiscated. Civilians were forbidden to carry arms of any description.

At the 8 A.M. Service on Sunday, October 19th, the Missionary, Chalil el Dschemel preached upon the text, "The end of all things is at hand," to a congregation of 30 men, 11 women, and 18 school-children. At 3.30 a catechising of the school-children and the adults was held, after which a portion of the Bible was read. I was pleased to find that some of the adults had a good knowledge of the Bible, and could read fluently. I did not see any traces amongst them of the poverty prevailing in our neighbourhood; in fact the inhabitants of Es-Salt seem for the most part much more well-to-do than those of Bethlehem.

I must mention a singular prejudice prevailing in this town, which is unfavourable to certain branches of trade. It is not the custom here to sell butter, milk, or eggs. That is to say, a disgrace attaches to any family selling the produce of its dairy. "Let the milk-seller," say they, "lose his credit, and never find a husband for his daughter." They are not much inclined to give away, yet so liberal are they in entertaining their guests, as even to lay themselves open to the charge of wastefulness.

On Monday I inspected the schools. There is one belonging to the Greek Church, which I was unable to visit for lack of time. The Roman Catholics had 31 scholars in their boys' school. They had also a girls' school, whose mistress was a native of Nazareth. The Protestant school contained 36 boys and 16 girls. Of these 27 were Protestants, 9 belonged to the Greek Church, 7 were Roman Catholics, and 9 were Moslems. At the time of the Pacha's visit to Es-Salt, an examination was held at this establishment, to which he was invited by the Protestant ministers. This high functionary accepted, and requested the Mufti to accompany him. The latter, who was an open enemy of the Church, sought by all manner of pretexts to evade compliance with the request. But the Pacha represented to him that neither the preacher nor the teacher were Europeans, and that both they and the scholars were subjects of the Sultan, on which account it was only right and proper to accept the minister's invitation. The Mufti suffered himself to be persuaded to accompany the Pacha to the school examination, with which the latter expressed himself highly gratified, saying that such an institution, so well managed, gave promise of working great good to this part of the country.

Our sojourn at Es-Salt had now reached its close, and we set out at mid-day for Amman (the Rabbath-Ammon of the Bible), in company with the Missionary Chalil el Dschemel, the catechist Be[illegible]

he teacher Nikula, a soldier, and eight other persons. Turning east-
vards our way led us up a steep hill and amongst fallen masses of
ock, a country sternly grand, but decidedly perilous for riding
hrough. The next stage was no better, the path zig-zaging to right
nd left over heaps of loose stones. I often had cause to marvel at
he great powers of endurance displayed by our horses, and how they
eemed to emulate with each other as to which could serve us best
n the hard work required of them. However, once arrived at the
op of the rocky height of Dschebel-el-Amrije their labours became
ighter, for after that we entered upon a level tract inhabited by
3edawîn from Es-Salt. A splendid panorama lay stretched out
»efore us, the most marked feature in which was a remarkable de-
»ression, bounded on the north by the ridge of Elkamsche. This
lepression is supposed to have formerly been a lake-basin, having a
ıortherly outlet through Wady Tananije to the River Zerka (the
abbok of the Bible). Continuing our journey we soon had the
lelight of perceiving to the south a hill-side overgrown with oak-trees,
. sight that long residence in comparatively barren Judæa had rendered
. most unfamiliar one. Bending once more in an easterly direction,
ve passed close to the Weli Hannita, where a superb oak is flourishing
ınder the protection of the Moslem saint whose ashes repose here.
Vone dare lay sacrilegious hands on this sacred tree, for Hannita is
eckoned such a holy man that the people believe any one swearing
alsely by his name would be in danger of sudden death. As we
.dvanced the oaks became stunted, and only reared their heads at
ntervals from the midst of the perfect forest of thorns and thistles
vhich cover the ground for a space many miles in extent. Here and
here we passed the scanty ruins of ancient towers and villages, whilst
Velis (tombs of saints) were of more frequent occurrence. An hour
ınd a-half before reaching Amman we came upon Chirbet Djubehat
Jogbehah) one of the cities built by the children of Gad (Num. xxxii.
;5).

?ART IV.—CIRCASSIAN SETTLERS AT AMMAN (RABBATH-AMMON).

The sun had barely set ere we caught sight of the isolated rugged
ıill crowned by the citadel of Amman, the former Rabbah of the chil-
lren of Ammon, besieged by King David. A blazing fire, which was
:asting its ruddy glow upon a human figure standing beside it, showed
hat we were near the habitations of men, and some members of the
:olony of about 150 Circassians now established at Amman met us as
ve were descending into the valley in which the ruins of the ancient
ity of Philadelphia are situated. As eventide was upon us, the

question where to find quarters for the night became a pressing one. The stream of Amman flowing through the midst of the deserted palaces and temples marking where the royal town of Ammon once stood, is still spanned by a fine bridge in excellent repair, and some of our party proposed our availing ourselves of the shelter of its arch, but we voted against this on account of the damp and draughtiness of such a sleeping-place. Our deliberations were brought to a close sooner than we had anticipated by a Circassian coming forward and offering to lodge us in one of the three vaulted chambers that formed the home of himself and his family. Two little straw mats and a small mattress were provided for our use from our host's scanty store, and the petroleum lamp the Circassians had just been burning themselves was hung up to the wall of our apartment, which it illuminated so feebly that one might almost have fancied oneself in a cellar. When we found that their loan of this lamp was obliging the family to sit in total darkness in the adjoining room, we hunted out our own candles in order to be able to return the poor folks their only light. My wife took an early opportunity of paying a visit to our hostess, who was seated in the midst of her three children. The gift of a pomegranate to each of the latter quite won their hearts, and in spite of these people not understanding Arabic, she soon ascertained that the mother was called Tatme, the little girl Hafise, and the two boys Jacob and Hasen. Mrs. Müller tried to teach them the Arabic prayer, "Ja rabb irhamni! ja rabb a'inni!" "O Lord, have mercy upon me. O Lord, save me"; but to repeat this petition after her was a difficult task to them. The woman, however, could say by rote the Moslem formula, "Allah wahad," "God is one," which she ejaculated pointing heavenwards.

The room in which twelve of us passed the night was about four yards square. It had only three properly built walls, the wall on the outer side being simply composed of stones piled on each other, uncemented by mortar. On this side was the entrance, an aperture without a door. The flooring of the inner half of the apartment was raised about half-a-foot, and formed the sleeping quarters of the Circassian mother and her children, which they had vacated for our benefit. Had it not been that the floor made a cold bed, and that a chilly wind blew through the open doorway, we might have congratulated ourselves on getting so good a lodging amongst the ruins of Amman. We were advised at Es-Salt to bring fuel for cooking purposes with us, as we should not be able to obtain any here. But disregarding this counsel, I answered I was sure the Circassians were not destitute of firewood for their own use, and that if we

promised them a share of our excellent coffee, they would willingly let us have some wood wherewith to boil it. The event proved I was right; an ample supply of wood being furnished by an old man named Abraham, the brother-in-law of our hostess, now a widower, his wife having perished, together with six hundred other persons, in the burning of a ship off Cyprus. He and several of his brother Circassians joined our circle round the fire, and as they all spoke Turkish, with which language the Missionary Bachnam and our soldier were well acquainted, an animated conversation was kept up, which turned chiefly on the fate of Circassia.

It is well known that Russia was desirous of bringing its inhabitants under her sceptre, but the Circassians preferred emigrating to Rumelia, in Turkish territory. When that part of the country, however, fell into the hands of Russia during the late war, the irregular manner of life, the insubordination, and the cruelty of the Circassians caused Turkey to transfer these unmanageable subjects of hers to Syria, where they are distributed in various places and wretchedly provided for. In Nablûs and its vicinity alone 2,500 of this nationality are to be met with. There was originally a still larger number settled in that town, the fanatical Moslem inhabitants of which at first received the Circassians with open arms, welcoming them most enthusiastically on account of the bravery they had shown in waging war against the unbelievers. But after being in close contact with their new neighbours for a longer period, the townsfolk completely reversed the favourable estimate they had originally formed of them, and treated them with such contempt, that over 1,000 of the Circassians quitted Nablûs, some of whom made their way to Amman and Es-Salt, where they have founded new homes for themselves. The troubles and hardships of various descriptions, including the lack of even the bare necessaries of life, that have fallen to the lot of this unfortunate race during their wanderings, have caused many of its members to take that longest journey of all, from which no traveller ever returns.

Whilst sipping our coffee, the Circassians related to us many particulars of the share they and their brethren at Amman underwent of these hardships and privations during their emigration to this place, the ill effects of which are felt by them to the present day. They also complained bitterly of the insufficient provision made for them by the Turkish officials, and of their shameful breach of faith towards them. It was true, they added, that a large grant of land has been allotted to them at Amman, but as regarded the cattle with which the government had promised to provide them, the majority reached them in a most pitiable condition, and a number of the oxen perished miserably

immediately after their arrival. In vain did the poor colonists send back the sickly stock that yet survived, and demand reparation for their losses. The Turkish officials simply resold the wretched beasts returned on their hands at a nominal price, and dismissed the aggrieved settlers without affording them the slightest redress. It was the same story with respect to the supply of grain that was to have been furnished them until their first harvest had been gathered in. But far sadder than the lack of all earthly comforts from which the Circassians are suffering so grievously, is the fact that their troubles have caused them to lose all faith in a Supreme Being, and to cease even to attempt to lead a God-fearing life. This irreligious frame of mind leads to frequent quarrels amongst themselves. Many have sought to better their condition by returning to Nablûs, but this scheme has not proved very feasible, because they have only their own scanty resources to rely on for its accomplishment, and moreover, even if they succeed in making their way back to Nablûs, the friendly welcome formerly accorded to them by their co-religionists no longer awaits them there. A number of those attempting the return journey tarried at Es-Salt as a half-way house. It was winter time, but no shelter was forthcoming for them, and they were forced to sleep in the open street. Several were obliged to sell all their small stock of worldly goods to buy themselves a mouthful of bread, others were driven to depend on charity. Fathers deemed themselves happy if their sons entered the militia, or their daughters were asked in marriage by the townsfolk. Fully a hundred of these unfortunate wanderers perished of want at Es-Salt alone. The evening was far advanced ere our Circassian guests had finished their sad tale, and wishing each other "Good night" we all retired to rest, save Achmed and our new friend Abraham, who kept faithful watch and ward during the hours of darkness.

PART V.—AMONG THE RUINS OF AMMAN.

Though I had taken the precaution of placing a fodder-bag under me, the chilly damp of the bare ground struck up through it, and, after a restless night, I dressed at sunrise, as did the remainder of our party. Herr Bachnam had risen even earlier, having begun angling in the stream before break of day, and already caught twenty fish. After breakfast we all visited the ruins. The name of Amman attached to these by the Arabs reminds us of the fact I have before mentioned, that they occupy the site of Rabbath-Ammon, the capital of the Ammonites, where the sarcophagus* ("bed," English version) of the

* "Throne," according to Capt. Conder.

giant King Og was preserved. Though its siege by David's general, Joab, ended in the capture of "the city of the waters," it appeared once more as an Ammonite town so late as the days of Jeremiah. It was rebuilt by the Egyptian King Ptolemy Philadelphus, and under the name of Philadelphia, which he bestowed upon it, continued to rank for centuries as an important place, being one of the ten cities grouped together as the Decapolis of Peræa. Its final destruction was mainly the work of earthquakes. The remains of it still existing may be for the greater part referred to the Roman and Greek periods, and rank amongst the most beautiful relics of antiquity to be found in the whole Trans-Jordanic land. The ruins of Amman have, however, been so frequently described that I shall merely briefly mention some of the principal ones. They lie in a fruitful valley, dominated by the castle hill, at whose foot stands the well-preserved theatre, situated on the right bank of that stream of Amman which Herr Bachnam found so full of fish.

The theatre is a very imposing edifice, planned for at least 6,000 spectators, and so well managed are its acoustic arrangements, that those seated on the uppermost of the three tiers into which the forty-three rows of benches are separated could hear distinctly every word spoken on the stage. In front of the theatre is a quadrangular space once adorned by fifty Corinthian columns, twelve of which still remain *in situ*.

Near at hand is a smaller covered theatre, or Odeum, which bears traces of having been much ornamented. Over its side door is a frieze, on which are sculptured Romulus and Remus with the wolf. Crossing the river by means of the blocks of masonry that formerly arched it over, but now lie as stepping-stones in its bed, we came to a conspicuous monument, part of whose roof is yet intact. At each of its four corners stand beautiful Corinthian pillars, and from this point commences the colonnade which once lined the whole length of the principal street. We next climbed up to the citadel, whose walls of circumvallation, built somewhat below the crest of the hill, impress one with their aspect of hoar antiquity. They are of great thickness, and are constructed of large blocks of stone, put together without cement. Entering by the gateway facing south, we found ourselves in the midst of masses of ruins, the best preserved portions of which were turned to account as barns and stables (Ezek. xxv. 5) by the Bedawîn, who have taken possession of this fortress.

The rest of the ruins are inhabited by the Circassians. Behind the second tier of benches in the theatre we came upon two or three families of these settlers, who had located themselves in an arched

passage. In spite of the general cleanliness prevailing, the children were suffering from ophthalmia.

On entering the Odeum we met a youth who was shading his eyes with his hands. He told us in Arabic he had had such violent inflammation in them the whole summer long that he had almost lost his sight. I offered to drop some tincture into them, whereupon he gratefully undertook to put himself under my treatment, and leading the way to his apartment invited us to follow him. As we were doing so, there rose from the ground a man of a pallid countenance, carrying his arm in a sling. We asked him what was the matter with him, but could not make out his answers, till a well-dressed youth came forward and acted as interpreter. We then made out that the sufferer had been tending cattle, when the Arabs fell upon him and tried to drive them away. This he resisted, and calling loudly for help, defended himself as best he could, but in struggling with the robbers he dislocated his hand. The pain was daily growing worse for lack of proper medical treatment. We examined the injury, and advised the man to rub hot oil frequently into his arm and to bind it up. More especially, however, did we bid him commit himself to God as One who can help in all time of need. Oh, how one's heart does ache for these poor neglected people, so destitute and out of the reach of everything, Es-Salt, the nearest place where they can procure what they most urgently need, being six hours distant! Patients now began to pour in upon us, for whilst we were talking to the wounded herdsman a woman entered who was afflicted with ophthalmia, and entreated us to come and look after her. The path to her miserable dwelling lay over heaps of stone belonging to the ruins, in part of which she lived with a tribe of children, all sore-eyed like herself. My wife doctored the whole family with eye-drops.

To the east of the theatre lies a domed building about 75 feet long by 12 feet broad, which excited our curiosity. As we stood upon its threshold a handsome man of commanding presence, whom we afterwards discovered to be the head of the Circassian colony, came forward, Koran in hand, and inviting us to enter, led us to the divan. As soon as we were seated on the rug which covered it we begged our host to continue his reading which our entrance had interrupted. He complied, and read in a loud voice, with a good accent, but with the sing-song tone adopted by all readers of the Koran. When we asked him whether he understood what he had been reading, he was obliged to confess he did not, and to turn the subject pointed to a woman at his side who was suffering from the universally prevalent ophthalmia, and inquired if we had any medicine with us. I went in search

some eye-drops, and on my return found the chief had resumed his mechanical reading. After staying a short time with him I was about to depart, when he proposed to me to take a walk with him, as he wanted to show me something. We wandered together down a little valley where the colonists had planted maize, kohl-rabi, and other field and garden produce, till at the end of a quarter of an hour we came upon a beautiful sepulchral monument, with a large entrance-door giving access to a splendid vaulted chamber, in which were two well-preserved sarcophagi, now used by the Bedawîn as mangers. My companion here pointed out to me some characters carved on the walls, which, however, appeared to me to be only copies made by shepherds of the tribe marks with which they brand their cattle.* The Circassian chief accompanied me home, and entered into a long conversation with us, in the course of which he declared that he himself and his fellow-countrymen had been accustomed to lead a life of freedom and perfect independence of all rule, and that it was their intention to endeavour to return eventually to such a life.

Herr Bachnam told him they ought meanwhile to strive to maintain themselves by agriculture and the rearing of cattle. The chief answered, "If the government does not keep its promise of building houses for us we will migrate to Yemen, where we shall live as free people." Herr Bachnam observed that he had been in Arabia, and was acquainted with a certain sheikh there, who levied a yearly tribute of a camel and five Turkish dollars from each of his subjects, and who when he went on a foray expected all to obey his orders. We endeavoured to impress upon the mind of our Circassian friend that rich and poor, princes and subjects, exist all over the world, and that the Koran agrees with the Bible in teaching the ordinance of God to be that we must be in subjection to those in authority, and that in resisting this ordinance the Circassians were not only doing an evil action, but also bringing troubles upon themselves. After listening with great astonishment to these and similar arguments, the chief frankly confessed that he and his people had been in the wrong.

PART VI.—A VISIT TO THE ABAD BEDAWIN.

We had greatly wished to have spent another night at Amman, but were forced to give up this plan when we found that our stock of provisions for ourselves and our animals was running short, and that

* Captain Conder says, "The *Wusûm* or tribe marks are found on camels, cows, and sheep, and are placed also on buildings where the Bedawîn suppose treasure to be concealed." See some interesting remarks by him on these tribe marks in the April Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

we could not replenish it whilst sojourning amongst the ruins of "the city of the waters." So at mid-day we reluctantly bade farewell to our Circassian hosts, and returned to Es-Salt, where we arrived at 8 P.M.

Having expressed to Herr Bachnam the strong desire I felt to visit a Bedawîn encampment in this part of the country, he promised to take me to one. After descending the Wady Esch Schaib and climbing a ridge, we traversed a forest crowning its summit. Many hours of scrambling up and down hill by steep and stony paths brought us at last to some caves, which were used as barns and cowsheds by the Bedawîn of whom we were in search. Hard by, between banks fringed with oleander, flowed a stream at which we watered our horses, and that afforded good sport to our angler friend. All the rivers and streams of the Belka abound in fish, which the Bedawîn do not seem to understand how to catch. We now began to meet the nomad women coming on their donkeys to fetch water, and half an hour's ride brought us to the encampment itself. The Sheikh Abd Allah, being a friend of Herr Bachnam's, his people received us with heartiest greetings in the absence of their chief.

A knot of some ten or twelve men gathered round us in a confidential sort of way, and as the night was cold they proceeded to light a large fire in front of the tent which they had assigned for our use. These Arabs are much better off with regard to wood as well as water, than our Bedawîn to the west of the Jordan. Whilst the latter are obliged to content themselves with roots and thorn bushes for fuel, the former can heap whole trees from the adjoining woods upon the fire, as they were in fact doing on our behalf. Yet they too had their own troubles, pressing heavily upon their whole tribe, which bears the name of Abad; these troubles formed the chief topic of their conversation with us, and they related to us how three years ago their crops were eaten up shortly before the harvest by cattle belonging to the tribes of the Beni Hassan and of the Aduan, who had turned them into their fields for this very purpose. A great feud arose in consequence, and the case was brought before the Pacha at Nablûs, to whom it seemed to afford an excellent opportunity for punishing the Bedawîn, who had already rendered themselves obnoxious to him by their conduct at Es-Salt.

Accordingly, appearing in that town with a retinue of 50 men, he summoned the Beni Hassan and the Aduan to appear before him; but they sent a message in reply that they did not want anything from him, and that if he wanted anything from them he might come to them in person. The Pacha agreed to this, and repaired with his followers to the nomad camps. Here he met with a scornful

ion, the Bedawîn shooting into the ground with loaded guns so close o him that the earth flew up into his face. His people were for venging this insult on the spot, but he, being aware of the superior umbers of the Bedawîn, enforced quiet by saying that if he, as Pacha, ad made up his mind to tolerate everything, it behoved them to ubmit likewise. Whilst still at the encampment, he pretended not to otice the incivility with which he was treated. Afterwards, when he ad got back to Jenin, in the plain of Jezreel, he sent a message from hence to the Sheikhs of the before-mentioned tribes informing them iat he was about to make war against their enemies the Sakr, and in- iting their co-operation. Delighted at the prospect of such a congenial it of fighting, they at once accepted, and hurried up with about 3,000 /arriors. The Pacha ordered the latter to take up their quarters in he neighbouring villages, whilst he entertained the Sheikhs at a anquet. After the close of this feast he made them all prisoners, nd carried them off as quickly as possible to Damascus, keeping heir horses and arms for his own use. The Sheikh Diab, whose leg ad been broken in capturing him, he kept in custody at Acre. For nine months long did these chieftains pine behind bolts and bars, luring which time the Bedawîn were mulcted of enormous sums of noney. Besides a benefaction, amounting to nearly 1,000 Turkish iras,* the government received a fine of another 1,000 liras from them, nd an equal sum was levied upon them to be handed over to the reat tribe of El Abad as compensation for the damages done by the Beni Hassan and the Aduan. Our hosts of the El Abad informed us hat their tribe paid a bribe of 500 liras and sixteen horses in the hope f inducing the government to assist them to get their rights. But o this day they have not received a single farthing, the money lestined as compensation for the injuries done to them having re- nained in the hands of the government officials. On this account, nd also owing to the failure of their last year's harvest, these Bedawîn omplain of being very poor.

I hinted to them that they themselves had probably often turned ut their cattle to graze upon the fields of the Beni Hassan and the Aduan. As they could not deny having done so, I went on to say hat they ought not to murmur now that God was meting out to hem the same measure they had dealt to others, and that, moreover, f God were to reward them in all things according to their deeds, t would fare even worse with them, but that He is a merciful Lord, nd if they only acknowledged their own sinfulness, and turned to Him with their whole hearts in earnest prayer, He would give them

* A Turkish lira is about eighteen shillings.

true happiness. Then some of them said, "Teach us how to pray." We told them to say these words, "O merciful God, be gracious to us poor sinners, and let us not die in our sins." We taught them likewise that they ought to lay all their cares and concerns before God, as good children would before their parents. This seemed to be a new revelation to them, and to strike them forcibly.

It was now ten o'clock at night, and three men brought in a cauldron filled with meat and *durrah* (a species of maize) boiled together, and also a smaller vessel containing a kind of soup made by mixing meat broth with *lebben* (curdled milk that has been dried). After the half-solid *durrah* had been thinned by pouring some of this soup over it, the stew was partaken of by about thirty-five persons, who supped in relays. At the conclusion of the meal the tiny Arab cups of black coffee were handed round to all present.

Conversation soon ceased, the hour of repose having come; but ere our hosts left us for the night, Herr Bachnam offered up a fervent petition, to which all listened most attentively. When it was ended many declared they had never before heard such beautiful words of prayer, and expressed their amazement that Christians could pray thus. "We perceive," they added, "that our life is only that of beasts having no understanding, but till now no one has taught us a better."

Only a few of the Bedawîn remained in the guest-tent with us, and these stretching themselves at full length on the ground, covering themselves up to the eyes with their ample *abayehs*, and putting their shoes under their heads by way of a pillow, soon composed themselves to sleep.

The cold and damp kept me long awake, and I lay listening to the conversation of the Bedawîn, who were sitting round the fire chatting with our servant Achmed. They asked him many questions about our work at Bethlehem; and when he told them that we received orphan children into our house, whether their parents had been Christians or Moslems, and brought them up as our own children, they exclaimed repeatedly, "How fortunate!" (*niaalhum!*); "may God reward them for it!" (*Allah judschaaszihum!*)

We arose by break of day, and soon after sounds of screaming and quarrelling grated on our ears. The cause of this row turned out to be that the men all wanted us to have milk to breakfast, but they had difficulty in persuading the women who owned the goats to milk them for us. My wife came out of the tent to tell them not to distress themselves, as milk was not a necessity to us; but in spite of her protestations the men persisted in their endeavour until they secured a good quantity of milk.

As the owner of the goats had got wounded in the scuffle, my wife felt bound to give her some arnica to heal the injury, whereupon every one who had an ache or felt sick came forward to beg for medicine, which I gave to as many of them as my stock would supply.

The Sheikh's wife complained bitterly to us of the undutiful conduct of her two sons, aged twelve and fourteen. Not only would they not obey her, but they mocked at her and cursed her.

I spoke seriously to the boys on the wickedness they were committing, and told them that the love and blessing of God rested on those who loved their parents.

Before quitting the encampment we read Genesis i., ii., iii., xviii. and xix. to the Bedawîn, and commented upon these chapters, of whose contents we found our hearers perfectly ignorant.

SIGHT TO THE BLIND.

II.

By H. A. Forde.

[Papers for Mothers' Meetings.]

XLIV.

MR. CAMPBELL married in 1856, and shortly after lost all his savings by the failure of the firm who had the sum in keeping; his brave heart, however, did not fail him, he struggled on, taking first this appointment, then that, as opportunity presented itself. At last he came to Boston, one of the first cities of the United States. There he was offered the vacant post of musical teacher in a Blind Institution, with *half* the salary of the last man, who had not been blind. Our blind man, however, had a spirit, and he rose against the injustice of the arrangement. "No," said he to the Principal, "you engage me because you think I shall teach better than a sighted man; I will not be underpaid, but if you like I will teach one term for nothing." This he did with such success that he remained on full pay, and, furthermore, was allowed to choose out twenty blind boys and girls to train up exactly as he liked. He stayed eleven years in this institution, and saw his twenty grow up useful, healthy, happy men and women.

But again he worked too hard, his health failed, and his wife too was a confirmed invalid. Now friends stepped forward, anxious to help the man who had never tired of his busy life; he was offered a year's leave of absence to visit Europe, his salary being continued all the time, and other money gifts being showered upon him by the Boston people. He started with his sick wife and son on his travels, visiting most of the great cities of Europe, and learning in them all their different fashions of teaching the blind.

He came to London in 1871, and one of his first engagements was to a Blind tea-meeting, a sort of charitable entertainment to the Blind. There they poured into the room by hundreds—sightless creatures, led by their wives, their children, and their dogs. Nearly all beggars, or at least dependent on charity. The blind American teacher was distressed, shocked. To his active mind this state of things seemed dreadful. He wanted to help the helpless, listless throng. He went back to his hotel, and could not sleep all night. Next morning he told his wife he could not return to America yet, there was so much to be done in London, so they got their return tickets by the steamer extended. With the assistance of an English gentleman Mr. Campbell now visited various Blind Institutions in London and tried to introduce a better way of teaching into them. But it is hard to patch old garments with new cloth, and the blind reformer and his friend soon took a bold step and started a Blind School of their own in that bright, healthy neighbourhood where the Crystal Palace stands.

Here joy and sorrow visited him—joy, inasmuch as God permitted his work for the benefit of his suffering fellow-creatures to prosper; sorrow, since amidst his labours his sick wife sank and died.

The care of his blind family (now greatly increased in numbers) was the best remedy for grief Mr. Campbell found, and very soon he resolved to plan an establishment that should be of lasting usefulness.

One of our richest peers generously offered his help; the Duke of Westminster gave £1,000 towards the purchase of a mansion in the neighbourhood, "The Mount," which was well adapted for the purpose which it still fills, that of the Royal Normal College for the Blind. "The most perfect institution in the world" the President of the College, the same kind nobleman, declares it to be. The Mount is only a few minutes walk from the Crystal Palace, so that its inmates can take advantage of the many concerts and good music entertainments from there.

For perhaps you have found out by this time that music, [illegible] teaching, and piano tuning constitute the special occupation

which the blind come as well fitted for success as the sighted. Consequently in this Blind School music holds the first place as a subject of study.

But Mr. Campbell has thought out a very complete course for his pupils; they must not only be good musicians, but they must be good men and women, with healthy minds in healthy bodies. So The Mount and its other buildings stand in pretty gardens, where blind children career at full speed along the paths, as full of admiration for the gay flower-beds as you are, while close by shimmers a lake used for swimming in summer and skating in winter, for what "Blind Joseph" did in his active boyhood must be done by other blind boys and girls too! Then the playground is fitted up for gymnastics, and dancing, drilling, swinging, tilting, and such like cheerful exercises are encouraged by the Principal.

To make the blind strong, confident, and self-supporting, like the seeing, is the great aim of the establishment, and this could never be accomplished if blind children were allowed to grope timidly about, with unused muscles, and frames unbraced by fresh air and exercise.

The day is past when the parents of blind children need sit sorrowfully down with the idea that they must be a life-long burden on some one. Let us look to the reports of this one Blind School, and read for ourselves how its inmates have made their way in the world.

Samuel Barbour, an old pupil successfully engaged in the coal trade at Belfast, writes, "It may be thought that I do not owe this to the College, but I beg leave to differ. If I had never been in the College, I never would have gained self-confidence, nor have had the courage to compete with my seeing brethren."

Mr. Montague Raymond went to Canada, is well established there, and sends word, "I am happy to say I have been very busy lately, having had as much as I can do. I have been tuning in Buffalo for a musical professor and concert master from Berlin. He wished me to reside permanently in Buffalo, and tune for his concerts, but on considering the matter, I decided to remain in St. Catherine's."

John Scorah became organist of Aldford Church, in Cheshire, at a salary of £52 a year. He says, "I am very comfortable, and doing well. I already have six pupils, and am establishing a regular connection of pupils. His Grace the Duke of Westminster was at church on the 11th. He spoke to me after the Service, and seemed much pleased."

Mr. Scorah, you see, has three strings to his bow—all musical. Aldford is a pleasant village, situated on the kind Duke's Cheshire property, so no doubt he would take an interest in the blind organist.

Here is a testimonial to *William Cookson* from his employers in Liverpool, written to Mr. Campbell: "Dear Sir,—We have great pleasure in stating that Mr. W. J. Cookson has been tuning for us for above two years, and gives every satisfaction. He has had some very fine work to do, concert grands, &c. We have never had to send him twice to the same job, having always done his work in a thorough practical manner.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully, Crane & Son, 217 to 223, Scotland Road, Liverpool."

William Robson, 21, Trinity Street, Leeds, tells us, "I work for Mr. Ramsden, who has the largest music shop in Leeds; in the evening I tune for myself. I have a piano now, and shall take pupils. I have taught a music reader, who is now able to read fluently. I find it is not difficult to teach a sighted person to read music. My earnings vary from 28*s.* to 30*s.* a week. Christmas week I earned 35*s.* 6*d.* My work hours are from 8.30 to 6, and 12 on Saturdays. I do six pianos a day."

James Gregory, at Mr. Cramer's, Regent Street, London, is "highly successful; supports himself and family."

William Warner, organist and tuner, is entirely self-sustaining.

John Mepham made £100 last year, and his receipts are still increasing.

Robert Wylie is pronounced by his employers to be steady, conscientious, and obliging; he is held in the highest respect by his masters and fellow-workmen.

Mr. Charles Schwier went out as a pianoforte tuner, at 30*s.* a week, but being unexpectedly called home by his father's illness, he undertook and successfully carried on the sick man's business, that of a sugar refiner.

These are a few of the cases on record of blind men creditably taking their place among the ranks of our honest labourers, nor are the women brought up in the College less successful.

Annie Ferguson supported herself as a pianoforte teacher till her marriage.

Jessie Denholm makes her living as teacher at the Craigmillar Institution for the Blind, Edinburgh.

Miss A. Campbell and *Miss M. Reece* are both *more* than self-sustaining. They teach music, and also sing at concerts. Here is an account of a concert at the Blind College, patronised by Royalty, in which they took part.

"Then came forward the College Choir, consisting of about twelve young men and as many women, some of them mere girls, all what we call *stone blind*. But there was nothing stony or even painful in

their appearance. Some of the faces were almost pretty, and all had a wonderful placidity and sweetness—nay cheerfulness. They stood —such a contrast to ordinary concert singers—apparently as indifferent to the gaze of all these hundreds of eyes as they were to the glare of sunshine which poured down upon them, yet dazzled them not. They seemed to sing out of their quiet darkness, like birds in a wood at dawn. Musically considered, the voices were exceptionally good in quality, true, clear, and pure in intonation, while their cultivation was fully equal to that of most sighted singers of similar age."

At a later concert, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters were present, Miss Reece sang a solo, and the young Princesses were also deeply interested in a certain Miss Grace Edmond, a little girl who had to be perched on a heap of music books before she could reach the keys of the piano to play her "piece" to the royal listeners. Not only royal listeners were there either on this day, but royal performers too. *Prince Alexander of Hesse*, a blind cousin of the Princess of Wales, took his part on the violin. He, too, was being educated at this College.

In all the ten past years of the life of this institution Mr. Campbell only reckons four failures among the pupils—two because they came too old to learn, and two because—mark this—*they began going to the public-house.*

Mr. Campbell has his own ideas on the subject of strong drinks. He allows none in the College, neither does he permit smoking.

A word or two more about the blind man who has set this great work for the benefit of the blind a-moving. He lives and works still amongst them, and he has a helper. "I could not work alone," he says, so we learn that he has found a second wife, and a true helpmeet, in an old friend.

Mrs. Campbell enters as fully as her husband into the working of the College, and both rejoice in the happy children growing up around them.

There was a Christmas tree at the College last year. Blind and sighted guests were present at the entertainment, and to "make things fair" all seeing people were blindfolded for the evening, the result being much fun and laughter.

Every Sunday after church the fine music hall of the building is thrown open to the poor of the neighbourhood. Cabmen, mechanics, and such like visitors flock in with their wives and children to listen to the sacred music, sung and played by blind people, to join in the Lord's Prayer and the hymn which follows, and to pick up a good thought or two from the little sermon at the close.

Mr. Campbell is a man who puts religion first amongst his aims, as you may guess from what I have told you.

I have now come to the end of my sketch of this Blind School, or Home as it might better be called.

Any one with blind relatives needing education would do well to write to the Principal, Mr. F. T. Campbell, Royal Normal College for the Blind, Weston Street, Upper Norwood, London, for information; rich and poor are alike welcome there, the prince, as we have seen, and the poor blind child, who but for kindly help would be now standing at a street corner with his dog and outstretched hand, just a poor blind beggar.

There are Scholarships to assist the poor learner, and a preparatory school for the little children, the advanced pupils in the College teaching them.

More particulars and further details will be given on application.

"I was eyes to the blind," says Job, pleading before the Almighty his former integrity.

May the blessing which rested on Job in his latter end be that of the man of this generation, who, sightless himself, has yet made so good and brave an effort to open the darkened eyes of his brethren. Surely as far as mortal man can he has tried to follow the example of the great Healer in giving "sight to the blind."

THE PERSIAN PASSION PLAY.

By Lieut. N. H. Barnes.

ALTHOUGH there are many sects of Moslems based upon small differences of creed, there are but two principal divisions in this great religious system:—The Sunnis follow the teachings of Mohammed as they have been transmitted, by tradition and otherwise, from his wives and disciples; and this great sect is characterised by its morality and liberality. The Shiahs accept, as the successor of the great prophet, Caliph Ali, who married Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, and his only child that has left descendants. Ali left two sons. One of these, Hussim, was from his earliest childhood noted for his piety and morality. In some respects, his life and death resemble that of our Saviour. His character and teachings were above reproach; he was betrayed to his enemies for a

small sum of money; he was cruelly executed and died in great agony. Before his death he knew that his end was come, but he made no complaint and offered no resistance, saying, "It is the will of God. I die that my people may live." After death divine attributes were ascribed to him, and he is called the "Intercessor." But how different from the Saviour's was the manner in which he sought to extend the new religion, and how different the effects upon the people! One sought to teach and convert them, the other to conquer and subjugate them. The precept of one was love, of the other hatred. The effect of one was brotherly love, peace and prosperity; of the other, war, murder, rapine, famine, and desolation. One fought against iniquity; the other against his enemies. The faithful followers of Hussim annually mourn his death upon the anniversary of its occurrence.

The following is a description of one of these anniversaries:—

The devotees were composed of three groups, which I will distinguish as Breast-beaters, the Chain-gang, and Swordsmen. All were dressed in robes of spotless white reaching to the ground, but so cut that the first of the category had their breasts bare and exposed: the second their backs bare to the waist, while the third wore their garments fitting closely to the neck with a tightly standing collar. Rude music, weird and melancholy, announced the approach of the procession. And the compact mass of spectators gave way before it, and closed in after it, when it had passed, like waves of the sea yielding to a passing ship.

First in order came a small band of music, followed by a group of priests chanting from the Koran. These were dressed, Persian fashion, in a long black robe and black fez. Next came the leading group of devotees, the Breast-beaters—about twenty-five in number—who, keeping time to the music, and crossing their arms alternately one way and the other, beat themselves upon the breast with great violence.

The Breast-beaters were followed by more musicians, more priests and the Chain-gang, of about fifty. The latter held in both hands a short iron bar, to the end of which was suspended a bunch of small chains in loops. Keeping time to the music, they scourged themselves with this terrible weapon, striking alternately with great force over their shoulders. A larger group of priests next appeared, with the aged Patriarch, or High Priest, in their midst, whose green turban proclaimed that he had made the prilgrimage to Mecca. Three horses next passed led by their grooms. Over their backs were broad white cloths, the ends of which reached nearly to the ground, and on each side hung a fluttering white dove. This was emblematic

of the purity of Hussim's followers, and of their being carried away into captivity.

The Swordsmen brought up the rear of the procession, and formed the largest group and the most sickening sight. They were nearly two hundred in number, and stood in two ranks, facing each other, so that they moved sideways in the procession. Their heads were bare, and a furrow from the front across the top of the head was shaven, some to the crown and some to the neck. These latter carried, in their right hands, curved swords, the former bearing straight ones. And all grasped with the left hand the right arm of the next man. Keeping time with the music, they cut themselves with their swords across the top of the head. In the rear of each was a man holding a billet of wood, so as to receive the greater force of the blows of the sword. These became stronger as the devotees grew more fired with fanatical enthusiasm, under the influence of the large number of priests who marched in the space between the two ranks, singing loudly and wildly. After all followed a motley crowd of men and boys.

The procession advanced to the temple and halted. A prayer was read by one of the priests, and the whole crowd broke into the wildest lamentations, with heavy sobbing. But it soon returned and continued its marching around the square, stopping each time it passed the temple for more prayers, weeping, and loud laments. Strong men shed tears copiously.

When the procession first passed, the breasts of the Breast-beaters, and the backs of the Chain-gang were red and inflamed, and across the heads of the Swordsmen were lines of red. Afterwards, breasts and backs became very black and swollen, and blood streamed from wounded heads, until the white garments were stained from head to foot, and the broad red gashes were sickening to look at. Horses carried away those who fell from exhaustion and loss of blood. This continued until midnight; but long before that the number had become very much depleted; and the procession gradually broke up from the exhaustion of its participants.

Before we left we heard that one was already dead and that others could not live. The sight was terrible and revolting in the extreme. But there was a fascination about it that held us to the last, though the blood ran cold in our veins. We felt too that there was considerable danger to be apprehended from the excited fanatics, who regard the killing of an Unbeliever as a most commendable action.

THROUGH BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By the Right Rev. the Bishop of New Westminster.

II.

THE Thompson River is chiefly interesting, in a Missionary point of view, from the fact that it is the central field of our Indian Church work. From a few miles above Yale to Lytton, and thence branching off in two directions up the Fraser and Thompson Rivers to Lillooet and Kamloops respectively, one language prevails, called commonly "Thompson," but more correctly "Neklakapamuk." Into this language the greater part of the Prayer Book has been translated, and printed through the instrumentality of the S.P.C.K. During fifteen years these people have been under instruction, so far as one Missionary could cover so large a district. Churches exist in many of the villages, and a kind of Service is held regularly in them by the chiefs and head-men of the tribes, although they can do no more than repeat *memoriter* what they have learned at the mouth of the Missionary, no opportunities of secular instruction having been afforded them either by the State or by the Church. That they are capable of such is evidenced by the fact of there being found occasionally individuals who by their own endeavours have learned both to read and write. A remarkable instance of this natural ability is furnished by a young man of whom I have frequently written. "John Tutleneetseh" lives on the Thompson, a few miles above Spence's Bridge. There he has built himself a house more comfortable than many in which white men live. He frequently writes me letters on the subject of his farm, and about Church matters in his neighbourhood. I think he would make a very useful man as a Deacon without relinquishing his secular work, and without any thought of proceeding to Priest's Orders. This Mission has been carried on by the Rev. J. B. Good, who has just resigned it. I earnestly hope an endeavour will be made—and it will if the necessary funds are forthcoming—to establish a new departure, and to provide these Indians with the one thing they require to lift them up far above the civilisation they have already attained, namely, simple but efficient secular instruction.

This is all, however, by the way. We are on the road to Cariboo, and must get forward.

Two days' journey from the Thompson River brings us to Clinton, a busy little town, almost in the centre of the Province. It has two hotels, a large store, a school, and a court-house. Alas, no church! It is very prettily situated in a broad valley at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea, and has a climate so bracing and dry that the inhabitants enjoy a perfect immunity from all those varieties of domestic insect life which sometimes seriously embitter existence on a lower level.

Here we were the honoured guests of F. W. Foster, Esq., an Englishman who has employed his necessarily many leisure hours in the acquirement of a very extensive knowledge of the geology and mineralogy of his neighbourhood, a knowledge which, in the days of future development, will be most valuable to the country.

They have never had a resident clergyman or minister of any kind in Clinton, but depend for religious Services on the stray visits of Missionaries located in districts around. If I am successful in establishing a Mission station at Kamloops, Clinton can occasionally be served from there.

Immediately on leaving Clinton the road enters what goes by the name of "Green Timber," a high table-land about 50 miles across, covered chiefly with low brushwood, and abounding in lakes. At present wholly unutilised, and too elevated for grain produce, this district might, at small expense, be made available for the pasture of unlimited herds of cattle in the days, not far hence apparently, when "bunch grass" shall have become extinct.

I must not omit to notice, in the interests of the lovers of nature, a most remarkable natural feature about 14 miles out of Clinton, called by the people "The Chasm"; it consists of a deep fissure of rock, about 500 yards wide at the top and about 300 yards deep. The road passes round the point of its commencement, and from thence one looks along the length of it a distance of about a mile, though it is said to extend much further. The sides of the chasm are perpendicular cliffs of rock for about half-way down, below which sand blown over the edges on either side has accumulated in sloping banks, on which is a growth of fir-trees. The cliffs are clean cut, but here and there on the face of them are patches of a smooth rounded character, evidently acquired under the action of fire. The cliffs themselves are of sandstone, with veins (apparently) of [illegible] running through them at various heights. Along the margin ground seems full of human bones in larger and smaller fra[illegible]

with specimens here and there of pointed flints. I hazard no conjectures on the origin of this wonderful freak of nature, or its ghastly accompaniments. I am not afraid to be silent when more scientific heads than mine have been puzzled.

On emerging from "the green timber" we come upon a beautiful open country of rolling hills, of which Lake la Hache forms a kind of centre. Here agriculture and dairy farming is in full force, and nothing is wanted but a market to multiply a hundred-fold the present produce of the district. Cariboo is at present the farmers' only market, the cost of freight being too high to enable them to compete in the lower county, and, unfortunately, the Cariboo market is failing, for the reason that mining itself is failing chiefly from want of encouragement on the part of Government. This was our second day from Clinton, and we had driven since the morning forty-six miles, when we arrived at a comfortable farm-house by the road-side, occupied by a large family of Church people. A log-house, most substantially built, consisting of one great room in front, which served for dining-room by day, while round it were ranged, head to foot, clean inviting-looking beds to be occupied by the male members of the family by night, and a wide open fire-place at one end, in front of which an ox might have been roasted whole; and behind this room three or four smaller ones and a kitchen. Just the kind of place to reach late at night, tired and hungry, where one can feel that one can safely leave one's horses to be well taken care of, and can sit down by a fire while the good wife prepares a supper of bunch grass beef of their own rearing, with wholesome home-made bread and rich butter and cream, all made pleasanter by the welcome not expressed only, but evident in the kind faces and manner of host and hostess, and the interest manifested by them all in one's self and one's journey.

On the next day, by the margin of the lake (wherein are to be caught trout of from 15 to 30 lbs. weight!) through the same open rolling prairie country, with a farm-house every six or seven miles, and great fields of grass and of oats ready together for the harvest. Then across another "Divide," and down once more into the valley of the Fraser at Soda Creek, about 200 miles higher up its course than where we left it at Lytton.

It was Sunday again, and we gathered a congregation in a large room of the hotel, our numbers being augmented by the arrival during the day of the mail from Cariboo. A scarcity of Prayer Books prevailing, the Service partook of a somewhat old-fashioned "parson-and-clerk" character, the latter *rôle* being courageously and indefatigably sustained by Mrs. Sillitoe.

For the next two days our road lay along the river, sometimes on the very brink, sometimes high up on the benches, or terraces, which are a peculiarity of this river and its tributaries, and which can be accounted for most sufficiently, as it seems to me, by the supposition that in remote ages the river-bed was at a much higher level than at present; and these terraces at various elevations mark the successive periods at which, through the convulsive removal of some obstacle in its course lower down (probably between Lytton and Yale), the river became a narrow and impetuous torrent in place of a wide, and probably shallow, and slow-moving stream. In those days probably the sea flowed in as far as Hope, and there was a great inlet, where now are the low river-banks periodically inundated, and if, as at the head of so many inlets on the coast at this day, there had been a great glacier at Yale, it is not difficult to imagine that from time to time the stoutest obstacles should yield to its irresistible force, and leave a clearer way for the pent-up waters behind. If this were not so, then it is almost certain that there must have been at one time, where Yale now is, a stupendous waterfall, that in volume, if not in extent, must have rivalled Niagara itself; though, possibly, Niagara then was not.

These benches are of sand and gravel, and full of gold, for which they are being worked profitably by Chinamen in many places, but the proportion of "dirt" to gold is so great that a large supply of water is absolutely necessary, and until means are devised for cheaply pumping the Fraser water to the level of the "benches," mining operations will not be extensively pursued.

Fifty-four miles separate Quesnelle Mouth from Soda Creek, and along the road are some of the largest and most prolific farms in the Province. Oats are the chief production, but wheat too will ripen in most seasons, though early frosts sometimes surprise it. The fields are of prodigious extent, and though not so large as many in California, are to be found, not infrequently, of 100, 150, and even 200 acres. Quesnelle Mouth is the junction with the Fraser of another large river which drains the western slope of the district of Cariboo. It is the chief forwarding station for the supplies of the Hudson Bay Company's stations in the North, and though still a town of some consequence, its fortunes have waned through the establishment of depôts on the coast, and the advantages of cheaper and quicker communication by sea. Its enormous distance from more settled parts of British Columbia completely shuts it out from any share in general trade, and there is no encouragement therefore to do more than just supply the demands of Cariboo. In the event, however, of gold-mining

whether in Cariboo or on the Fraser Benches, being developed, Quesnelle Mouth will become an important centre of industry and trade. Quesnelle Mouth is situated nearly 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and before us was an ascent of 2,200 feet more in the 80 miles that still separated us from Cariboo.

We had not appreciated the elevation much before, but now every mile seemed to make a difference. We had lovely weather and the road was mostly smooth and hard, and driving in the dry bracing air was very exhilarating. Moreover, a drive of 400 miles is not an every-day occurrence, and now that it was drawing to a close our hearts were naturally lifted up with thankfulness for the abundant prosperity and gracious protection accorded to us, and occupied besides with bright anticipations of the place and people we had come so far to see. I must reserve the story of the happy fulfilment of these anticipations for another paper.

CANADA.

By the Rev. James H. Ross.

CANADA is one of the three principal British Colonies, of which the Cape in South Africa, and Australia in the Southern hemisphere, are the other two. It is, in respect to extent, the noblest Colonial possession over which any nation has ever exercised dominion. It covers an area of 3,470,392 square miles. The great Indian empire is scarcely larger than one-fourth of its size. Europe is larger by only half a million square miles; the United States is smaller to nearly the same extent. The distances with which men have to deal in Canada are enormous. From Ottawa to Winnipeg is fourteen hundred miles, a journey equal to that which separates Paris from Constantinople. The adventurous traveller who would push his way from Winnipeg to the extreme North-West has a farther distance of two thousand miles to traverse. The representatives of Vancouver Island must travel two thousand five hundred miles to reach the seat of government. The journey from London to the Ural Mountains is not greater in distance, and is not by any means so difficult. From Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, to New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, there is a distance of four thousand miles—about the same distance as that which intervenes between London and Chicago, or between London and the sources of

the Nile. Its extreme breadth is 3,066 geographical miles, and its greatest depth, from the most southern point of the Province of Ontario to Smith's Sound, in the Polar regions, rather more than 2,150 miles.

In 1806 the population of British North America was 476,000 souls, the slow growth of two hundred years of misgovernment and strife.

Twenty-five years thereafter their numbers had more than doubled; in the following quarter of a century they had trebled. During the ten years from 1851 to 1861 the annual increase was 120,000; in the following decade it was at the rate of 60,000, of which less than one-half was by immigration. The increase is mainly rural; there are no very powerful influences favouring the growth of great cities. Montreal has a population of 107,000; Quebec of 60,000; Toronto has grown to 50,000; Halifax to 30,000. All European nations are represented on Canadian soil. Of English, Scotch, and Irish, there are over two million; of Frenchmen over one million; Germans, Russians, Dutchmen, Swiss, Chinese, and Africans make up the remainder. The fusion of races has yet made imperfect progress; the characteristic aspect and habits of each nationality remain with little modification.

But internal dissension has been silenced by Confederation, and Canada has begun to consolidate into a nation. Differences of religion and of race still hold a place among the forces which are shaping out her future, but the antipathies which they once inspired have almost passed away. The distinctions of Catholic and Protestant, Englishman and Frenchman, are being merged in the common designation—Canadian.

The population since 1806 has multiplied nine-fold, a relatively greater increase than in our own country. The number of emigrants from Great Britain to Canada, between 1815 and 1878, was 1,550,299.

The population in 1879 was distributed as follows:—

		Increase since 1861.
Canada proper	3,094,000	24 per cent.
Nova Scotia	446,000	34 „
New Brunswick	310,000	24 „
Newfoundland	167,000	36 „
Prince Edward Island	105,000	30 „
British Columbia	106,000	27 „
	4,228,000	27 „

The Census of 1881 gives the population of Canada as 4,32[illegible]

In 1867 all the above, which hitherto had formed distinct colonies, were constituted the Dominion of Canada, except Newfoundland, which as yet has not joined the Federation. Since 1851 the number of immigrants has been 1,500,000, but more than half settled in the United States.

Deducting immigration, the natural increase of population between 1851 and 1871 was 44,750 per annum. This was a slow rate of increase, which may have been partly due to climate, partly to the fact that one-third of the inhabitants are French, "the least reproductive race in Europe."

The total Indian population is now 102,360 to represent the races who possessed the continent when the white man found it. They are kindly treated by the Government. They do not constitute a *question*, affording a text for political controversy, an opportunity for corruption, a theory for the extermination of a race. Two-thirds of these are in the unpeopled wastes of Manitoba and British Columbia; the remainder are settled in the old Provinces.

Canada has dealt in perfect fairness with her Indians. She has recognised always the right of the original occupants of the land. She has fulfilled with inflexible faith every treaty into which she has entered. The lands allotted to the Indians have been secured to them as effectively as those of the white settler, or have been acquired from them by fair process of sale and purchase. The Indians have requited with constant loyalty the Government which has treated them with justice. While the French ruled Canada there was perpetual strife with the Indians, as there is to-day in the United States. Canada under the British has never been disturbed by an Indian war.

The Indians of the older Provinces have adopted settled habits and betaken themselves to agriculture. In Ontario they are steadily increasing in numbers and intelligence. Drunkenness diminishes; education is eagerly sought; hunting gives place to farming; the descendants of the barbarous Iroquois have been transformed into industrious and prosperous citizens. In Quebec there is also progress, but it is less rapid, and the old drunken habits of the people have not yet yielded so completely to the influences which surround them. The Indians of British Columbia are still very drunken and debased, and their numbers diminish rapidly. In Manitoba and the whole North-West the condition of the Indians is very hopeful. Drunkenness is almost unknown; crime is very rare; the demand for schools and for persons who can teach how to build houses and till the soil is universal and urgent. The buffalo has been the support of the

North-Western Indian. But the buffalo gives place before advancing civilisation, and the Indians in alarm find new means of subsistence.

The problem which savage occupants present to the civilised men who settle on their lands has been solved in Canada by the simple but rare device of friendly and perfectly fair dealing. The red men of Canada live contentedly under the rule of the strangers, and prove that they are able to uphold themselves by the white man's industries. They adopt his language, often to the disuse of their own, his dress, his customs, his religion. Not only do the two races live in concord; their blood has been largely mixed. The native race is probably doomed to disappear, but this will not be the result of violence or even neglect. The history of the Indian race in Canada will close with its peaceful absorption by the European races which possess the continent. The Government supports fifty schools in their settlements, and furnishes them seeds and farming implements. Many of them possess large and valuable properties. There are 16,000 domesticated Indians in Ontario, with an average property per head of 615 dols.; and 11,000 in Quebec, with an average property per head of 165 dols.

Manitoba, an open country, has attracted numerous farmers. "Within seven years, colonies of Russian Mennonites have raised up in this outlying territory such thriving settlements as have merited the warmest praise of the late Viceroy, Earl Dufferin." Immigrants are coming to the number of six hundred per day. With only 4,000,000 inhabitants, Canada carries on almost as great a trade as that of Great Britain, at the beginning of this century. The lumber trade is the most characteristic of Canadian industries.

The forests of Canada are a source of great and enduring wealth. They form also the nursery of a hardy, an enduring, and withal a temperate population; for the lumberman ordinarily dispenses with the treacherous support of alcohol, and is content to recruit his energies by the copious use of strong tea and of salted pork. The occupation of about one-half of the Canadian people is agriculture. In the old Provinces there are nearly five hundred thousand persons who occupy agricultural lands. For fifty years Canada cost Great Britain 2,250,000 dols. annually, but since 1867 it has been self-supporting. The Canadian Pacific Railway, 400 miles of which are ready for traffic, and which is to be finished by 1890, starts from the west bank of Lake Superior, will cross the Rocky Mountains at Yellow Head Pass, 3,646 feet above the level of the sea, and terminate at Port Moody. Its length will be 2,010 miles. It will place Manitoba in almost as good a position as regards freight to Europe as any

of the prairie States. Thirty years ago the Canadians, borrowing largely from their neighbours of the United States, perfected their common school system. The Dominion now ranks foremost among the countries of the world for the proportion of children attending school.

Schools adequate to the wants of the population are provided, and are attended by 700,000 children. A Board chosen by the people conducts the school business of the district. The costs are defrayed by a local tax, supplemented by a grant from the treasury of the Province. In general no fees are charged; *primary education is absolutely free.* The French Canadians manifest less anxiety for education than their British neighbours, and have not yet emerged from the ignorance which they brought with them from Europe, and in which they were suffered for generations to remain. In Toronto and the Maritime Provinces the means of education are ample, and are very generally taken advantage of by the colonists.

The Press has made wonderful progress in sixty years. At present there are 447 papers, issuing thirty million copies yearly, a greater number than Great Britain published fifty years ago.

IN THE BRICKFIELDS—AT THE WEST END.

By J. Batty.

"Labour with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun."

BETWEEN the East End and the West End of London there formerly existed a wider separation than may now be considered the case. It is not only that railways have brought both ends of London life into comparative proximity; but in the constant communication thus kept up, the continuous traffic, and the various works carried on, the barriers which formerly divided the inhabitants of one extremity of the Metropolis from the other have gradually, but in a marked measure given way.

Let us turn now from the East to the West End of London. We are no longer in the small crowded streets, no longer where the City smoke obscures the London sky; for here the air is clearer, and the sky brighter, and the sunshine less intercepted by high dwellings and

narrow streets. Yet here are, in many respects, the same conditions of London life, at least with regard to the spiritual provision for its inhabitants; for here we find a population rising up almost suddenly, rapidly increasing in number, and yet without the provision for their spiritual welfare which a church in the midst of them can alone supply, and of necessity thrown back upon such help as a "Mission" is intended to afford.

Will our readers kindly follow us in thought while we briefly relate to them the history of such a district, a little colony (we might almost say a small town) which has of late years sprung up between Kensington and Hammersmith?

Between the western boundary of "Kingly Kensington" and the nearest dwellings in the, at that time, comparatively rural parish of Hammersmith, there existed some years ago a considerable portion of unoccupied ground. It seemed as if the last remnant of country near London still lingered here. Looking from Kensington towards Hammersmith, the eye rested with pleasure upon green fields and tall poplar trees, and a long stretch of vacant ground yet unbuilt upon.

The first invasion upon this quiet ground was the formation of the brickfields, and the erection of some few labourers' cottages for the workmen employed in brick-making. Some few hundreds were thus at first gathered together; then came the building of rows of houses in newly-formed streets and roads, with additional houses for the men employed in the building works; but probably the great centre of all the work, the focus round which houses and workmen were alike gathered, was the formation of the railway which links the west of London with the City, and one of whose principal stations, the Kensington (Addison Road) Station was to be formed on the vacant ground. The railway brought first a large number of navvies and other operatives to form the line, and lay down the metals; then builders to erect the station and its outbuildings; and, when all was completed, the usual complement of railway officials—the porters, guards, signalmen, drivers, stokers, and numberless others. Thus the little colony grew, and as it grew small tradesmen's shops arose to meet the necessities and supply the wants of the place; and gradually the few hundreds who commenced with the brickfields have swelled into a population numbering many thousands.

Belonging parochially to Hammersmith, but so distant from its church that they were practically out of reach of the means of grace, we have in this little town a picture of the manner in which a new district springs up before time has been found or means raised to provide them with a church placed in their midst, which is to be

henceforth the centre of every effort for their spiritual welfare. That new railway would be a great acquisition when completed; so thought every one in the neighbourhood. It would form a centre from which it would be easy to reach any of the suburban lines, or any of the main railway stations in London; it would make access to the City so simple that no one would think the extreme west of London too distant a residence for those whose daily business was in the City; and therefore the building of dwelling-houses progressed rapidly, for there was no fear that they would remain long unoccupied with such a convenience at hand to attract inhabitants.

But in the meantime, for these working men and their families, these sheep without a shepherd, these souls without a watchman, this population without a church, who would care for them?

Such was the rise and progress of the district now known, and hereafter to be known, as the District of St. Matthew, Masborough Road, Hammersmith; and it is to sketch the origin, progress, and development of this work that this is written.

It was with one of the inhabitants of Kensington (to which the new colony is near) that the first efforts to make any provision for the instruction of its people arose. The smoke of the brickfields was daily before her eyes, and the not very agreeable smell of the brick-making penetrating constantly at her open windows. What could be done for these hundreds of souls, who had no Church Services brought home to them, no one to visit their wives and families, no one to care for their little ones, no one, in short, to be always at hand, to encourage them in their little difficulties, and give them assistance, and perhaps comfort in their troubles?

Many a time the question arose in her mind whether it would not be possible, in some way, to go amongst these people, to give them some little instruction, and be a friend and a helper to their families. Earnestly seeking for direction from above, and that she might only undertake this work if it was according to the will of God, she determined one day to go amongst them, and speak to them, and then to be guided by the result. Carrying with her a few little books for distribution, and choosing the dinner-hour, when the men were at leisure from their work, she started upon her errand, resolved to speak to the first workman she might meet with. She had not gone far before the opportunity occurred; profferring the little book, which was at once accepted, she said, "I have been thinking a great deal lately about you—the brick-makers who work here. I know you have no means of grace near you, and you are such a long way from the church that I have been thinking whether I could begin a little

Scripture reading with you, say for half-an-hour on Sunday mornings. Do you think there are any amongst your fellow-workmen who would care to come to it?"

The answer was almost unexpected in its heartiness: "I am sure, ma'am, there are many who would be most thankful to come, and I for one!"

Encouraged by such a beginning, she next spoke to the foreman of the works, and inquired where any such meeting could be held.

The foreman was an earnest-minded man, ready to give any assistance and encouragement to such an effort; and a shed was placed at the disposal of the lady and her class of working men.

In this shed the meetings were first held, and continued to be so for some little time. It was a humble beginning, no doubt; yet it was the beginning of a work which God has abundantly blessed, and which can only be looked back upon now with feelings of deepest gratitude.

A plank, supported at each end upon a whitewash-tub, formed a seat for the men; and a chair, a small table, and a tiny piece of carpet, were brought by some amongst them for the lady. It mattered not that the snow drifted sometimes into the shed, open to the cold winter's wind; this could not chill the feelings, or damp the courage, of the men or of their friend.

The class began with about eight or nine members. From that time the numbers went on gradually increasing till upwards of sixty belonged to the class, with usually an average attendance of between thirty and forty every Sunday morning. Not that the open shed was the only place of meeting; for, after a time, the owner of one of the houses lent them a vacant room while it remained unlet, then another was lent in a similar way; then, the attendance having proved how much this Mission-work was needed, and how thoroughly it could be appreciated by those for whom it was intended, a room was engaged for that and for the mothers' meetings, over the door of which was painted "Mission Room"; and with the full concurrence of the Rev. J. Connell, Vicar of Hammersmith, the work was fairly started, the greater part of its expenses being provided by the friends in Kensington with whom it had originated. They assisted the Vicar to pay the rent of the Mission-room, and they paid the salary of a person who was to act as Mission-woman (a Church-woman and a communicant), who was to visit amongst the people, sell Bibles and Prayer Books, attend at the mothers' meetings and assist in receiving their payments for clothing.

During the first seven years, between five and six hundred pounds were received from these poor people in payment for clothing,

and Prayer Books, &c.; and what an amount of home comfort, and social welfare (even if nothing more), do these figures represent! So much money, which might have been uselessly wasted, or sinfully misspent, saved for purposes which cannot fail to promote their permanent good. They learned how to help themselves, and the work which taught and enabled them to do this, contributed to the well-being of numerous families, both spiritually and temporarily; for may we not reasonably hope that the payments for Bibles and Prayer Books represent households in which the Word of God is read and honoured, and the Services of the Church attended and loved?

Indeed, this Mission did just what such Missions are intended to do—prepared the way for the more permanent work; and has it not been abundantly blessed, in having been instrumental, as it were, in opening the Church door, and inviting the wandering and the weary to come in?

Who could wish for more? To bring them to His feet who loved them, and gave Himself for them, is the privilege of Mission work; to leave them there in faith and hope that He will give the blessing, is its recompense and its rest.

Some years ago, when spending two or three days in Kensington, we had the pleasure of visiting this Mission: that is, of being present at the mothers' meeting on Monday morning; not at the Scripture reading on Sunday morning, for that had become too sacred an hour to be intruded upon by visitors. Yet I remember that Sunday morning well; one of those wild stormy mornings of mingled wind and rain, which so often characterise the end of January or the beginning of February. Some would have doubted whether any working men were likely to be present at all on such a morning, but no such doubt crossed the mind of the lady, who for years had been accustomed to meet them for that one hour before church time, as she trudged bravely on through rain and mud.

How many were at the meeting this morning? was a natural question, after her return, on such a day; and the answer sounded very cheering—*Thirty-two!*

Did the same men always remain at the same place? No; far from it. As their work progressed they removed farther off, but they still came to the meeting whenever able to do so. Some had walked a mile and a-half or two miles that wet morning, because they would not miss it for anything. One lame man, to whom walking must be a great exertion, walked a distance of nearly two miles, every Sunday morning, to come to the meeting. Amongst others who were present, notwithstanding the weather, was an old man of *ninety-five:* he lived

near, it is true, but could scarcely get about at all; however, he always came when able to do so.

It was on the following morning that we first made acquaintance with the Mission, finding our way to the room where the meetings were held by a road which was not particularly inviting, especially in bad weather. First down a broad street, then through the large railway station, across the lines, on to the brickfields—at that time a waste of mingled mud, water, and grass; then between two walls of bricks on to the road. This road was then, apparently, used only by the brick carts, the two deep ruts formed by the cart wheels were partially filled with water, and the centre rough with the trampling of the horses' feet. Presently we emerged upon the little colony of working men's houses. A few more muddy crossings were before us, a pathway through a yard, across which planks had been laid down to enable the passers-by to walk through what would otherwise have been water, and then we found ourselves in a street in which the little Mission-room stood. The mothers' meeting was numerously attended; more than one hundred and twenty belonged to it, the greater number of whom attended with great regularity. Often, indeed, the two small rooms in which the meetings were held were so full, that, after a most careful packing and arranging by the Mission woman in every available corner, those for whom no other room could be found have been obliged to content themselves with a seat upon the stairs.

There was, as usual, the customary amount of business which belongs to such meetings. The reading of some instructive book, the receiving of deposits for clothing, the exchanging of books—for a lending library, open to the attendants at both meetings, was one of the privileges the Mission was enabled to confer upon this little district. And then after the first hour was over, and the helpers had completed all the preliminary work, the business part of the meeting was at an end; all work was laid aside; babies were hushed into quietness; and many a face which bore the mark of earthly toil and care, was turned with calm and rapt attention to the lady, as she opened the Book of Life, and commenced the Scripture reading, following it with such simple words of explanation as would best bring home to those attentive listeners the lesson of a Heavenly Father's love. It was out of the fulness of a mother's heart that she spoke to them, sympathising so earnestly in all a mother's anxieties, and through all pointing them upward to the only Source of strength and comfort, and forward to the heavenly home, the eternal rest which remaineth for the people of God.

And thus week after week the meetings went on for several years

the one heart's desire of those who carried on the work being the provision of the Church and the Church Services which were so much needed, and the presence of a clergyman who could take entire charge of the little colony.

Of course there were difficulties to be met with—where are there not? A site had to be secured, which should at once be the most accessible, and at the same time not the most expensive, on which the church could be built. Ground would be required also for the schools; and until the land was fairly laid out, and the streets and rows of houses all planned, it was by no means easy to see which would be the best spot where they could be placed, or indeed where the proposed district would end. Then care had to be taken to avoid the land required by the railway, and its numerous offshoots, and yet to secure the site which would be most within reach of all its *employés*.

And thus time went on, till at length, happily, all was ripe for an application to the Bishop of London's Fund. This was immediately followed by a visit from the Rev. J. Bardsley, at that time Superintendent of the "London Diocesan Home Mission," who inspected the whole district, took counsel with the Vicar of the parish, and with the friends in Kensington who originated the Mission, and recommended for the appointment a clergyman who, having been a Missionary in India, was ready to enter upon his work with a Missionary's experience, and has in a truly Missionary spirit become a shepherd to the flock committed to his care.

Thus the whole scheme took a tangible form. The Missionary clergyman entered upon his work during the summer of 1868, half his salary being guaranteed for two years by the London Diocesan Home Mission; the other half to be provided by the locality. Then, with the aid of a grant from the Committee of Council on Education, a substantial schoolroom was erected, destined hereafter to be the infants' school, in the district of St. Matthew, but at first to be used as a school for girls during the week, to receive the well-attended meetings, and to enable the clergyman to hold the Church Services which were so earnestly longed for and prayed for in this locality. As soon as the building was completed it was inaugurated by a meeting held within it, and addresses were given by the Vicar of the parish, the Missionary clergyman, and others. The building itself bore witness to the improved taste of modern times, which would make even a temporary church look as church-like as circumstances will admit. The neat brick building, with its high pitched roof and gable ends, enclosed by an iron railing. The entrance gate opposite the little porch, above which stood the bell turret. The interior

equally neat, and fitted up with a reverent appropriateness to the sacred purpose for which it was used on Sundays. The desks used for the school made to turn over so as to form open seats with a back, and a ledge for books. At the east end a raised step covered with a carpet, and enclosed with a railing. Here stood the Communion Table, with its red cloth and monogram. Here also the prayer-desk, and the little lectern on which the Bible was placed, and at which the clergyman stood to preach. Above the Communion Table, painted on a tablet, the text, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Beneath this text, "This do in remembrance of Me," and above it, "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all." And on either side tablets with the Creed and the Lord's Prayer painted in black and coloured letters—the *work* and the *gift* of one of the working men belonging to the Scripture class. At the same end of the church the little harmonium, with seats for the boys and youths who formed the volunteer choir.

This little church-room with its Services was the crowning blessing which the Mission had up to that time enjoyed. "I never thought to see this day," said one of the mothers with tears in her eyes, "when we should hear *our own* church bell ringing for Service."

"Our own church bell!" How would their hearts rejoice with a holier and a better joy, when it would be really the bell of their own consecrated House of Prayer, that permanent Church which shall be a witness for Christ to succeeding generations, and whose Services can never, *never* cease to be a blessing, long after all who have watched and laboured for it have passed away.

The Missionary clergyman had in a little while found time to make acquaintance with his flock, having visited not only every house but every room in his district. He gathered around him a goodly band of district visitors, who divided the district amongst them. An address was circulated from house to house, inviting the people to the Mission Church-room, and specifying the hours of Services, meetings, &c. Parents eagerly brought their children for baptism, and the Holy Communion was administered to as many as thirty communicants out of that little congregation. The Sunday morning Scripture reading; the weekly mothers' meeting; the Sunday-school on Sunday afternoons, numbering one hundred and eighty children; the girls' school during the week; the Wednesday evening Litany and Bible lecture; and the Sunday Services with an attendance of generally about one hundred in the morning, and from one hundred and eighty to two hundred in the evening, which filled the little building to overflowing;

these were the first-fruits of the Mission work begun so long ago in faith and prayer; and, listening to the earnestness with which the hymns were sung, and to the fervent united tone in which the responses were given, the clergyman says, "It is to that Sunday morning Scripture reading amongst the working men that our Mission Services owe all their heartiness."

But some years have passed away since the time of which we are speaking, and as we do not wish to follow every step of the progress made, but rather to show in one view to what good results a small beginning may lead, we pass over this interval, only recording that the church, with 800 sittings, was completed and consecrated in July, 1871. Time has smoothed away the rougher aspect of the church's surroundings, and levelled up and levelled down, many a seeming inequality; but in one respect the district itself is little changed. It is still inhabited by working people, but we cannot walk through it without having cause for thankfulness at the advance which has been made in Church work in their midst. The population has greatly increased, now numbering about ten thousand, but happily there has been no falling back in making provision for their spiritual necessities. As the district grew, the work grew with it, so that there has been no great deficiency to overtake, and no lack to be supplied; for although the congregation has outgrown St. Matthew's Church, another iron Mission church has been erected, and is well attended.

Between the *beginning* and the present time, how great a contrast! It is well to look backwards sometimes as well as forwards, thus may we the better thank God for the past and take courage for the future. We need not seek to bridge over the interval between the day when a few working men, seated on a plank resting on two whitewash tubs, first listened to the Word of Life, read and explained to them by their lady friend in an open shed; and the present time, when a well-filled consecrated church and an iron Mission church, destined, it is hoped, speedily to give way to the permanent building, occupy the ground, with congregations amounting in all to a very large number, with a band of earnest communicants, with as many as sixty-four candidates for Confirmation in one year, and one hundred and sixty-five baptisms, with an efficient National school for an aggregate of six hundred and sixty boys, girls, and infants, and the parish itself with all its varied agencies for good: its day, Sunday, and night schools; its School of Cookery, Free Reading Room, and Parochial Library; its Maternal Charity and Clothing Society; its Visiting and Relief Society, and its Soup Kitchen, is worked at an annual cost of nearly £1,500. We have traced its beginning, and briefly sketched its development; the

interval has been filled up by the working of the Mission. With all this before our eyes, must we not feel that here the Church is indeed holding her ground, and making provision for her children's needs as they arise? That *beginning* was but the *first step* in a work which has gone on growing and increasing ever since, gaining strength as it advanced, and binding together the people who have come under the care of the Mission in a loving and unfailing attachment to the Church and its Services, and which we hope and believe will continue to grow as time goes on, and as long as there are any additional souls for whose spiritual welfare it has to provide.

"TELL IT OUT AMONG THE HEATHEN."

By the Rev. H. Duffield.

"TELL it out among the heathen
That the Lord our God is King";
Publish forth the Great Salvation
Which He came on earth to bring.

Forward! Plant the Saviour's banner,
Heed not danger, harm, or loss,
In the earth's remotest corner
Raise the Standard of the Cross.

Gird ye on the Spirit's weapons,
Go forth bravely to the field;
For the Lord of Hosts is with you,
He will be your Strength and Shield.

Ignorance and superstition
Rule with iron-handed might,
Binding thousands in a darkness
Denser than Egyptian night.

Yet a morn we trust is breaking,
Gilded with such heaven-born ray,
As shall pierce the gloom and darkness,
And shall usher in the day.

Rise then, O ye Christian soldiers,
Rest not till your work is done,
Till your warfare is accomplished,
Till the victory is won!

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

CALCUTTA.

The Dance of the New Dispensation: The Sadharan Brahmo Somaj: A New Church Paper: Chunder Sen's Party.

"THE *dance of the New Dispensation*" is the latest addition to the ceremonies of Keshub Chunder Sen's Somaj. Men, women, and children form three concentric rings, and perform independent revolutions in their respective circles. In the *New Dispensation* we are informed that no religion is without dancing. We are reminded that on one occasion David danced, and then we read: "The Sufis, the most spiritual of Mohammedan sects, dance with utmost zeal. The Buddhist priests and Lamas of Thibet and Ceylon indulge in a weird quaint dance. Even modern Protestant Christian sects are known to dance, and the enthusiasm of dancing has reached its zenith in the *Salvation Army* at the present moment, whose Missionary success is so widely admired. It cannot be said that the followers of the New Dispensation, in introducing the new dance, are acting without religious or moral precedent. It is only those who do not dance that are unable to produce any precedent, except the example of dry, lifeless, cold-hearted rationalists, whose devotions are as dreary as their opinions."

On the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj, the *Indian Churchman* says: "In our review of the same book we took a somewhat different view from Canon Churton, feeling that the honesty and absence of extravagance in the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj would make it more easy for them hereafter to accept the truth. And in this we think we are borne out by the present facts; but how it may be in the long run we do not profess to say."

A prospectus of a new Bengali Church paper has been issued. It is to be called the *Banga Bandhir*, or "Friend of Bengal," and will be under the general management of the Bengali clergy in Calcutta, at whose conference the scheme originated. The Rev. P. M. Mukerji, St. Saviour's Mission Church, Wellesley Square, Calcutta, is the treasurer.

The Brahmos of Keshub Chunder Sen's party declare themselves

to be thorough believers in Christ's miraculous conception and birth. "But then let it be borne in mind that we hold Christ to have been a *spirit*, and that He had a miraculous spirit-birth. All flesh is born of woman, and all spirit of the Holy Spirit. Christ was the spirit of humanity, and had no father but the spirit-father in heaven. He was the essence of the Father re-born in humanity. He came to establish the Fatherhood, and not the motherhood of God, otherwise the Spirit would have been recognised as the Virgin Mother. But as fatherhood becomes incomplete without its correlative, Mary has been exalted into the Divine Mother. The New Dispensation by teaching the 'motherhood of God' escapes both Mariolatry and Christolatry. To us the birth of Christ is the birth of the regenerated spirit of mankind."

LAHORE.

The Marriage Status of Christian Converts: The "Rasum-i-Hind."

The Rev. T. P. Hughes, in a letter to the *Indian Churchman*, says: "According to a recent judgment of the Punjab Chief Court, if a Mohammedan is converted to Christianity, and his wife remains a Moslem, she is *ipso facto* divorced, and English law recognises this divorce. I am glad to say that a very able member of the Indian Civil Service has consented at my request to carefully consider the whole question of the marriage status of Christian converts from Islam, and I shall be happy to receive any information which Missionaries in India can supply on this very important question. I have found a passage in a well-known book, the *Radd ul Mahtar*, from which it appears that in the case of both husband and wife embracing Christianity, Mussulman law still regards them as man and wife. Christian re-marriage is therefore not necessary to give them a legal status. At the passing of the 'Re-marriage of Converts' Bill' Sir William Muir thought possibly re-marriage according to Christian rites may be necessary for converts from Islam."

The Rev. E. M. Wherry, in calling attention to the use in Government schools of text-books with a religious bias against Christianity, quoted in particular an Urdu book, the *Rasum-i-Hind*, compiled by Colonel Holroyd. The book contains silly stories about Jesus, [illegible] insinuations which reflect not only on the truth of the Bible, but [illegible] the morality of the mother of our Lord. It is alleged in defence [illegible] these passages are introduced by such words as "The Muslims say" "The Mohammedans believe." Mr. Wherry replies that there [illegible] a word to show a native reader that the author of the book dis[illegible]

the statements. The following passages show the anti-Christian bias of the book:—

"It is written in the books of the Muslims that God created the light of Muhammad before all other creatures, and that for this reason all other things were created." "When God determined to create Adam, He commanded Hazrat Azrael to bring Him a handful of every kind of dust—soft, hard, red, white, and black. He gathered together various kinds of dust. And God formed the figure of Adam from a mixture of this earth. The figure was made of various kinds of earth, and for this reason the children of Adam in respect of colour and temper are of various kinds." "Hazrat Isháq, in the days of his prophecy, urged the people towards Islám with great zeal, and brought many men into the true way." "After this Hazart Isá (Jesus) will also descend from heaven, and will be received into the religion of Muhammad, and joining Hazrat Imam Mehdi, will use such effort to destroy Dajjál and to spread the religion of Islám, as will result in all men embracing the religion of Muhammad." On the other hand, it is mentioned that Addison's *Spectator* is a text-book in the English course of 1884 in the Calcuttta University, and that here Mohammedan students find the founder of their religion called a "famous impostor."

BOMBAY.

Comments on the Bishop's Pastoral: Lecture to Europeans and Natives: Death of Father O'Neill: The Funeral.

Amongst the comments which the recent Pastoral of the Bishop of Bombay on divorce and re-marriage has evoked, one made by *The Liberal*, the organ of the Brahmo Somaj, seems to merit attention.

"The principal point taken up in the Pastoral is founded upon a passage uttered by the Founder of Christianity: 'What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.' This sublime passage lays down for ever the great law of marriage, and no amount of special pleading or misguided reasoning can distort the meaning so clearly set forth here. We have no interest in the question whether the Bishop has acted disloyally towards the State by condemning the law of Divorce—whether he ought not to have held his tongue when the Queen Defender of the Faith is the only head of the Church, and whether he should not resign his post when he could not conscientiously hold the views which, as a loyal servant of the State, he is bound to uphold. For aught we know the argument implied in these several positions is worth very little, for they seem to impose a slavery

worse far than that which they blame the Bishop for trying to impose upon his subordinates. If a Government utters an opinion hostile to those entertained by the rulers, he may be guilty of indiscretion or folly; but a Bishop is not a servant in the sense in which we ordinarily use the term; or, if he is one, he is the servant of two masters, of God and the Queen. As the former, he is bound to transcend the earthly voice of authority, if that voice does not give out the truth. . . . Two persons who have destroyed the peace of a third person, openly violated the most solemn of God's commandments, carried on by a continuous course of hypocrisy and treachery intrigues that break up families, publish at last unblushingly to the world the sickening history of their adventures, and then get their infidelity confirmed by secular law. Such persons come to a clergyman and ask him to aid them—in what? In teaching them to repent and pray, to give up their lust, and lead purer lives in future? Not a bit. They want him, on the contrary, to sanctify, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, their unrighteousness, and confirm them in their wicked ways. They ask him to condone their present offences, to invoke the blessing of God upon a cursed lie, and to bear testimony to the innocence of a sinful connection. We ask if any minister of religion can tolerate this hypocrisy for a moment? . . . We venture to think that the Bishop of Bombay has taken up a ground that is eminently just, righteous, and consistent with his position as a leader of men."

The Rev. Luke Rivington, in a letter from Panch Howds, Poona, dated July 24th, says: "I am beginning lectures here to Europeans and natives. There was a good gathering on July 18th, and afterwards the Governor, who was present, promised us the use of the Council Hall for the next lecture. The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh was present, and also Father O'Neill. We have had some long discussions with young men with the help of Father Goreh. At the beginning of my first lecture I said that I should be glad to receive questions from any one present, bearing on the subject of the lecture, and I would do my best to answer them at the beginning of the second. I received several communications, some of them very intelligent. They show the state of things that our secular education is producing in India. The writer also wrote a letter in the paper, offering to get up at the end of [illegible] lecture and discuss its subject. I wrote to him to say that I sh[illegible] be happy to talk the matter over with him."

Since this the sad news has arrived of the death of Father O[illegible] an irreparable loss to Mission work in the western part of the D[illegible] of Calcutta. The month of August was an unhealthy season, a[illegible]

of the servants had an attack of cholera on the 6th. Father O'Neill died on the 28th. He had just concluded his revision of the Urdu Version of the Psalter, with the help of some native scholars. That work is now in the press; and it is hoped that it will be of abiding value to the Church, or a help towards the labours of a future generation. He took part in the original formation of the Society of St. John the Evangelist in 1865.

The *Indian Churchman* of Sept. 9th gives the following account of his last hours:—

"Simeon Wilberforce O'Neill, S.S.J.E., fell asleep at Indore at 10.30 in the evening of the 28th of August. He had been a little out of health for two or three months, but not to such an extent as to alarm his friends. On the morning of the 18th he became seriously ill, and he was under the impression that he was suffering from cholera. This, however, was not the case, as there were no true symptoms of cholera. In the afternoon he rallied somewhat, and on the evening of the next day was able to be carried from the city to the home of a friend in camp. After this, there seemed at first to be an improvement, but on Tuesday morning Major Carey, and the brother who was nursing him, by the advice of Dr. Keegan, telegraphed to Father Page in Bombay, who started immediately, and arrived the next evening. Again there was a gleam of hope, and indeed until the morning of the day itself on which he died there were continued alternations of hope and fear. At length it became impossible not to see that the system was unable to recover itself, and on Monday a day of great suffering was terminated by peace. The funeral was on Tuesday evening, and a large number both of Europeans and natives were present, the soldiers carrying the body first to the church, and then the long distance from the church to the cemetery. The Service in the church was read by the Rev. J. Lapsley, who had been very much with him during his illness, and Father Page spoke a few words. After thanking the many friends who had been so assiduous in providing everything that could have helped him who was gone towards recovery, he spoke of his life and death, adding that some might say that imprudence and want of due care of his bodily health had caused his death. He could not discuss whether or no there was any truth in this; he only maintained that it was better to care for the soul and neglect the body, than neglect the soul in care for the body. On reaching the cemetery a number of beautiful wreaths and crosses were placed by friends upon the coffin. Mr. Mills, the Chaplain of Mhow, was with the clergy, and several native Christians from Mhow were also in attendance. By Father O'Neill's death many a heart in India will feel that

it has lost a friend, to whom it never applied for help and comfort without eliciting a response."

GRAHAMSTOWN.

The Funeral of Bishop Merriman.

The funeral of Bishop Merriman took place at Grahamstown on August 18th, amidst universal tokens of respect. Most of the shops were closed, and flags were half-mast high. At three o'clock a very large assemblage was gathered on the open space before the Kaffir Institution. It was estimated that some thousand persons joined the procession, including the Mayor and the members of the City Council. The coffin, on which rested the Bishop's crook, was borne by native Christian students of the Kaffir College; there were twenty clergy present, including two natives from Port Elizabeth. The Service was at Christ Church, Oatlands, and thence the procession moved to the cemetery, where large crowds had assembled.

The account of the carriage accident at Wold Hill, by which the Bishop met with his death, will be found on pp. 329—332 of the *Mission Field* for October. The Rev. R. J. Mullins says of him: "Our dear Bishop will be sadly missed. His was, indeed, a noble, straightforward character, such as we seldom come across now-a-days. He threw himself with heart and soul into Mission work, but his other work was in no way neglected. I should think that no Colonial Bishop of his years ever did so much travelling about." Mr. Mullins adds that he has been closely connected with him since 1864 as Curate, Chaplain, and Diocesan Secretary, and that it is to him as if he had lost a father.

BLOEMFONTEIN.

The Story of the Leper.

The Rev. Canon Crisp, in the July Quarterly Paper of the Diocese of Bloemfontein, describes the leprosy with which many of the natives are afflicted. It is a disease which attacks first the fingers and toes, beginning with sores, which grow more and more virulent until, joint by joint, these members become eaten away, and in its later stages attacking the mouth and other parts of the body. "I do not think its victims suffer much pain, but the sadness which is always plainly written on their faces marks their sense of the loathsome nature of the disease. About two years ago one of the native Christians, who can speak Dutch, told me he had been asked by some sick people, who had just

come to Bloemfontein, to go and pray with them. I went to see them, and found a man with his wife and four children living in the ruins of a mud hovel, over which a piece of sailcloth had been thrown. One glance was sufficient to show that the man himself, and one of his daughters, Maria, were hopeless lepers. We got a little cottage in the native location which had formerly belonged to another leper named Joseph, and made them as comfortable as we could. All, except one girl, put themselves very eagerly under Christian instruction. Maria soon taught herself to read. She was baptized first, during a sudden attack of illness, and at a time when her malady was less distressing than usual managed to crawl up to the native chapel to be confirmed. The father grew rapidly worse. He had been exposed to heavy rains, which fell before we could remove him from the ruined shanty in which we first found him. He was very patient through it all. He had not been married by Christian rites, and when his wife had been baptized this was supplied, and then the Bishop visited them in their little cottage and confirmed them. I gave him his first and last Communion, and two days afterwards he died. Medical aid seems to be ineffectual towards curing this disease. Some years ago we took a little lad thus afflicted into our house at Thaba N'chu, and tended him for more than two years. A doctor in Bloemfontein took great interest in his case, and prescribed for him with much care. All we could do, however, was by constant washing and by medicine to check the more rapid ravages of the disease." Of another leper he says: "His final illness was a most painful and distressing one, and though one of the native Christian women did all she could in tending him, it was impossible to do more than to secure him sufficient food, and to await the end. His burial, undertaken by some native Christians, was no ordinary work of charity. At Phokoane, in 1876, there was a case of a young girl of seventeen who had for years become a hopeless leper. She was in a little hut, which they had built for her—a living skeleton, the skin only just drawn over her slender frame. The terrible disease had so fastened itself upon her mouth, that it was only through others more accustomed to her that I could understand what she said. She was so worn out by the day's pain that I could only say a few words of prayer for her then, but the next morning I spent a long time with her, talking to her every now and then, at long intervals, for her weakness was very great. She said, 'I have longed so to go to church, to hear the great Word, and I have thought how happy those were who could go, but I have no power to walk. I have listened when others have told me what they have heard. I have thought it so wonderful about Jesus.

He was so kind. It was so good of Him to heal the man's ear in the garden. I used to pray to Him till lately, but now my head is so bad.' She wished to be baptized, that when death came to her she might go to Jesus. I baptized her that evening, and next morning early her brother came to the waggon in which I slept and told me she was dead."

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Coadjutor Bishop on the State of the Diocese.

The Coadjutor Bishop of Fredericton, in a sermon preached before the Diocesan Church Society of New Brunswick, in Trinity Church, St. John, gives the following sketch of the condition of the Diocese:—

"At the present moment there are at most 63 clergy at work in the Diocese, whereas thirty-six years ago there were at most 35, showing an increase of 80 per cent., whilst the Diocese has not been increased in size locally. But what is the condition of the population? How many new settlements have been formed? The proportion of clergy to square miles has altered for the better; not so the proportion of clergy to the population, which has been more than doubled since 1841. The census shows that the increase in our Communion during the past ten years has been very small indeed, that while in almost all the Dioceses in Canada the increase has been at least 10 per cent., with us the increase has been the surprisingly small proportion of little more than 2 per cent. Must not this be due to an accumulation of neglected work from past years? When we look at the help, how must the heart grow sad to see the extent of work unsupplied! When we look at the Society's report, how sad it is to see the record of empty Missions, telling of a famine of hearing the Word of God! Look at the large County of Albert, with over 660 square miles, with no one to minister in our Churches, none to look after our brethren, and alas! for how long a time has this been the case with a few short intervals. Then, again, near Grand Lake there is much need of a Missionary in the district of Chipman, where large congregations might be gathered at five centres or stations now unvisited. Speaking in St. John, I have no need to endeavour to excite your sympathy for the district of Beaufort, formed after the terrible fire by what might be called the refugees from St. John. At this settlement there are a large number of our brethren very rarely visited by one of our clergy. This forms only one part of the district of Aberdeen. Think of Grand Falls and Little Falls, rarely if ever visited. Think of Canterbury. Some care should be taken of Cocaigne and Buctouche,

and the whole district of Botsford. In my late visit to Maine I was much pained by hearing one of the clergy tell me that many persons had come into his parish from Deer Island, and other neighbouring islands, who had been taught no religion, and were quite uncared for by our Church. Such signs of spiritual famine make the heart of those in authority sad when they feel that their hands are tied for lack of means."

The Bishop proceeded to refer to the reduction of the grant from the S.P.G., and appealed earnestly to those who had hitherto done nothing materially towards relieving the burden which lies on the Bishop of the Diocese. "There is something wrong in many of the Parishes and Missions which do not so much as they could. When an old-formed parish, with over 1,200 members of our Communion, draws 360 dollars a year towards the support of the clergyman, there is something wrong. Yet when we see from how small a beginning, forty years ago, this Society has grown, we may indeed be thankful, and go on our way with thankful faith."

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Bishop's Palace at New Westminster: Up the Fraser: Salmon Canning.

Mr. Sheppard in a letter in the Cowley Parish Magazine gives the following description of the Bishop's "Palace" in New Westminster:—

"This is a pretty little cottage with gabled roofs, built on a hill-side, which slopes down to the Fraser River, about one mile wide here. On the hill behind and on the further side of the river the cedar fir-forests have been burnt by forest fires. Woods are always on fire somewhere, and they burn on till the rainy season, and the volumes of smoke hang about the villages and river, and sometimes make the view quite misty, so that there is nothing for a long way but tall ghostly stems, which look very weird and dismal. Beyond the reach where the river bends we look on the foot of the hills of the Cascade range, with snow-covered mountains beyond. Yesterday we had a lovely steam from Victoria here, through the Rosario Straits, or San Juan. As we turned northwards we had the Olympic range behind us, 6,000 or 7,000 feet high, many of them with entirely snow-clad tops; and to the south-east Mount Baker, between 10,000 and 11,000 feet high, with a conical cap of snow peeping up above the veils of cloud which hid its base. As we passed through the Gulf of Georgia, after coming out of the Straits, we could see snowy mountains in every direction—the Cascade range in British Columbia,

mountains in Vancouver's Island, the Olympian Mountains in Washington Territory. The Straits were very pretty, especially in the early morning. We got out of the little harbour of Victoria by a very winding channel. The *Dakota* had to be tugged in. We passed in the Straits numbers of islands, points, bays, rocky at the water's edge, and higher up covered with cedar fir. There were very few signs of life of any kind. Long before reaching the mouth of the Fraser, half the width of the Gulf, ten or twelve miles broad, was charged with the yellowish muddy snow-water of the Fraser,—which has been in flood, and is only now beginning to subside,—there was a most sharply defined line between the clear blue salt water, and the fresh muddy river-water. Then we spent a great deal of extra time in following the serpentine channel, marked by buoys; the river forming a great bar of sand at its mouth, and the channel continually shifting. We passed several canneries of salmon in full work. Just now there is a 'run' of salmon, which lasts about three weeks in all generally, and in that time hundreds of thousands are taken and canned. I went over a cannery this afternoon, just below here on the river bank. The firm which owns it has another a little further down, and the two together employ some 500 men, of whom 140 are Indians, and the rest Chinese. When I went they had nearly got through the last batch brought in by their steamer, which collects the takes from the fishing boats. The canning of a whole cargo of some 10,000 only occupies about four hours."

NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Voyage in August.

Mr. Johnson gives some details of his voyage in August, 1881, to the northern limits of his Mission. He found a mixture of English, Newfoundland, and Anglo-Esquimaux, but he had some hearty Services amongst them. At "Holton" he found several families of Newfoundlanders, who come down in May and June, bringing their wives and children, and live in little shanties of the most antiquated appearance, built of sods or boards, with no opening for daylight but the chimney. In some of these huts he held Services. There is much interesting work to be done. There are Europeans, and dusky half-caste people, and there are the still duskier Esquimaux. Many could not speak English. But some could sing hymns in their own language. It is sad to think that they have no one to teach them. The present Bishop is most anxious to place Missionaries on this coast, the two stations founded by Bishop Field having been abandoned.

IN THE LAND OF GILEAD.

(From the German of the Rev. S. Müller, of Bethlehem.)

By A. G. Weld.

Part VII.—Sheikh Abu Ischaber, and Sheikh Mudschalli.

AT mid-day on Friday, October 24th, we recrossed the brook Es-Sir, about an hour more to the eastward, however, than we had done on the previous day.

We toiled up the steep wooded cliff which overhangs it, attracted by an object which has a strange appearance in the midst of these solitudes —a house with windows, &c., all complete, hewn out of the solid rock. It consists of two stories, each containing two rooms. The inner walls are full of little three-cornered niches, disposed in regular rows, the lower consisting of six, the upper of seven, an arrangement which reminds one of a dovecote. These niches or columbaria probably served as receptacles for cinerary urns after the Roman custom.* The Bedawîn make use of this house for storing grain and straw. Two poles fastened into the rock support pulleys and ropes, by means of which the field produce is drawn up the cliff. Turning to the east, we were obliged to traverse a dense forest, the path through which often seemed as if it were barricaded, such obstacles did the closely interlacing branches on a level with our heads, and the fallen boughs that strewed the ground under our feet, offer to our progress. We were frequently compelled to dismount, in order to try if we could not penetrate the thickets better on foot, and all of us got our clothes torn in forcing our way through the maze of fine evergreen oaks, pines, and carob trees which form the bulk of this forest. In November and December its leafy shades are the haunt of innumerable birds, and in those months the people of Es-Salt resort hither to shoot them. They try in the first instance to catch one of the birds alive, and then secure him to the topmost branch of a tree that he may act as a decoy to attract his companions within range of their guns.

We rested awhile amongst the ruins of Ain Mahis, where there is

* In the April number of the Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement, Captain Conder gives an account of this rock-cut house, which is called *ed Deir*, and is situated near Arak el Emir.

a somewhat copious spring, at which shepherds were watering their flocks, and from which husbandmen were irrigating their patches of *Durrah*, ere descending a steep barren declivity into the familiar Wady Esch Schaib. Here one of our horses fell down a slope into the water, owing to being blind of an eye; this rather gave us a fright, but we soon forgot all in the sight of Es-Salt, where we were right glad to rest our wearied limbs.

On Sunday, October 26th, I preached upon the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Two christenings had been fixed to take place on this day, but some delay was occasioned by the neglect of the parents to provide sponsors. As nobody could be found to stand godmother to one of the children, my wife undertook the office. Whilst Mrs. Müller was holding this infant in her arms, the mother, fully believing in the superstition that a baby that does not cry at its baptism will die soon after, pinched its chin to set it off crying, happily without success, but the failure of her attempt caused the mother to break forth into imprecations against her little son. Each family gave a christening feast, at the close of which gifts of money were made to the newly baptized infant. The following incident bears witness to the state of barbarism often prevailing amongst the professors of Christianity in the East. Several of the Christians at Es-Salt have two wives, amongst them was Schach Ibrahim Abu Ischaber (whom I have before described as the leader of our caravan from Jerusalem to this place), who, during the lifetime of his first wife, took unto himself a second, by whom he had two sons; the youngest of whom, when five years old, dislocated his knee through a fall from the roof of the house. Ibrahim Ischaber neglected to have the injury properly attended to, the result of which was that the leg grew crooked. Annoyed at this, the unnatural father divorced the mother, and drove her and her two children out of doors, to drag on a wearisome existence in utter poverty. Such conduct seems strange and inexplicable on the part of a man who spends yearly some £32 in hospitable entertainments, yet after all what can one expect when the government sets no example of justice, and when the priests of the Greek Church, to which Abu Ischaber belongs, show so little zeal.

Monday morning was occupied in paying farewell visits, amongst others to the Roman Catholic priest, who showed us over his schools and church, which latter has a congregation of about 300 souls. In the afternoon we made an expedition to the tomb of Hosea, a prophet whose resting-place is held in great reverence by the Moslems.* His sepulchre, 38 feet in length, has lately been

* This tomb of Neby Osh'a is reputed as that of *the* prophet Hosea.

adorned by a fine green covering, the gift of the Pacha of Nablûs. The shrine is shaded by an oak-tree, the girth of which is so great as to require three men holding each other's hands to span it. The sister oak that once stood by its side was burnt down by soldiers. When the latter rains of April seemed on the point of failing to come, the Governor of Es-Salt commanded all the inhabitants of the town, without distinction of creed, to repair to this tomb, in order to pray God for rain. The answer to their prayers, which came in a downpour of rain that very day, was attributed by many to the intercession of the holy prophet Hosea.

On Tuesday I called upon the head of the Greek community here, who showed us the two churches over which he presides, both dedicated to St. George, and both sadly wanting in cleanliness. Four priests minister to their congregations, numbering about 2,000 souls. Our host, the teacher Nakula, next took me to see the orchard at Ain Eldschedar, with its fine pear, apricot, and other fruit-trees, and then we paid a most interesting visit to a neighbour of Nakula's, who is engaged in trade with the Bedawîn encamping between Es-Salt and Kerak (the ancient Kir Moab) and to the eastward of the latter city. That he has many customers to serve may be gathered from the following table, which gives the approximate number of persons in each of the tribes inhabiting this district that bears the name of the Belka :—

El-Ababit	3,000	El-Aduan	600
Beni-el-Hassen	2,000	El-Ischammi	1,500
El-Bekawijit	1,000	El-Daatsche	500
El-Hamaide	2,500	Beni-el-Sacher	1,600

Lading a camel with such wares as he knows will meet with a ready sale amongst these nomads, and taking a Bedawy with him as a guide, this merchant makes his way from tribe to tribe, visiting all those I have mentioned save the Beni-es-Sacher ; the goods destined for the latter being deposited by him in a place called Eljedudi, eight hours to the east of this, where a Bedawy deputed by them receives the merchandise at his hands in order to sell it to the other members of his tribe. From this enterprising trader we heard an anecdote which shows that the powerful in this part of the country well understand how to enrich themselves at the expense of the weak. It relates to the famous Sheikh Mudschalli of Kerak,* who took some Englishmen prisoners a few years ago, and demanded a ransom of £540 from

* A persecutor of the Roman Catholic Missionaries (and of their flock). These Christians having been expelled from Kerak by Sheikh Mudschalli, have established a Missionary station at Medeba, near Es-Salt.

them, but on hearing of the approach of a Turkish military force finally released them on payment of £45. "This very Sheikh," said the merchant, "was riding, a month or two ago, past a village near Kerak, when a man jokingly threw a cucumber at Mudschalli's slave. The Sheikh, who had observed the act, flew into a violent rage, and saying he counted any insult offered to his slave as done to himself, declared that therefore the man should surely be put to death. The inhabitants of the place interceded for their fellow-villager's life, but the haughty chieftain would only consent to spare the doomed man on condition of their presenting him with 300 goats, 10 skins (leather bottles) of oil, 10 skins of honey, 10 skins of preserved butter, 20 camel-loads of barley, and 200 kials (Turkish dollars)—and this exorbitant demand was actually complied with!"

PART VIII.—A LONG AND TOILSOME RIDE.

The setting in of rain detained us longer at Es-Salt than we had anticipated, but it cleared on Wednesday morning, and we left at 9 A.M., amidst the hearty good wishes of our kind friends, who shouted their farewells after us. We returned by way of Nablûs, taking as our guide a Circassian soldier, a second Circassian who was carrying letters to Nablûs, and four youths belonging to that town also joined themselves to us, the latter journeying on foot. Whilst we were crossing Jebel Neby Hosea (the highest peak of the range of Gilead)* brilliant sunshine overhead, and lowering rain-clouds to the south-west set off to great advantage the glorious view this height commands. A ride of five hours brought us to the ford and ferry of Damieh. The charge for ferrying us across the Jordan was 2½d. a-head for man and beast. We halted for our mid-day meal close to the ferryman's hut, but had hardly seated ourselves on the ground, when the two Circassians exclaimed, "Here comes our *Beik!*" We looked up and recognised our old acquaintance, the head of the Circassian colony at Amman. Our guide and the letter-carrier greeted him with profound reverence, and he is indeed a man who seems to inspire every one with respect. This distinguished person came up to us and shook hands, and as he was travelling on foot in our direction with only a single companion, he gladly accepted the offer we made him to join our party.

After an hour's rest we quitted Damieh and turned towards the brook Faria, all of us in the highest spirits at the thought that after three hours we should reach the village where we expected

* The tomb of Neby Hosea before mentioned is almost at the summit of this mountain, which is the loftiest east of the Jordan.

to meet with sleeping quarters for the night. But at the end of the three hours we found how sadly we had deceived ourselves, for with the utmost straining of our sight in every direction we could not discover the slightest trace of any human habitation; there was nothing in these solitudes for the eye to rest upon save the stream flowing quietly along, half hidden by the rich verdure of its banks. As the day drew towards its close, we saw shepherds leading home their flocks through the valley below us, and a large herd of camels (many of which were of tender years) passed near us. They all seemed hastening to their appointed places of repose; the very birds in the lotus thicket hard by were safely warbling their even-song ere settling to roost, for us alone was the goal yet distant and uncertain.

Following our guide, we turned at sunset from the head-valley of Faria, and struck up the side valley of Wady-ez-Zseit to the left, where our two Circassians remounted their horses that they had given up to the Sheikh of Amman and his friend ever since these joined us at the ford of Damieh. Fortunately the sky was unclouded and the moon at her full else it would have been perilous to ascend this narrow stony valley; and even as it was the track was very disagreeable to travel upon, being frequently no beaten path but only the bed of a torrent. We had been riding for five hours from the time we left the Jordan without seeing a single village, when, on climbing up higher, our hopes were suddenly raised by the sound of the baying of a dog falling on our ears. We were, however, doomed to disappointment, and our hopes were crushed by finding that the animal belonged to a solitary shepherd who had his habitation in a cave, his only companions being this dog and the flock he tended. There was nothing for it but to plod quietly onward, though it was as much as some of us could do to bear up, and our steeds were wearied out, even the donkeys having lost their elasticity of gait; to spare hers my wife dismounted and walked. At last, after four hours' wandering through this narrow, rocky, desolate valley, we saw first single olive-trees, and then whole oliveyards, by which we knew we were approaching human habitations, and although the fences by which they were surrounded were difficult to penetrate, the sight of the village of Furik, gleaming white in the moonlight on the hill above us, gave fresh strength to our wearied limbs as we toiled up to it, in spite of the thought that all its inhabitants would probably be fast asleep, as it was 10 o'clock at night. Nearer and nearer we came to the ruinous-looking hamlet, till, greeted by the barking of the watch-dogs, we rode past the outlying houses to a new edifice in a half-finished state. "This," said the soldier, "is the house of prayer, where strangers are

permitted to lodge." We crossed the threshold of the dimly-lighted building, and beheld a number of men sleeping around the yet-glowing embers of a fire. By virtue of his military capacity my guide wanted to have recourse to force, and to drive them all out. I commanded him to do nothing of the kind, and said that if those present would give us admittance, we would disturb nobody's repose, and that all we needed was wood and water. After all were awake, and had begun to realise what was happening, one of them asked the rest the question, "Is it lawful to permit Christians to spend the night in our mosque?" To which he received answer, "Certainly it is." Whereupon they at once proceeded to spread out for us in a vacant place two of their own small (almost new) prayer-mats made of straw. When, however, they perceived that we had omitted to take off our shoes on entering, they grew uneasy, regarding our walking over such a sacred spot, and especially our stepping on the mats in our shoes, as a profanation. Availing myself of the privilege of a stranger guest, I excused ourselves for our neglect on account of our fearing a chill, through suddenly taking off our shoes at night and stepping barefoot on the cold ground, contrary to our custom from childhood upwards, and as I spoke I covered the precious mats with carpets. A fire soon burnt up brightly in the adjoining apartment, and coffee having been prepared, all enjoyed the warming drink; and then after having satisfied our hunger from our store of provisions, and commended ourselves to our Heavenly Father's keeping in prayer, we lay down to sleep; but as I could not close my eyes, I got up to see whether the animals had been properly attended to. Our two Circassians were fast asleep on the bare flagstones outside, wrapped in their mantles; and our Bedawy Achmed was sitting on a wall chatting with one of the villagers, who was asking him questions about us. Having seen that all was right, I returned to my couch and slumbered peacefully.

PART IX.—MOSLEM FANATICISM.

In the grey dawn of early morning I was awakened by one of the Moslems chanting his morning devotions. A second was on the point of entering for a like purpose, when he caught sight of us strangers, and drew back. I called out to him not to mind us, as his praying would not disturb us in the least. Without needing any further pressing, he entered, and removing his *abayeh* spread it on the ground before him and began to pray. Whilst the two devotees were engaged in muttering the appointed formulas, I got up and stood outside the door When they had ended them, they seated

themselves by my side at the entrance of the mosque, and I proceeded to hand them my Arabic Bible, asking them if they knew that book. After turning over the leaves and reading a verse here and there, they answered "No"; whereupon I told them that this was the Holy Scripture, concerning which their prophet says in the Koran that it was given to men by God Himself. On hearing this, one of them began at the first chapter of Genesis, and read steadily through till he came to the words "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him," when he stopped short. "Estaghfir Allah!" ("God forbid!") said he in a rage; "God forbid that we should ever say such a thing; we men never were, and never could be, made in the image of God, for none is like Him. God is One alone. We Moslems know that the Bible has become corrupt through having been falsified; but that does not matter to us, because the Koran is our rule of faith."

Before I could reply they begged me to come to the fire in the guest-chamber. We found several people already assembled there, and as soon as I had seated myself my two companions took care to acquaint them with the fact that I had a Bible in my possession. On one of the assembly expressing a wish to see it I passed it to him, but he soon laid it aside, saying some of the words written therein were very good, though they could not believe the greater part of them. Then the men asked me whether we prayed, and fasted, and performed ablutions. Meanwhile a boy had brought a copy of the Koran, that he handed to the chief speaker, who opened it at the following passage, which he read aloud: "If unbelievers continue in their unbelief, let them be put to death." Hereupon he pointed at me, saying we were only worthy of having our heads cut off. I made answer, "Have we not all one God Who created us?" and after speaking about the causes that lead to differences in religion, I went on to ask those present whether they all lived up to the precepts of the Koran. They confessed they did not, but maintained that every Moslem as a true believer was certain of Paradise, though guilty of many offences, whilst all who did not believe as they did would be condemned to eternal hell-fire. These last words were read from the Koran for my benefit, and one of the Mohammedans added that Christians have their portion in this world, but will be shut out from heaven, in whose joys they will have no share. I explained to them that we believe it is not man but the great Searcher of hearts, Jesus Christ Himself, who shall be our Judge; and told them, moreover, that they ought to read the Bible for themselves before pronouncing an opinion about it. I inquired further whether they had caused

their children to receive any instruction. They said there was no one amongst them who could teach except the Chatib (Moslem preacher), who expected to be paid by his scholars, but that they had no money to pay him. After telling them how necessary I considered it for every one to be well educated, I changed the subject by remarking that I thought it was very easy to infer the state of a man's soul from the state of those external surroundings over which he had control, and said it seemed to me that the duty of doing all to the glory of God and the good of our fellow-creatures was not fulfilled in the dirt of their village and the ruinous condition of their inhospitable abodes, and that it was an uncharitable proceeding on their part to run the fencing of one of their fields right across the road, as we had found to our cost the evening before. On hearing this, the Shiekh of Furik looked the others full in the face, and made inquiries as to the owner of the piece of ground thus unlawfully enclosed.

Meanwhile the Circassian Sheikh of Amman arrived, having been wandering with his companion in the valley all through the night.

He is on his way to Constantinople in order to lay before the Turkish Government the wretched state to which his fellow-countrymen are reduced, and to implore its assistance for them.* Though he is the possessor of two horses, he has brought neither with him, not wishing to have the trouble of sending the animal back to Amman. He will not allow his three wives to come to him until he is sure of a settled home in the land of Gilead.

The commanding mien of this stately Sheikh secured for him even here a respectful reception, and the formalities that were gone through in entertaining him caused a considerable interruption to my conversation with the villagers of Furik, which I endeavoured to resume after coffee had been served by offering to read to them out of my Bible. On which one of them exclaimed, "Away with thy book! it is not permitted to us to read any book save the Koran, nor to listen to any other reading, nor to hear about any religious views differing from our own, unless the man who holds them desires to become a Moslem; but thou art an infidel, and oughtest to be put to death." I answered courteously, "In your eyes I am indeed esteemed an unbeliever, but it does not follow that I am also esteemed one in the eyes of God"—here I was interrupted by a voice crying out, "Get up, and go." To

* This year (1882) I have received a most satisfactory account of the Circassians at Amman, so far as worldly matters are concerned, for the abundant harvests they have reaped since my visit to them have caused want to cease amongst them, and they are now quite well-to-do. But nothing has been done for the salvation of their souls.

which I replied, "You take me for an unbeliever, and therefore the sight of me is hateful to you; very likely we shall never see each other again in this world, but when we awake in eternity then will it be made manifest who are the children of God, and who are not." At these words a murmuring arose amongst the people, and they muttered, "You Christians will never come near us there."

Our discourse was a lengthy one, but was not taken part in by the Chatib, who all the while was seated quietly by my side, poring over the Bible, and reading to himself various passages in it. The rest of the assembly did not after all find my company so obnoxious to them as their language had led me to imagine they did, for when I got up to go several of them begged me to stay, saying Mrs Müller had not yet returned from the house of the Chatib, to whose wives she was paying a visit. When she rejoined me she thus related to me her experiences: "I had gone out to watch our men saddling the animals for the journey, when I found myself surrounded by the villagers, who cast scornful glaces at me as a Christian. Whilst I was greeting them with the customary salutations, a young man stepped up to me and said, 'Why don't you turn Moslem?' 'I thank God,' I replied, 'that I am a Christian.' Spitting at me, he exclaimed, 'Thou wilt go to the nethermost hell.' This gave rise to a long conversation, from which I was glad to escape by accepting an invitation to the harem of the Chatib. His wives bitterly lamented their childlessness to me, and their craving for sympathy enabled me to enter freely upon religious subjects with them, and to speak to them from my heart: especially was I moved to do this with one dear little woman, whose evening of life seemed fast drawing to its close. They showed their friendship and gratitude to me in various ways, amongst others by offering me oil, and bread of their own baking, &c. The Sheikh's wife wanted me to pay her also a visit, which I declined to do, because as the weather threatened to be rainy, I thought we had better set off at once, lest we should be overtaken by a storm ere we could reach Nablûs, which was an hour and a half distant."

Glad to have only such a short journey before us, we left Beit-Furik, our strange experiences at which place will ever dwell in our memories. We had only got half-way before we were overtaken by the rain, that continued all the afternoon and during the two following days, for which we thanked God, who had refreshed the thirsty land in due season with the early rains.

On reaching Nablûs we proceeded at once to the house of our dear Missionary friends the Fallschers, to which we were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Fallscher in the absence of her husband. The repose we

enjoyed in this pleasant abode was refreshing to us, for hitherto we had allowed ourselves but little rest on our journey. As the Fallschers keep open house we met here with many old acquaintances, and made several new ones. The day after our arrival we called on the Baptist preacher, Hanna Kerre, who is a native of this country. An English gentleman gave him the means of prosecuting his studies at a distance, and when these were completed he was sent back to his birthplace to labour as a Missionary amongst his own people.

On Saturday, November 1st, Mr. Fallscher returned from Nazareth, accompanied by Mr. Walters, of Jerusalem, and we all went up Mount Ebal and greatly enjoyed the view from thence. I preached on Sunday morning, and Mr. Walters in the afternoon. After church we attended the Samaritan Service, where we found the congregation celebrating the feast of tabernacles, the injunctions concerning whose observance, contained in Lev. xxiii., were being read aloud as we entered. The booths in which the Samaritans were dwelling during the appointed seven days were adorned with all kinds of fruit. The high-priest's son, who is thirteen years of age, and several of his young co-religionists, attend the Protestant school; and an event which in fanatical Nablûs is fraught with the deepest significance, and may indeed be called a great conquest, is the building of a Protestant church in this town. At night we heard a death-chant sung over a Circassian who had just passed away. Two or three hundred of these people still remain here, execrated by the native Mohammedans for the dreadful deeds they have committed during their sojourn of a year and a half.

Before sunrise on Monday, November 3rd, we left Nablûs. Mr. Fallscher accompanied us for some distance, and so did Mr. Walters, though the latter presently parted from us, being anxious to push on to Jerusalem as soon as possible. The weather looked promising, and was taken advantage of by the husbandmen, who were diligently following their ploughs. By dint of steady riding we reached the Christian village of Râm-Allah, just as the last rays of the setting sun were falling aslant across the extensive view its elevated position enables it to command over mountain and plain. Here we met with a hearty reception at the house of the Protestant Missionary Nyland. The same evening we paid a visit to the Quaker Missionary, who is a native of Râm-Allah and has the charge of a small community. Several who had originally followed his teaching have drawn back on discovering that these Quakers are destitute both of the Sacrament of Baptism and of that of Holy Communion. They have a boys' school here, as has also the English Mission. After supper I was present at

an evening meeting presided over by Mr. Nyland, and held in a special room set apart by the Mission to which he belongs for the voluntary assemblies of members of the congregation. Some time was devoted to conversation, then a chapter of the Bible was read and commented upon, and finally prayer was offered up.

On Thursday, November 4th, the Lord granted us a safe return home, and the happiness of finding all our people well. When we heard that two days after our departure a dreadful murder had been committed on the road to Jaffa, and that the very night before our arrival a woman had been shot dead in her bed at Bethlehem itself, we felt the deeper gratitude to our Heavenly Father for having guided and protected us all through the lonely and dangerous district on the other side Jordan, and whithersoever we went, and most fervently did we join with the Psalmist in extolling the goodness of God, and saying, "Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His holy name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

CANADA.

By the Rev. James H. Ross.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

NOVA SCOTIA has an area equal to rather more than one-half that of Scotland, with a population of four hundred thousand persons, and as nearly all of these are natives of the Province, it does not appear that many strangers have recently sought homes upon her soil.

The area of Newfoundland is equal to two-thirds that of England and Wales, and her population is one hundred and fifty thousand. Her savage inhabitants fed on the flesh of deer, which wandered in vast herds in the woods; and they clothed themselves in the rich furs of bears, wolves, beavers, and other wild creatures. The first settlers found the noble Newfoundland dog living in a very debased condition—hunting in packs, and manifesting tendencies not superior to those of the wolf. But his higher nature made him amenable to civilising influences, and he quickly rose to be the trusted companion and friend of man.

Facts are not available concerning New Brunswick and Labrador.

THE PROVINCES OF THE NORTH-WEST.

The boundary line which marks the southern limit of British territory divides the continent into two not very unequal portions. On one side stretches out the vast area covered by the United States, the home of fifty million people, the seat of the manifold industries which their energy has called into existence. On the other side there lies a yet wider expanse of territory, whose development is still in the future. Northward and westward of the original line of settlement in the valley of the St. Lawrence, the possessions of Great Britain are nearly equal in extent to the whole of Europe. Toward the Atlantic vast pine forests cover the ground. Toward the Pacific are great mountain ranges, rich with mineral treasures, destined to yield wealth to the men of future generations. The central portion of the continent is a vast expanse of rich farm land, where the slightest efforts of the husbandman yield lavish increase. Great navigable rivers, which take their origin in the Rocky Mountains, traverse the continent, and wait, silent and unused, to bear the traffic which coming years must bring. The Saskatchewan after a course of thirteen hundred miles, and the Red River, whose sources are very near those of the Mississippi, after flowing nearly seven hundred miles, pour their ample floods into Lake Winnipeg—a vast sheet of water, covering an area equal to one-third that of Scotland. The Nelson River carries the waters of Lake Winnipeg into Hudson Bay by a course of three hundred miles, which could easily be rendered navigable for ships of large burden.

The first noteworthy attempt to colonise the Canadian North-West was made by Lord Selkirk, Chairman of the Hudson Bay Company. The Duke of Sutherland was in process of removing small farmers from his estates in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, in order that he might give effect to modern ideas on the subject of sheep-farming. Lord Selkirk collected a band of these dispossessed Highlanders, and settled them in the solitudes of the Winnipeg valley. The point which he selected was near the confluence of the Red River and the Assiniboin, and forty miles from the lake into which these rivers fall. It was many hundred miles from a human habitation. This lonely colony was the only seat of population on all the northern portion of a vast continent. But the soil possessed remarkable fertility, and the Scotchmen were robust and industrious. Gradually they were joined by other adventurers to whom the severity of the climate was without terrors. Ejected Highland crofters, soldiers disbanded after Waterloo, sought in little groups

this remote and dimly known region. The retired servants of the Company came to spend the evening of their days in the settlement. A line of block-houses and of cultivated farms stretched for many miles up the valleys of the Assiniboin and Red River. A cluster of wooden huts received the name of Winnipeg, and started upon its career as a prairie town at a rate of progress so leisurely that in 1871 it held no more than four hundred inhabitants. Fort Garry, the chief seat of the Company's authority, added to the dignity of the colony, which soon became the recognised metropolis of all the North-Western region. Its growth has not been rapid, but it has been steady; and the population, if we accept the mean of very diverse estimates, is probably now about fifteen thousand souls. These are largely Scotch; but there are also French and Indians, and there has been a copious admixture of the European and native races. There are Scotch half-breeds and French half-breeds, in whom the aspect and qualities of both races are combined, and many of whom are not inferior in intelligence and education to their European parentage.

Until very recently the vast wheat field of the North-West was almost worthless to man; even now its development has only begun. It is difficult to over-estimate the influence on the future course of human affairs which this lonely and inaccessible region is destined to exert. In the valleys of Lake Winnipeg and its tributary streams two hundred million acres of land, unsurpassed in fertility, wait the coming of the husbandman. Its average production of wheat may be stated at thirty bushels per acre—more than double that of the valley of the Mississippi, and rather more than can be gained from the soil of England by careful and expensive cultivation.

Great Britain imports annually one hundred million bushels of wheat—scarcely more than one-sixtieth part of the production of the Winnipeg valley, were its enormous capability fully drawn out. The soil is of surpassing richness, and yields its ample fruits so easily that in an ordinary season the cost of producing a quarter of wheat is estimated at no more than fifteen shillings. Port Nelson on the Hudson Bay—the natural shipping point of all this region—is eighty miles nearer than New York is to Liverpool and the markets of England.

The valley of the Winnipeg has been hitherto practically inaccessible. The Red River expedition spent three months on the journey. Many of the settlers had required even longer time to reach the secluded paradise which they sought. To a vast majority of the British people the existence of this territory is still unknown. The boats of the Hudson Bay Company formed its only medium of communication with

the outside world. Until the Winnipeg valley has been opened by railway or by steamboat, it must remain valueless for any better use than as a preserve for the wild creatures which yield fur, and as a home for the Indians who pursue them.

But the needful facility of transport is now being gained; the distance which has shut out the human family from this splendid domain is now in course of being abridged. Winnipeg, grown into a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and rapidly increasing, has a direct railway connection with St. Paul, the chief city of Minnesota. The Northern Pacific—a line whose progress was delayed for years by financial disaster—is now advancing westward from its starting point on Lake Superior, and will soon be opened two hundred and fifty miles beyond Winnipeg. The Canadian Pacific, largely subsidised by Government, is pushing its way westward toward Columbia and the ocean. The obstacles to navigation in the Nelson River have been carefully examined with a view to their removal, so that vessels of a large size may pass from Lake Winnipeg to Europe.

These increased facilities for transport have produced their expected result. A large inflow of settlers began two or three years ago, and continues year by year with growing energy. Many thousand immigrants came to the Winnipeg valley in 1877-8.

The new settlers are for the most part experienced farmers, who have been attracted hither by the superior advantages of the soil. Some of them come from Europe, but a larger number come from the old Canadian Provinces, and from those States of the Union which lie near the frontier.

The rapid settlement of this central territory of Canada is one of the great social and political factors of the future for Canada and for Europe. The development of Manitoba must hasten the progress of the Dominion to wealth and consideration. Its population is 50,000—over 20,000 whites, 10,000 Indians, 10,000 French, English half-breeds, and Scotch, and 8,000 Russian Mennonites, and 1,000 Icelanders and Scandinavians. The Russians are hardy, honest, industrious settlers, possessing 10,000 acres of well-cultivated land, and are distributed through fifty villages. Winnipeg is the favourite point for settlement, and it is predicted that it will one day be the centre of British breadstuff production, just as London is already the centre of British consumption.

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean there lies a vast tract of fertile land, possessing an area equal to six times that of England and Wales. This is BRITISH COLUMBIA, the latest born member of the Confederation, which it entered in 1871. On the

banks of the Frazer River the English miner and the Indian fisherman may be seen side by side pursuing their avocations with success. Her population is about 12,000, besides 30,000 Indians. It must become the home of a numerous and thriving population, but in the meantime her progress is delayed by her remoteness and her inaccessibility.

THE CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By the Rev. H. H. Mogg.

"THEY 'RE coming! they 're coming!" was the refrain of a song that appeared in a San Franciscan newspaper some months ago. The line is no longer appropriate, for the United States, wisely or unwisely, have stopped the Chinese wave of life from flowing any more up that part of the Pacific shores of North America over which the Stars and Stripes bear rule. "Celestial" labourers are, however, wanted higher up the coast, and may therefore well be passed on for adoption to the inhabitants of the towns and districts of New Westminster. Here "they 're coming" in very truth. Ship after ship empties her cargo of Chinese over this important and rapidly increasing portion of the Canadian Dominion. Their advent is the realisation of no new idea. For over twenty years have they been coming; but, with the States practically closed to them, they are simply swarming, at the present time, into the province of British Columbia.* In the chief towns and outlying districts their name is legion, and they are gladly employed in every occupation that the country necessitates. Ready and quick to learn any sort of manual occupation, however unlike their native employments; keenly alive to every species of fresh information; on the alert for all knowledge which may seem profitable and likely to enable them to turn an honest dollar, they are working everywhere, and, what is far more important, they are working well. It is not overstating their case to affirm that their diligence and their sobriety are two of their most marked characteristics.

Although in our Colonies English wives do far more than is ordinarily required of them at home, still servants are a necessity, and the demand for domestic labour in British Columbia is almost

* Now divided into the three Dioceses of New Westminster, Caledonia, and Columbia.

exclusively supplied by the Chinese. So successfully moreover is this done that many are the longings of whilom Colonial housewives for the faithful "Ah Ling," or "Ah Chang," of days gone by, who never had to be told anything more than once; and whose cooking had in it an attraction all its own. "Ah Ling" and "Ah Chang" are not yet similarly available in England; but, judging by the rapid progress of the Chinese labour-wave during the past few years, it would seem that the time is not far off when the wave in question will, in all probability, reach our shores, and the Children of the Flowery Land be found as labourers in our workshops and manufactories, and, in time, as our domestic servants.

In nearly every family in which a servant is kept in British Columbia a Mongolian face is met with, and, with a mere handful of exceptions, the face of no other domestic is discoverable. For the Chinese cook is not a mere cook, he is far more; he is equal to and accomplishes anything. Besides cooking, he does the work of parlour, house, and dairy maid; if required, and sufficiently paid, he can find, besides this, time to attend to the stables and garden; and can go even further if necessary, and nurse a lady and look after her children, upon an emergency, with gentle kindness. He is your true "Jack"—or rather "John"—of all trades, is ready to put his hand to anything and will do it well, if only shown the way. His imitative power is proverbial. The consternation expressed upon the countenance of a certain mistress when she saw a pudding she had lately taught her Chinaman to make come to table in a very fragmentary condition, is before me as I write this. The lady informed me when dinner was over that the pudding she had made for an example was broken in the turning out. It was John's model, however, and he was to "copy it exactly for the next dinner party." He did, and the result was a perfect fac-simile of the lady's confectionery even to the manner of the fracture.

The railway which is to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is being pushed rapidly forward. The construction of this line—important beyond present estimation—is already turning a desponding country into one full of life and hope. After years of disappointment the great work is being accomplished. But by whom? Canadian engineers and surveyors, with their "parties," are of course the directing forces, but the actual labourers, or navvies, are, to an enormous extent, the Chinese. The wages, they ask for, are lower than those of white men; and they do the work required of them as well. They do it, too, without consuming the large amount of drink that so many of our Colonial labourers think indispensable to their

means of support. The Chinese drink little, if any, alcohol, and intoxication is hardly known amongst them. Owing to this and to their simplicity of living in other ways they spend comparatively very little of the wages they obtain. House rent is high, but this is no difficulty to the Chinese. They make up for the largeness of rent of a small house by increasing the number of its inmates, so that by dividing it among many it falls lightly. Overcrowding seems to present no objections. They are indifferent, apparently, to what others would think grave flaws in household management. To be huddled together in a little sleeping room, packed like herrings in a box, appears to have a charm for the celestial mind and certainly does not seemingly injure the celestial body.

Apart from work upon the railway, the Chinese are largely employed in tinning, at the various Canneries, the Frazer River salmon, caught in such multitudes every summer and autumn. They are to be found also as miners, as market gardeners, and as labourers of all kinds.

Here then, in this western part of our Canadian possessions, upon which so much attention is at present concentrated, are these thousands of heathen with no knowledge whatever of God. What has the Church of England done for them in the Past? What can she do for them in the Future?

The answer to the first of these questions is easily given: practically speaking the Church has done nothing for them so far. In the winter of 1876 and 1877, when the whole province was one diocese, an attempt was made to get hold of some of the Chinese servants at work in Victoria. A night-school was opened for secular instruction three times a week. This was attended regularly by some thirty Chinamen, who showed great readiness for knowledge. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught by clergymen, and ladies who were willing to devote their evenings to the work. In time, it was thought advisable to go a step further, and a Sunday-school was started. It commenced with eight men, who seemed to attend on the first Sunday from curiosity as to what was going to happen; the next Sunday there were three; the next either one, or less, I forget which. It was found impossible to do any good without a knowledge of their language. For all ordinary purposes, "Pigeon English," a language they well understand, or "savez" (as they would say), will do; but, for imparting religious instruction, something more is required. They have a religion of their own—though, in many cases, but very weakly developed. If any material result is to be arrived at, their language must be spoken to some extent by the Missionary who goes

to labour amongst them, and their religious systems must be properly studied.

The Sunday-school we have referred to died a natural death, and, after passing through another winter, the night-school followed. The fact that the Chinese language was unknown to any of the teachers, was, to a large extent, the cause of this complete failure. It was felt, that, unless the secular was able to lead on to religious instruction, it missed its object. With these results before us, the term "nothing" is no exaggeration.

To answer our second question is no easy matter. At the outset, it must be borne in mind, that the opportunity given to us now for drawing some of these 9,000 or 10,000 Chinese, that are to be found in the Diocese of New Westminster, into the Ark of Salvation, is peculiarly great. The history of the past tells us how great are the special difficulties which meet the Missionary working amongst the Chinese in their own land; to these difficulties, coupled with the meagre efforts of the Church at home, must be attributed the small amount of success that has been attained by the few earnest workers who have toiled amongst this interesting people.

Many of the difficulties met with in China have no existence outside it, so that we have these heathen amongst us under special advantages. They are in the midst of a liberty and toleration before unknown to them; they are ruled by a code of laws based on Christian principles; justice is dealt out to them without revolting cruelties; on all sides they are confronted with examples of law-abiding subjects, for the most part professing Christianity; all this, in a diocese, as in the case of New Westminster, where the Church is actively at work. But apart from this, the opportunity is great. These Chinamen come only for a certain time; their object is not to settle down. This, though in one sense a drawback, because the time is short for the work; yet in another is an advantage, since after four or five years' sojourn, those who have been influenced return to their own country to influence in their turn those about them. If we can only send them back, even a very few of them, as members of the Church of England, what a grand work may thus indirectly be done in China! What a strengthening of the hands of our Missionaries at work there!

In some of our Colonial Dioceses efforts have been made to evangelise this people with very encouraging success. In Brisbane a special Mission was started amongst them in 1878. In Ballaarat, they have in some cases received Baptism and Confirmation. In the American Episcopal Church the Bishops of certain dioceses have been very successful in their efforts, as, for example, in Cali-

fornia and Oregon, where a Chinaman was ordained Deacon not long ago.

One other consideration it is well to bear in mind is this: the Diocese of New Westminster offers special advantages as a training ground for Missionaries to China. Situated between England and China, the Missionary might here become acquainted with the Chinese character and language, and possess the advantage of those he was concerned with being able to understand and speak English, at least to some extent. In time he would proceed to his destination, well prepared for entering upon the more difficult work in China itself. If sufficient funds should be supplied by the Church at home for this purpose, much, doubtless, might be done. Without a special effort in this direction, the future looks dark indeed; for in such a young Diocese as New Westminster (not three years old) all the money now collected, both there and here, is wanted to keep going the work amongst the settlers and Indians, which has, during this period, made such rapid strides.

Let us hope that in God's own good time, men and women at home will see the wonderful opportunity now offered to us in British Columbia, and which is perhaps unequalled in the history of our Colonies. May such time be not far distant! Thousands have flocked to this land already, and the cry is still: "They come!"

"THE INQUIRIES OF RAM CHANDRA."

[A REVIEW.]

BY THE REV. CANON CHURTON.

IN the "Inquiries of Ram Chandra," or, "Dialogues with a Hindu Theist on the Christian Religion," an Indian Bishop has dealt with a large number of popular difficulties and objections in a way that will be useful to Theological students generally, as well as to those who are under special training for work among heathen or Mohammedans.

In Dialogue XI. the Episcopal interlocutor gives as "a line of simple evidence, which to his mind is amply sufficient," the following:—"*Bishop.* Begin then by understanding that Christianity did not originate with the birth and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was the perfected and developed fulness of a Revelation which had

been previously communicated by God to man from the commencement of the human race. You must not compare it with such religions as Buddhism or Mohammedanism, which were the mere outgrowths of individual minds, and which had little historical genesis. The Revelation of our own Holy Scriptures had a line of continuity, lengthened from age to age through many centuries, passing along the lips and pens of men who were inspired to tell the same set of truths, with unfolding clearness, by one Holy Spirit. It is that which distinguishes our religion from every other which has existed. The religions of ancient Egypt and Assyria are now no more. The philosophies of Greece and Rome have long since died out. Even the sacred writings of Hinduism, from the early Vedas to the Puranas and other Shastras, though they may claim, in a certain sense, continuity, have yet no real unity of purpose; no progressive development of the same set of truths which were proclaimed by different teachers with one predetermined object, culminating in a beauty and a fulness which sheds light over all which has gone before, irradiating what was at first only set forth darkly. On the contrary, every one who studies your own sacred books allows that the earliest were the purest; and that, both in a moral and intellectual aspect, the later productions are unworthy subsequents. There is in them no continuity combined with unity, which brightens up to a climax, and when finished presents a code of faith adapted to the wants of the world, and is responsive to all the deepest feelings of man's universal nature. Christianity alone furnishes us with such a religion; and that evidences its Divinity. For think of the natural and inevitable diversity of men's minds stretching throughout a period of so many centuries, and separated from one another by so many different situations, yet all combining to speak with one testimony. Is it antecedently probable that this scattered mass of human thought would have been thus all brought into one focus, unless the same light had shone upon them? Have we not here an *a priori* suggestion that this remarkable consensus of opinion and feeling was something more than natural? The inspiration of these speakers and writers by one Spirit would reasonably account for it; but without that it appears to be inexplicable. To prove this unity we may first consider that whereas the facts and doctrines of the New Testament are all grouped around one Person, namely, our Lord Jesus Christ, who by His birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension, came to be the Redeemer of the world, and to open out salvation to all nations, this one idea is also the teaching of the Old Testament: an idea which runs like a golden thread throughout the whole texture of Jewish testimony. Sometimes it appears in the form of direct prophecy;

sometimes in the shape of devotional hopes and aspirations; sometimes in the mould of typical representations under appointed laws of Church ritual; and at other times under a providential order of events and personal narratives. We conclude that one master mind must have originated and perfected the entire structure. This union of sentiment could not have been maintained through so many ages had it been left to the unaided powers of man. No such continuity is found in the great heathen teachers of religion. Each teacher had his own theory or system, and one contradicted another, even on such matters as the origin of nature, the existence, attributes, and moral government of God, and the hopes of a future life. They set up rival schools with opposing tenets; and the success of one was the downfall of the other." Then follow a selection of passages from the Old and New Testament in illustration of the argument, and adds this: "Was there anything similar to this in any other religion of the earth? Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, India, China, had put forth many lofty sentiments; but not one had a four thousand years' roll of teachers, with a creed of this continuous yet united character, prophesying that it would ultimately produce moral purification over the entire world, and gather all nations of the earth into one common salvation. When the religions of all other nations were content with mere localised systems of faiths, excepting perhaps Buddhism as founded by Gautama, a little country like Palestine gave birth to a long succession of the most Divine speakers and writers centuries before Gautama was born, who proclaimed peace and righteousness to all mankind through a coming Redeemer, and whose testimony was afterwards confirmed to the very letter. Could this have come to pass unless they had been taught it by actual revelation?"

This part of "Ram Chandra's Inquiries" may be compared with Dr. Banerjea's Tenth Dialogue on the Hindu Philosophy, in which, after giving at length the predictions of Moses in Deuteronomy, and comparing them with the narratives of secular historians, he refutes the claims made in behalf of the Puranas to contain similar predictions of the future: "What trustworthy evidence can you possibly have of any prophecy having been delivered, or even of the facts supposed to have been predicted having really occurred? We do not know of any contemporaneous historian that recorded them. Nay the writing of history does not appear to have been undertaken by any Brahminical authors, either in prose or poetry. Prose writers treat of speculative subjects, and poetry is as a rule full of striking ideas and sentiments (rasátmaka); a mere narrative (iti vritta) is a defect in poetry. The

popular saying that the Rámáyana was composed before the events, cannot stand the test of criticism."

"The Indian Bishop," with a less display of Oriental learning, has stated his argument with great vigour and lucidity, and in a simple and attractive shape. Though written with a special view to the controversy with Brahmos and Theists, it will be found useful generally to Missionaries, and to students in Missionary colleges.

AT PORT SAID.

By A. G. Weld.

AT the time of my visit to this port, two years ago, it was known as "the most God-forgotten spot on the face of the earth," a locality where all the forces of evil were banded together to assail the soul of the seaman and lead him astray, and where—to our shame be it said—the Church of England had never lifted up her banner against the tide of wickedness that was rushing in like a flood. All who have the privilege of knowing Canon Scarth, of the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission, can imagine how, no sooner was he made aware of this deplorable state of things than he was filled with burning zeal to wipe away this dark stain from our Church and Nation, and how, though in very delicate health at the time, he waited only for the approving sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the late Bishop of Jerusalem, before setting sail for Egypt; which he did on November 24th, 1881, having a very stormy voyage to encounter ere reaching his destination. A personal acquaintance with his new sphere of labour soon convinced Canon Scarth that the magnitude of the undertaking which he had set himself had not been over-rated, and he wrote concerning it, "I dare not venture to describe the evils of Port Said; nothing but God's grace will enable steady Church work to overcome them. I cannot despair, but the Mission work of all kinds to be done must be with persistent faith. Here we are on the borders of the Holy Land, yet almost in a 'slough of Despond.' A mixed population of the worst kind, and yet there, over the canal, is the way to Jerusalem!"

The saddened heart of the Canon was cheered by occasional visits to Suez, where he found that the English residents had long kept up regular Sunday Services amongst themselves, in a well-appointed church,

though without a clergyman. They were so grateful for his conducting Service at this church on December 11th that he promised to devote the second Sunday of each month to Suez during his stay in Egypt, and to arrange that the twenty communicants should never again be left as they had been for a whole year without Holy Communion, but that the future chaplain of Port Said should if possible hold a monthly Service at Suez. He also visited Zagazig, where he found a number of our countrymen and their families quite uncared for by our Church; several of their children he baptized, and was invited by the little colony to revisit them whenever he could.

Meanwhile the Canon had secured a large room near the public gardens at Port Said, whose coolness of situation and marble pavement rendered it very suitable for a temporary church. The first Service was held in it on December 18th, and was attended by a mixed congregation consisting of residents and travellers, and including the Captain of the Port. Holy Communion was celebrated for the first time on Christmas Day, but it was disheartening to find the proportion of communicants so much less than at Suez. During Canon Scarth's four months stay, however, this state ofthings improved, and more and more out of his ever-increasing congregation of residents gathered around the Table of the Lord, together with numerous temporary sojourners of various callings and conditions of life, embracing ship captains, travellers of different nationalities, bishops, priests, sailors from the hospital, and even from the ships. So highly had some of our countrymen at Port Said learned to value their little church that (with the exception of the Sunday after the bombardment of Alexandria) Services had continued to be carried on within its walls from the before-mentioned December 18th to the day when Port Said was occupied by the British forces.* And thus, by a most remarkable reversal of the former spiritual condition of the place, this very Port Said, in which our Church had before the Advent-tide of 1881 been totally unrepresented, was, during the early part of the late war, the only spot throughout the length and breadth of Egypt in which Sunday after Sunday the praises and prayers of our solemn liturgy ascended like incense to the throne of grace from a building set apart for the public worship of our Church.

The little church, however, is only a temporary one, and much of Canon Scarth's time whilst at Port Said was occupied in arranging for the site of a new church, and obtaining a grant of land from the

* After Canon Scarth's departure the Services were conducted by any clergyman who happened to be at Port Said on a Sunday, and could be persuaded by the churchwardens to officiate, and failing a passing clergyman.

popular saying that the Rámáyana was compo[illegible] . in Egypt th[illegible]
cannot stand the test of criticism." fair way towards

"The Indian Bishop," with a less displ[illegible] as been decided to
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to Missionaries, and to students ir[illegible] t which it will be easier to
[illegible]t are more settled.

[illegible]nglish Hospital, I may mention
[illegible]. British Consulate to the Egyptian
[illegible]nglish sailors, and the many accidents
[illegible]nches, and other appliances incident to
[illegible]ll for the best aid which can be secured
[illegible], which would also be found most useful for
[illegible]nd invalids of various descriptions.

IT the tim[illegible]ilors' Home is almost as great a necessity in order as "[illegible]nteracting influence to the fearful dens of iniquity a l[illegible]n this depraved port; and this leads me to speak of to assail t[illegible]ver all been the greatest part of the work carried on our shar[illegible]arth at Port Said last winter. Greatest I mean in a banne[illegible]sense, for though he would consider the toil of his whole All [illegible]small price to pay for the winning of a single soul to Christ. An[illegible]e little flock of English residents are but a drop in the ocean a[illegible]red with the tens of thousands of our seamen who by their [illegible]m of many hours, and even not unfrequently of several days, in harbour of Port Said form the all-important, immense, ever-changing flock amongst which Canon Scarth felt that he and his successors were specially called upon to labour. On this subject he wrote to the following effect early in the present year: "It is now two months since I started for Port Said, trusting that some good work might be established in that wonderful, most wonderful of all modern ports. I need not attempt to describe the place—it is not an island, although it is land in the midst of sea; it is not a peninsula, although at the end of an isthmus; it is scarcely *terra firma*, because its importance is derived from its waters; but it is without doubt a place that will each year become more famous. Only yesterday, January 22nd, I watched one of the processions for which it is celebrated. Twelve grand steamers came one after the other, in majestic order, into the port out of the canal. These were the *Gwalior*, the *Roumania*, the *Norfolk* among them, and they joined a stately fleet, at the head of which were the *Canopus* 400 feet long, the *Mayo*, and the beautiful little steamer *Ceylon*, once the yacht of a Russian prince,

but now bound for the East on her useful Mission as guardian of the lighthouses round the island from which she takes her new name. There were other steamers trading for the ports in the Holy Land and for Alexandria, and the harbour was alive with Arab boats of all kinds. Steam launches too, and huge coal barges were moving to and fro. I could not visit all the ships, some were in quarantine, but there was good work to be done without interfering with the business that was going on. On all sides I have been so welcomed that I have much reason to be thankful. I only wish I could do all the work that might be done. The place has been utterly neglected by the Church; and in all these years, while Port Said has been growing into a town of 15,000 inhabitants, with about 200,000 people, nearly 80 per cent. of them British subjects, passing through in one year, and 2,256 out of the 2,727 vessels that passed through the canal in 1881 being under the English flag, there has been no chaplain* and no English Church. Now, since I have been so strangely led to come to the rescue, we have a little church with regular Services, and the ships, so far as I can yet manage it, are visited." Canon Scarth goes on to say that as he considers "until Port Said becomes a little more civilised and Christianised," the less our sailors came on shore there the better; he prefers (until the new church be built) holding Sunday Services for them on board the steamers, and of one such Service held on Christmas Day he gives the following account: "The *Sussex*, a fine steamer, had the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission Church signal (letter M of International Code under the ensign) flying at the main, so I went on board and held Service with officers and crew; two other captains, besides the captain and his wife, were present. A bright, hearty Service, greatly helped by the music and the singing led by the captain's wife. The captain said he would hold Service for the future every Sunday. He had never been at home on Christmas Day since he had been at sea!"

It must not be imagined that the ships in harbour were only visited on Sundays, and merely for the purpose of holding Services on board them. Canon Scarth's endeavour was *to exert an influence for good on the crew of every British vessel touching at Port Said*, and this he strove to effect partly by speaking to and showing sympathy with the men, partly by gifts of Bibles and Prayer Books, of books of devotion, and in addition to strictly religious works of carefully selected general literature of a nature calculated to improve their

* On December 26th I buried the fifth child his parents had lost in Egypt. In the case of one of these, the father had to carry his dead child to the grave, alone, and bury it himself. Such was life in this part of the world.

minds.* A leaf taken at random from the Canon's journal gives the names of a few of the ships visited by him—"*December 18th*, 1881.—Visited six steamers (between morning and evening Service).

"*December 19th.*—Visited s.s. *John Elder* with passengers from Australia. Supplied two clergymen with sundries for distribution.

"*December 20th.*—Met the Rev. Mr. Hobart, on a P. and O. steamer.

"*December 21st.*—In the *Armenian*, Anchor Line steamer, met the Rev. Mr. Morden, who took tracts, &c., from me for distribution. In another steamer there was a young stowaway. I encouraged one of the officers to help him, and gave him books for the boy, who could read and write well.

"*December 22nd.—Merkara*, British India Line, many passengers; one C.M.S. Missionary going to Ceylon. *Princess Marie*, Dutch steamer, two English passengers, with whom I had a long and strengthening conversation.

"*December 24th.*—Visited coal ships, and returned black as an Arab."

The earnest solicitude of Canon Scarth for the welfare of our seamen led him to have much conversation with the captains and officers of different ships about Sunday work in port, when the vessels bring coal cargoes. They all generally laid the blame upon the owners, and it is indeed lamentable how many of our sailor countrymen at Port Said are forced by some of these shipowners to spend all Sunday in hard labour when there is no necessity whatever for it to be done. To quote the Canon's own words: "In a common coal steamer I have seen the crew compelled to spend Sunday afternoon in washing the ship's decks before she sailed in the evening, although the weather was such that before she got a mile out of port the sea itself would in a moment wash the decks cleaner than all the crew could do. With all the facilities of time gained by the marvellous progress in the science of steam navigation, it would seem as if less time were to be now spared for God, and that the Almighty, to whom we confess that the sea is His and He made it, may be defrauded of the worship due to Him by the very men who become rich by the labour of those who, for their sakes, incur the dangers of the sea, and risk the violence of the storms. Are not the hearts of our countrymen at home hard when viewed in this aspect? Thanks be to God we have some happier experiences, and the willing ear, the hearty welcome, the proffered thanks, the holier lives, and the brighter homes, all tell of the good that can be and is being done among our sailors.

* The Egyptian Hospital was also supplied by the Mission with miscellaneous literature and devotional books for the use of the English patients.

The perfect uncertainty that prevails at Port Said regarding the arrival of ships from sea or from the canal would necessitate the constant attendance of the chaplain at the waterside with a boat always at his command, and a supply of books ready at hand, if every ship were to be visited. Upon an average about ten a day could be visited (when there is no quarantine), including the coal steamers, and those local traders which do not proceed through the canal. The visits for the most part are satisfactory where there is an English crew, and most particularly valuable when there are English emigrants. In every case there is good work to be done, and generally with a hearty welcome, especially when the ships that have been visited return again to Port Said."

The English parish that Canon Scarth had left for a while to labour as the unpaid founder of the English Church Mission at Port Said, had claims upon him which obliged his return home in the spring. Till a permanent chaplain was appointed, the Canon's work was continued, as regarded the visiting of the ships, by Mr. A. Weinstein, the British and Foreign Bible Society's agent, who had willingly helped him in distributing books, and by his knowledge of Arabic, Russian, Turkish, and other languages, still does excellent work as a Missionary. Those who have seen his work speak in the highest terms of it, and of his diligence in visiting the ships, and can bear testimony to the good he has been enabled to effect.* The campaign in Egypt scarcely caused any interruption to his labours, and, indeed, as far as Port Said is concerned, the cloud of war that hung over it has proved a cloud with a silver lining.

On August 26th, Canon Scarth wrote to me, "Events go forward so fast at Port Said it is time that we keep up with them. The churchwardens ask for a chaplain to be out by October. I have written to the Bishop of Gibraltar about a licence, and have told him that the Rev. F. W. A. Strange, a young but experienced St. Augustinian, has agreed to go out for the Mission. He was chaplain to the Bishop of Nassau, who liked him, and as I have had the chief charge of his training as a Missionary, and watched him at both Warminster and St. Augustine's, I can say with confidence that he seems to me to be the very man for the work afloat. He has been known to me since he was a boy. He has been priest for about a year, and has worked for the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission both at Gravesend and in the Victoria Docks."

"Port Said's day of prosperity has begun in earnest. In a few years

* Much credit is also due to Mr. Whytock, a lay Missionary from Scotland, who now returns home in bad health.

the whole town will be rebuilt, and it will be a very important place; perhaps also the Nile will be brought there, and a railway or canal be made to Cairo *viâ* Zoan. All the movements in Egypt appear to be (to me, at least) but part of the great work that has yet to be begun there. We may have to meet many unforeseen difficulties, but as we are looking far beyond the present, we must go steadily on, believing that we are doing what God wishes, and are being moved by His power. I quite long to start off again for Port Said."

In a letter Canon Scarth wrote me on September 30th, he says: "The Bishop of Gibraltar promises to send the licence to-morrow for Mr. Strange, the young St. Augustinian. The Admiralty have given him a free passage in the *Carthage*, which is to sail on Thursday, October 5th, for Alexandria, and his presence at Port Said is anxiously looked for by the Church-going residents. I have offered to go to Egypt whenever the time arrives for fixing about building. Meanwhile we must watch what the Government will settle. The church in the Place Lesseps will still go on. I have sent out a large quantity of sensible reading, these books being destined to form the nucleus of a chaplain's lending library for the residents, &c., and Mr. Strange was at the Depôt yesterday picking out more, also books suitable for his own study and to lend to captains and others. The Bishop of Gibraltar writes to me that he had a very successful meeting in Liverpool, and the merchants there have promised him £1,000, to run over five years, for Mission work among sailors in his Diocese. He spoke up for the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission as helping him to carry out his work, and the chairman spoke of meeting me at Port Said, and of our work there. So one thing helps another, and unseen angels seem to do God's will in many places, furthering His plans which we fancy are ours!"

It only remains for me to state that should any one reading this paper feel disposed to aid in the great Church work now being carried on at Port Said, the history of which I have attempted briefly to sketch, contributions for this purpose may be sent to the Manager of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, Clements Lane, Lombard Street, for either the Church or Hospital Building Fund at Port Said, specifying which; or to W. Evan Franks, Esq., Secretary of the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, City Chambers, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, London, for either of the above objects, or for the Port Said Branch of that Mission. The present church and chaplain, and all local expenses, are being provided for by the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission until the day shall come when the influence of the Church there has resulted in making the Mission self-supporting.

THE TRINIDADIAN CARNIVAL.

By the Rev. P. J. O. Minos.

AMUSEMENTS have been defined as "the wells of the desert: the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may resume its strength and its hopes." These words no doubt are true with regard to amusements in general; but special amusements, like the Carnivâl, may be compared to the coating of a pill, for in this case they are intended to make Lent acceptable. The revelry and feasting of Carnivâl in Roman Catholic countries of Europe is familiar to all. The Trinidad Carnivâl, however, is as different from the European one as are the two words "Carnbolé" and "Carnivâl."

The little island of Trinidad was for 300 years (1497—1797) a Spanish colony; consequently Roman Catholicism was, during that period, the religion of the whole, and is now of more than half, of the population of the island. Here the usual organisation and thorough conformity prevails: mass conservatively celebrated, feasts or fasts observed with local indulgence. To the Trinidadians, of all the feasts in the Roman Calendar, none has greater charms than Carnbolé (patois for Carnivâl), for it is the feast of the *people*. A fortnight (sometimes more) before Ash-Wednesday signs of the approaching Carnbolé are observable: shops staring with rows, or piles, of masks, stores gay with textures of diverse colours, tailors busy in cutting or sewing fancy dresses, poets racking their brains for new songs, musicians tuning their instruments, and serenaders making night hideous. Further, branches of the balatâ (a species of iron-wood) are being unsparingly converted into clubs or sticks, and empty bottles assiduously gathered to *bottle* wrath or malice. According to the laws of the island, Carnivâl begins on the midnight of Quinquagesima Sunday, and ends on the morning of Ash-Wednesday. The prelude is generally the blowing of horns, which of late have sounded about 10 P.M.; and by 12, Port of Spain—the theatre of this midnight revelry—is aglow with three lines of fire from the south-east, the north-east, and the north-west suburbs. From these three quarters bands of men with huge torches, clubs or sticks, and bottles loaded with water, come pouring into the town, and shouting "Carnbolé" every minute, or singing aloud some new local song. I

shall here add, that this night is the hardest night of the year for the Captain of the Police and the few policemen under his command, for great tact and courage are required to divert the attention of the bands from fighting. During the Carnivâl of the year 1881, the police, owing to the great zeal of the Captain, were ignominiously beaten back, and forced to shelter.

On Monday, the thoroughfares are densely crowded with maskers in unique fancy dresses shouting "Carnbolé"; or singing in competition and jerking incessantly the hand-jingles. The following are the most popular characters:—policemen, convent girls, Hindustanee labourers, etc. Of course unsexing is *the* feature of this masquerade: numbers of women in male attire throng the streets. This revelry runs along the whole day with few short intervals of quietness, and on the approach of darkness the scene of Sunday night is once again presented to view, but in a milder form. The above routine of amusements are re-enacted throughout Tuesday. On Ash-Wednesday peace and quietness resume their wonted sway.

The maskers may be classified under four heads, viz., the Funny-folks, the Minstrels, the Clubmen, and the Whipmen. The first two are those harmless individuals whose sole object is to amuse themselves and others. This is not the object with the last two.

Let me briefly describe these and their doings:—The Clubman is so called on account of the club or long stick, which he carries like a gun on his shoulder for offence or defence. At night he follows the torch-bearers, and during the day he parades the streets in bands of 30 or 50 or more; he is always more or less under the influence of native rum, hence excitable and heedless of personal safety. He resembles the Lathial (from lathee, a club or stick) of Hindustan. Next, the Pewah, or Whipman: he is a modernised red-Indian chief, adorned with a huge woolly pugaree, skins over his breast, arms, and legs, and a many-coloured quilted over-all with the orthodox court train. His approach is announced by the tinkling of bells attached to his body or dress, and by the proud and loud challenge, "I am the chief of ——! Who is here to dispute my right?" Then, if a rival be present or near, they face each other with their long whips uplifted, and at a given signal lash each other until right is established, or whip broken; if not, the Pewah struts away, feeling taller and grander, to repeat his challenge elsewhere.

In conclusion, I must not forget the Spanish knights and grandees, who are generally riding or driving with pockets full of sweets, which they scatter right and left with a liberal hand. It is not the *use* of the amusements of life which is dangerous, but the *abuse* of them!

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By an Old Contributor.

CALCUTTA.

Mr. Hughes of Peshawur and the Salvation Army: The Salvation Army and the Native Press: Meeting in Calcutta.

Mr. Hughes of Peshawur, writing on the visit of a detachment of the "Salvation Army" to India, says:—

"In Asia, General Booth's system is not entirely new. Mr. 'Commissioner' Tucker has only to visit the Takiyahs, or converts of such religious orders as the *Mudaria*, or the *Nakshbandia*, or the *Chishtia*, and he will find manifestations of religious enthusiasm as wild as, or even wilder than, his own. In England and Germany, where Christianity is surrounded by cold unsympathetic agnosticism, it is not surprising that some Christians should be always ready to accept earnestness as an evidence of truth. In India it is otherwise. Only last month, during the Ramazan, every mosque in India was crowded night by night with enthusiastic worshippers, chanting the Tarawih with as much vigour and earnestness as that witnessed in 'General' Booth's meetings, and yet every true Christian must assent to the doctrine, 'He is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son,' and condemn those earnest Muslim worshippers. The Salvation Army ignore Christ's Sacraments, and have established a pseudo-military organisation instead of an ordained ministry, under an autocracy (which must in the nature of things be subject in course of time to abuse), and therefore every Christian in India who believes in Christ's Sacraments and in an order of Christian ministry (whether Episcopal or other) should be firm and consistent in condemning this modern heresy and schism, as being not only unscriptural, but dangerous to the best interests of Missionary work in this country."

The Native Press, in commenting on the proceedings of Mr. Tucker, takes a similar view of the futility of the attempt of the Salvationists to make converts in India. The *Samachar*, alluding to the first day's performance in Bombay, says: "The scene enacted the day before yesterday by the four members of the *Muktifauj*, who have come to this country to convert the whole population to Christianity, was

simply ridiculous. We never gave any serious importance to this affair, but we certainly were not prepared to see so ludicrous an exhibition. It is sheer madness to hope to convert a country like India by the help of four Missionaries who parade the streets on country carts, and make speeches at intervals." The *Jam-i-Jamshed* says: "We refuse to believe that these new Missionaries will be able to perform anything in India. The leader of the Army has made a mistake in sending out his contingent here. The natives of India are not so superstitious and irreligious as he seems to suppose. 'General' Booth disclaims all connection with the system of educating the natives. We say that even the little success which the previous Missionaries were enabled to secure was owing to their establishing schools and getting at the mass by means of education. Mr. Booth evidently does not know what the population of India consists of." The *Akhbar-i-Soudagar* remarks on the political aspect of the subject: "Hindoostan does not profess to have one religion. But there is so much religious fanaticism in the country, and the feeling is so deep rooted, that an attempt to introduce forcibly a foreign creed must necessarily end in unpleasantness." Hitherto it has been the object of the Christian evangelist to present Christianity to the native mind as the embodiment, not only of purity, but of refinement; and it is not likely that this vulgar parody of sacred things will commend itself to races, which have for centuries been distinguished for traditions of refinement and delicacy of feeling.

A meeting to sympathise with the Salvationists was organised by some Missionaries and Keshub Chunder Sen in Calcutta, and was held in the Town Hall on October 7th. There was a large attendance of Brahmos, native students, Christian converts, and children. The absence of Mohammedans was remarkable. On the staircase there was a continuous stream of arrivals and departures, and for three-quarters of those who came, the meeting must have been like a dumb show, the speeches being inaudible except in the part of the hall near the platform. A petition was adopted, addressed to the Viceroy, praying that the action of the Bombay authorities might be overruled, and that full liberty might be accorded to the "Army." The *Indian Daily News* says: "Sympathy for the Salvationists was merely a peg on which to hang a protest against the Act for the Regulation of Religious Processions, an Act very obnoxious to Christian sects and Brahmos."

MADRAS.

Tribute to the late Father O'Neill: Sawyerpuram College: "The First Christian Village" in Tinnevelly.

The *Madras Mail* has given the following tribute to the memory of the late Father O'Neill:—

"Father O'Neill visited Madras on more than one occasion, and charmed the large congregations who heard him preach and lecture with his eloquence and earnestness. There are so comparatively few men of the school of thought of which Father O'Neill was so bright an ornament that the world can, humanly speaking, hardly bear the loss of one of them. Father O'Neill chose to give up all his worldly advantages for the sake of his Master. Before he came to India he was widely known as one of the masters of Eton College, but he gave up worldly prospects to devote his life to Christian work."

The chapel of the Sawyerpuram College, Tinnevelly, was re-opened after repairs and improvements on September 7th. Several Missionaries and lay friends of the College came in from the surrounding districts to take part in the Services. The base of the altar was raised, and choir seats replaced common benches; and a second stone cross had been placed on one of the gables of the building. The opening day commenced with an early Celebration with more than 70 communicants. At 11 Matins in Tamil, and at 6.30 full choral Evensong in English followed. The Anthem, "O taste and see," and the Service was well rendered by the native organist and choir. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Margoschis. He spoke of the spreading of the Gospel in India, and of the spiritual weapons which must be chiefly used. He instanced the late Rev. Father O'Neill, whose last Mission had been conducted at Nazareth, Sawyerpuram, and the adjacent stations, whose help to the Church by means of daily Eucharistic intercession must have had an incalculable effect. Father O'Neill's visit being so recent, the allusion had a marked effect upon the audience, both masters and students; and they listened with rapt attention as his life and character were laid before them as models of the true Missionary spirit. In the evening there was a magic lantern exhibition by the Rev. V. Harcourt, of views in the Holy Land, illustrated by accounts of his own travels in Palestine. This was followed by a religious drama of the history of Joseph, for which a long and careful preparation had been made. This was much appreciated by the native audience.

There is an effort being made to complete the church in Muthalur, "the first Christian village" in Tinnevelly. It is situated about

twenty-five miles south-east of Palamcotta, in the heart of a dense jungle of thorn-trees. The "first Christians" were persecuted so fiercely that they fled to this jungle, cleared a piece of ground in the middle of it, cut secret paths for themselves, and thus managed to live in comparative safety. As they increased in numbers, they cleared more ground, built a pucka village, and put a wall round it; two large gates were standing till a short time ago. They became a match in strength for their enemies, and the once favourite pastime of burning a Christian's house and stealing his goods became rather unpopular. The Muthalur men are remarkable for their strength and stature, and many are the stories of their past exploits. The church has undergone considerable improvements; a new chancel three or four times the size of the old one has been added; the walls have been strengthened with buttresses; beautiful Gothic arches have been inserted in the nave. A tower has been commenced with walls six feet thick, and a good stone base. When completed it will do much to remove the reproach of the contrast between Hindu temples and Christian churches. The villagers have contributed liberally both in money and labour, and this when subjected to heavy losses from the fire which destroyed so much of their property. It is hoped that one effect of this calamity will be to improve the sanitary condition of the village. A new piece of land has been added for those who have been turned out of their homes, and the village, hitherto crowded and unhealthy in some parts, has been re-modelled.

CEYLON.

Buddhist Endowments and Disendowment of the Church: Colonial Churches and the Privy Council: Why the Singhalese are Poor: Missionaries and Chaplains.

The *Ceylon Diocesan Gazette* argues that the Government should follow up the disendowment of the Anglican Church by withdrawing the exemptions hitherto granted to the Buddhists, their temple lands being free from the taxation imposed on other lands. The policy of thus aiding Buddhists is indefensible. The temples, both Dewales and Wihares, are the owners of very extensive lands in the Kandy district. These lands, with the exception of what are known as Muttettus which are retained for the use of the temples, are in the hands of tenants who have to perform services to the temples, or cultivate the Muttettu lands, or it is optional with them in lieu of these services to pay a money rent for them which has been ascertained and fixed. The temples, therefore, are rich landowners, and yet they are exempt from the payment

the Government tithe which the poor goya, who owns perhaps but his pela of paddy-field, is bound to pay. But it may be said that the imposition of a tax on temple lands is fraught with difficulties, as it must be first determined whether the tax must fall on the landlord or tenant, and if on the former, there may be cases in which the value of the commuted services for a holding may be less than the tax payable to Government. Such individual cases of hardship must occur. But there are similar cases in Nindegames or villages belonging to large owners, who have to pay the tax from the amount they receive as the value of services due to them, and they, as a body, are poorer than the temples. In the Kandyan times the king supported twenty priests in Malwatte College, and twenty in the Asgiria College of Kandy. The king provided from his own house supplies of food and robes, and secured boys to attend on them. These arrangements were commuted by the British Government for eighty or a hundred acres of paddy land near Gampola, which was estimated to yield enough for the support of the forty priests. Instead of robes and servants the priests were allowed to recover the taxes from the Gabadagamas or royal villages round Kandy. Thus the British Government has directly endowed the Buddhist religion, and their priests are in a better position than Christians; they are also exempted from the road tax required of every male inhabitant of the island either by labour or payment. The priests are no longer mendicants, or dependent upon the temples for maintenance. They possess property, and engage in trade. So far from being too poor to pay taxes, they are able to save out of their revenues, and invest their money in mortgages. There are no sufficient grounds for placing the Buddhists on a different footing from the professors of other religions.

Upon the Privy Council judgment in the Grahamstown case, the *Ceylon Diocesan Gazette* says: "We have seen it stated that our connection with the Church of England can be maintained by a declaration in the Articles of our Constitution that we accept the decisions of the Privy Council. This is erroneous. No such declaration can make us identical with the Church of England. We have already pointed out that by the creation of tribunals and by the election of Bishops we assume an independent position. But if we have to choose between a connection with the home Church by the acceptance of the Privy Council decisions, and a separation in consequence of our non-acceptance of the same, we ought to have no hesitation in declaring that we shall not be bound by these decisions. One strong reason which ought to weigh with us in rejecting the authority of the Privy Council, is that the present constitution of the court is condemned at every

Diocesan Conference in England. The Bishop of Winchester has remarked on the great danger which will be incurred 'if we have stereotyped into ecclesiastical formularies the decisions of persons who, however eminent as legal authorities, are not equally eminent in theology.'"

The Rev. A. S. Amarasekara, C.M.S., in a paper on the cause of poverty among the Singhalese, mentions the demands of religion as one of those causes. "The whole of the doctrine of Buddha may be summarised in one word—Give! The Buddhists spend large sums in feeding their priests, of whom there are several thousands in the country. Their religious wakes—Pin-kamas—drain much money and demand much labour on behalf of the people. Pilgrimages to Adam's Peak, and Anuradhapura cost those who undertake them considerable sums. While we praise the Buddhists for their liberality in spending for the cause of religion, we must pity them, as they spend money for that which is not bread, and labour for that which satisfieth not. Another source that drains the resources of the poor is demon worship."

When Ceylon formed part of the see of Madras, the Church there showed more of a Missionary spirit than at a later time when the Diocese was divided into chaplaincies. It took up the native proponents of the Dutch and made them catechists, with a view to their promotion to the Diaconate. Missionary labours were afterwards abandoned to the Societies, and the labours of the chaplains were confined to the English-speaking Christians. Natives might be seen ministering in English and Portuguese, whilst they refrained from any Singhalese or Tamil work, thus neglecting their countrymen and even their near relations. After the Church Conference in 1863, it was announced that no English candidate would be accepted for ordination unless he could pass with credit an examination in Singhalese or Tamil. Advice was given in the Bishop's charge, that chaplains should study one or both of the native languages, and to set the example of carrying out these orders Bishop Claughton began street preaching and addressing crowds of Tamils by interpretation.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Progress at Maritzburg.

The Bishop of Maritzburg, in his address to the Synod in April, said, "He thanked God they were growing. The Diocese was now entitled to four clerical and four lay representatives at the Provincial Synod. The communicants numbered five times as many as on the

first Easter he was in the Diocese—facts not to be over-rated, but facts for which to bless God every day of our lives. There were twelve centres at which the Holy Communion was administered at least weekly; two places three times a month; three more twice a month. He hoped soon to be able to say that there was not one parish in which there was not a weekly Celebration. Yet as long as there were so many thousands of heathen, and an Indian population outnumbering the white scarcely touched, and five parishes without a resident priest, there was a strong claim on the laity and on the Mother Church at home to assist in supplying the great need which still exists."

The Indian school in Maritzburg was re-opened at the end of last year, under a young Indian named Timothy, from the Island of Mauritius. He much needs assistance in his work, but funds are lacking to provide this at present. The Indians are anxious for the building of a large school chapel, and they seem very much in earnest.

There is a satisfactory report of the efficiency of various girls' schools and other institutions connected with the Church in this Diocese, showing that the Church is taking root in spite of the continued attacks upon her from the party of Dr. Colenso, and their schemes of aggression with a view of taking advantage of the recent judgment in the Grahamstown case.

It is proposed to build a church (to be called the Church of the Ascension) in a suburb of Pieter Maritzburg, the population of which is principally of the poorer classes, and includes many immigrants from St. Helena, and some Indians, heathen and Mohammedan. The church is to be of burnt brick on stone foundations, and roofed with iron—sixty-two feet by twenty-one. The nave will for the present be used as a school for Indian children. It will be situated in Dean Green's Parish. The Rev. E. H. Shears has also been making an effort to enlarge his church at Pinetown, where the congregation has been much increased through his vigorous work since his appointment last January.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

New Disasters: The Makwangwara: Sacking of Masasi: Eaten by a Lion: Deaths from Thirst: The African Idea of God: All Things to all Men.

The Central African Mission, so lately bereaved of its head, and of one of the best of its staff of clergy, has met with new disasters. The Mission station at Masasi has been attacked by a marauding tribe, the Makwangwara. Mr. Porter, in a letter to the Bishop on September

14th, 1882, stated that the tribe had attacked a caravan from Kilwa, and that some of the party were taken or killed, and the rest were scattered. One of those who escaped came in to the Mission station, and said that he saw them dancing over their booty, and pointing their spears towards Masasi, a recognised sign of their intention to attack the place thus indicated. Upon this, Mr. Maples resolved to visit the Makwangwara in their encampment near Majiji, and to endeavour to make some treaty with them. It was important to maintain the communications with Mr. Johnson's station on the lake, especially as there was some anxiety about the safety of some Masasi men who had gone there and had not yet returned. Nankumba refused to go, but gave Mr. Maples *carte blanche* to make what terms he thought best. It was hoped that it might be a means of opening friendly negotiations with the Makwangwara, and bringing them within the sphere of the Mission. The object of the marauders seemed to be not slaughter or cruelty, but plunder to supply their wants, as they do not cultivate the ground nor traffic with the coast. The bloodshed in the attack on the Kilwa caravan was probably owing to the rashness of the leaders in firing upon one of the tribe who was sent to lead the way to a parley. Mr. Maples started to find out the Makwangwara camp, but unfortunately he missed them, as they had already set out by another road to attack Masasi. They broke into the Mission station before sunrise. Sellim, an old Zanzibar boy and a promising teacher, was killed; also two catechumens, a man and a woman from Mbweni, with four children. Several others were wounded. Many escaped to the forest and hills, and others to the Mission-house compound, which was fortunately surrounded with a stone wall. Thirty-nine or forty were captured, but Mr. Porter succeeded in redeeming some of them. But it is reported that twenty-three native Christian adults and six native Christian children are left in slavery. Mr. Porter, by coming to terms with the chief, kept them all out of the Mission compound, but they sacked the church. When, however, they heard that it was God's House, they were afraid, and returned the sacred furniture. The village was burnt, but none of the Mission houses. The tribe, after leaving the neighbourhood, was attacked by some other tribe, and retreated to their country, which renders the ransoming of the prisoners more costly and difficult, for their country is north of Lake Nyassa. It is computed that the ransom, the refitting of the plundered, and the famine relief will cost £500.

Mr. Maples, writing on October 7th, says: "A great deal of food is still left to the Yaos and Makuas, and no serious famine is expected. One of us is to go off at once with the cloth which we have received,

in hopes of relieving the poor captives. The Makwangwara did not wait. The Majiji people fired on them, and that made them angry, so they are gone back to their own country. Ten of the Ngoi party have returned. One of them, Kasilli, was eaten by a lion, three of them have died of thirst, and as one of them was carrying Johnson's letters, we have not got them. Martha Sulia is recovering from her wounds. Poor Sellim's remains were buried on Tuesday. All our people behaved well at the crisis."

An interesting paper by Mr. Maples has recently been printed at the Oxford Mission Press, Calcutta. In this he argues that the African character requires special observation in order to find out the aspects of religion which make most impression upon them. Europeans are moved by the human tenderness and sympathy of Christ, Africans require the setting forth of His Divine character and omnipotence in order to inspire them with awe, and to compel them to render Him submission and allegiance. Their sole idea of God is that He possesses absolute and infinite power. Their notion of service is such as they give to their chiefs. So our course of teaching is first the omnipotence of God and His supreme government of the world, and then the kingdom of Christ. God has sent His Son to us to take to Him His great power and to reign. Mr. Maples also urges that a European Missionary must become an African to win Africans; he must guard against appearing peculiar and strange, and use native food, and adopt native dress, and treat the black man as a brother and an equal, and not as a child or an inferior.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A Mission at Yale: Indian Missions in Vancouver: The Synod.

From New Westminster Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Hall proceeded to Yale, about ninety-five miles up the Fraser River. The work at Yale was begun by holding a regular Mission, and invitations were distributed to the houses. The drunkenness of the place is a great evil, also the Sunday trading, most of the stores being kept open for the railway operatives and miners to make their purchases on their only free day; another cause being that the three boats from Victoria and New Westminster all arrive on Sunday, at varying hours of the day, whilst they return with mails and freight early next morning.

A large saloon was secured for the Mission, and a meeting was held there on Tuesday, July 25th, to explain the objects of the Mission. On Sunday, July 23rd, Mr. Horlock and Mr. Hall went to the Indians'

Church to preach to them, but the interpreter did not arrive from his fishing station, so they could only assist at the Service which the Indians conducted themselves, Mr. Horlock giving a blessing at the end. It was all most reverent and interesting, the chief leading and the rest joining (all without books and in a kind of song) in a part of the Litany, some hymns, the Creed, and prayers, taught them by a former Missionary at Yale. On the 26th they visited Hope, fifteen miles down the river, going in a canoe, and returning by steamer; the river is rapid and dangerous, and full of eddies and whirlpools. At Hope they held an evening Service, and a celebration the next morning. There were camps of railway operatives, mostly Chinese, in the neighbourhood. Mr. Sheppard had a successful visit to one of the camps, and met with a good many scattered men on his way home, for some of whom he held a Service on July 30th at Emory, four miles from Yale. On July 28th they held a special Service of preparation for the Mission at Yale.

The report of the Columbia Mission for 1880—1881 refers to the growth of the Church in this new province during the past two years and a half, there having been an accession of two Bishops and eleven clergy since the original Diocese has been divided into three, Columbia, Caledonia, and New Westminster.

The Indian Missions in Vancouver are supported partly by the C.M.S. and partly by the Columbia Mission Fund. Six parishes were formerly aided by a grant from the S.P.G., which is now withdrawn in consequence of the more urgent claims upon the Society's funds in the other parts of the province. The Bishop in his address to the Synod in October, 1881, deprecated this entire withdrawal of aid, pleading on the one hand the aid which the S.P.G. still continues to the long-established dioceses on the eastern side of the continent, and the assistance which other religious bodies in Vancouver received from their parent societies on the other.

The Synod adopted a series of resolutions recommending combined action of the four Dioceses of Rupertsland and the three Dioceses of British Columbia in efforts to provide for the needs of the Church of England in North-West British America. A new influx of population was expected upon the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A special fund in England should be organised jointly by the Bishops of Columbia, Caledonia, and New Westminster. The Executive Committee also addressed Archdeacon Mason on his leaving for England, urging that the Special Fund for Columbia must be revived and increased, as the S.P.G. had withdrawn its aid.